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THE

COMEDIES

OF

TERENCE,

Tranſlated into FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE.

By GEORGE COLMAN.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim:
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin ubi ſe a vulgo et ſcenâ in ſecreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Lælî,
Nugari cum illo et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti. HOR.

The SECOND EDITION, reviſed and corrected.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the *Strand*;
and R. BALDWIN, in *Pater-noſter-Row*.
MDCCLXVIII.

ADAMS/1805
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PREFACE.

AN attempt to give a new tranſlation of the Comedies of Terence will, I believe, ſcarce be thought to demand an apology. Bernard and Hoole were obſolete even in the days of Echard; Echard and his co-adjutors, it is univerſally agreed, preſented as imperfect an image of Terence, as Hobbs of Homer, or Ogilby of Virgil; and thoſe, who have ſince employed themſelves on this author, ſeem to have confined their labours to the humble endeavour of aſſiſting learners of Latin in the conſtruction of the original text. It is

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not, however, the intention of this Preface to recommend the preſent tranſlation, ſuch as it is, by depreciating the value of thoſe that have gone before it; and I will fairly confeſs, that of ſuch of them as I thought it expedient to conſult, I have made all the uſe that the different genius of our undertakings would admit.

When the beauties of Sophocles lay buried in Adams's proſe, it was no wonder that a Greek Profeſſor, with a laudable jealouſy for the reputation of one of the firſt writers in that language, ſhould ſtep forth, and endeavour to recommend him to the notice of the Engliſh Reader, by exhibiting him in a poetical dreſs. Blank Verſe is now conſidered as the life and ſoul of Tragedy; though perhaps too much attention to the language, in preference to the fable

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and the manners, has been one of the chief cauſes of the failure of our modern Tragedies. From almoſt all other compoſitions that meaſure is now excluded; and ſince the days of Milton, it has been thought to reliſh ſo much of the ſublime, that it has ſcarce ever been ſuffered to tread the ſtage, as an attendant on the Comick Muſe. Wherefore, notwithſtanding the praiſes juſtly due to the Tranſlator of Sophocles, it may be thought ſtrange to make the ſame experiment on Terence, to raiſe the voice of Comedy againſt her will, and to force the author to wear the buſkin inſtead of the ſock.

To theſe and the like objections, the reader might expect an anſwer in the following tranſlation; but there I will not promiſe that he ſhall find it. A man of very moderate talents may form

a plan above his ability to execute; and his failure may ſerve the cauſe of letters, though not very honourable to himſelf. It may not be amiſs, therefore, to conſider the nature of the undertaking, and to examine the propriety of an attempt to tranſlate the plays of a Roman Comick Poet into Engliſh Blank Verſe.

It is well known that Comedy, as well as Tragedy, owed its origin to a kind of rude ſong;* Tragedy to the Dithyrambick, and Comedy to the Phallica: and as each of them began to form themſelves into Dramatick Imitations, each ſtudied to adopt a meaſure ſuited to their purpoſe. Tragedy, the more lofty, choſe the Tetrameter; and Comedy, who aimed at familiarity, the Iambick. But as the ſtile of Tragedy improved, Nature herſelf, ſays Ariſtotle,

* Ariſtot. περι ποιητ. κεφ. 5.

directed

directed the writers to abandon the capering Tetrameter, and to embrace that meaſure which was moſt accommodated to the purpoſes of dialogue; whence the Iambick became the common meaſure of Tragedy and Comedy.

**Hunc* SOCCI *cepere pedem, grandeſq;* COTHURNI,
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, et populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus, & natum rebus agendis.

——Iambicks——ſuited to the ſtage,
In comick humour, or in tragick rage,
With ſweet variety were found to pleaſe,
And taught the dialogue to flow with eaſe;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.
FRANCIS.

Some of the Tragedies of Sophocles, and more of Euripides, have eſcaped the wreck of Græcian Literature: but

* Hor. de Arte Poeticâ.

none of the Greek legitimate Comedies, except thoſe of Ariſtophanes be ſuch, have come entire down to our times. Yet even from thoſe, as well as from the fragments of Menander, Philemon, &c. it is evident that meaſure was ſuppoſed to be as neceſſary to Comedy as Tragedy.

*In this, as well as in all other matters of literature, the uſage of Greece was religiouſly obſerved at Rome. Plautus, in his richeſt vein of humour, is numerous and poetical: and the Comedies of Terence, though we cannot agree to read them after Biſhop Hare,

* Some paſſages in this preface are taken from a ſmall tract, publiſhed ſome time ago, entitled Critical Reflections on the Old Engliſh Dramatick Writers, which has ſince been prefixed by the Bookſeller to Coxeter's Edition of Maſſinger. In that little tract I firſt mentioned the idea of this tranſlation; and as the nature of the ſubject then led me to ſay ſomething concerning the uſe of Meaſure in Comedy, I thought it better to introduce thoſe paſſages into this preface, than to repeat the very ſame thing in other words.

were

were evidently not written without regard to Meaſure. The Comick Poets indeed indulged themſelves in many licences; but the particular character of the meaſure uſed by thoſe authors, as may be gathered from Horace, was its familiarity, and near approach to common converſation.

* Idcirco quidam, Comœdia necne poëma
Eſſet, quæſivere, quod acer ſpiritus & vis
Nec verbis, nec rebus ineſt: *niſi quod pede certo*
Differt ſermoni, ſermo merus.

Some doubt, if Comedy be juſtly thought
A real poem, ſince it may be wrought
In ſtile and ſubject, without fire or force;
And, bate the numbers, is but mere diſcourſe.
FRANCIS.

By the Antients then it is evident that Meaſure was always conſidered as eſſential to Comedy, nor has

* Hor. Sat. iv. lib. 1.

it always been thought improper even among the Moderns. Our neighbours, the French, ſeem to have imagined mere proſe, which, with Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the meaneſt of us have talked from our cradle, to be too little elevated for the language of the theatre. Even to this day, they write moſt of their plays, Comedies as well as Tragedies, in verſe; and the excellent Avare of Moliere had nearly failed of the applauſe it deſerved by being written in proſe. In our own nation, Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, Beaumont and Fletcher, Maſſinger, Shirley, and all our old writers, uſed Blank Verſe in their Comedy: of which practice it is too little to ſay, that it needs no apology. It deſerves the higheſt commendation, ſince it hath been the means of introducing the moſt capital beauties into their compoſitions,

while

while the ſame ſpecies of excellence could not poſſibly enter into the comedies of a later period, when the Muſe had conſtrained herſelf to walk the ſtage in humble proſe.

I would not however be underſtood, by what I have here ſaid of Meaſure in Comedy, to object to the uſe of proſe, or to inſinuate that our modern pieces, taken all together, are the worſe for being written in that ſtile. That indeed is a queſtion that I am not called upon to enter into at preſent; and it is enough for me to have ſhewn that Poetical Dialogue was in uſe among our old writers, and was the conſtant practice of the Antients. Menander and Apollodorus wrote in meaſure; Terence, who copied from their pieces, wrote in meaſure; and conſequently they, who attempt to render his plays into a modern language, ſhould

ſhould follow the ſame method. If Terence, in the opinion of Quintilian, failed of transfuſing all the elegancies of Menander into his ſtile, by neglecting to adhere to Trimeters, how can the tranſlator of Terence hope to catch the ſmalleſt part of his beauties by totally abandoning the road of poetry, and deviating entirely into proſe? If it be too true of tranſlations in general, according to the ſevere and witty cenſure of Don Quixote in his viſit to the printing-houſe at Barcelona, that they are like the wrong ſide of Flemiſh Tapeſtry, in which, though we diſtinguiſh the figures, they are confuſed and obſcured by ends and threads; they, who render verſe by proſe, may be ſaid purpoſely to turn the pieces of their original the ſeamy ſide without; and to avoid copying the plain face of nature,

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in order to make their drawings after the topſy-turvy figures of the Camera Obſcura.

But this matter is not merely ſpeculative. The theory has long ago been confirmed by practice, and the firſt tranſlators of the antient comick writers naturally gave poetical verſions of their plays. We are told by Voltaire in the Supplement to his General Hiſtory,* that early in the 16th century the beſt pieces of Plautus were tranſlated into Italian at Venice; "and they tranſla-" ted them," continues he, "into "Verſe, *as they ought to be tranſla-* "*ted, ſince it was in Verſe that they* "*were written by Plautus.*" In the ſame century, in the reign of Charles IV. Baif, an old French Poet, tranſlated the Eunuch of our Author into

* Pag. 183.

French

French Verſe, and Madam Dacier herſelf acknowledges it to have been an excellent tranſlation; notwithſtanding which acknowledgment we cannot wonder that She, who tranſlated Homer into proſe, ſhould do the ſame thing by Terence. Menage mentions an old tranſlation of all the works of Terence, partly verſe, partly proſe; and I believe there is more than one tranſlation of all his plays into Italian verſe: beſides which, great part of The Andrian and The Brothers have been tranſlated pretty cloſely into French verſe by Baron, as well as of the Eunuch by Fontaine.

The French Heroick, if we may ſcan it by our Engliſh ears,

Legitimumque ſonum digito callemus et aure,

is,

is, like the Greek Tetrameter, a kind of dancing meaſure, ill ſuited to the purpoſes of dialogue, noble or familiar; and ſo very inconvenient in poems of length, that the want of a proper meaſure in that language has occaſioned that ſtrange ſoleciſm in letters, an Epick Poem in Proſe: but, notwithſtanding theſe difficulties, whoever will compare Baron, Fontaine, and ſome few paſſages of Terence tranſlated by Moliere, with any proſe tranſlation, will immediately be convinced of their great ſuperiority. The Engliſh Blank Verſe is happily conceived in the true ſpirit of that elegant and magnificent ſimplicity, which characteriſes the Græcian Iambick, and it is remarked by the Rev. Mr. T. Warton, the learned and ingenious Poetry-Profeſſor of the Univerſity of Oxford, that "an Alexandrine, entirely con-

"ſiſting

" ſifting of Iambick feet, anſwers pre-
" ciſely to a pure Tetrametical Iam-
" bick verſe of the Antients."*

The mere modern critick, whoſe idea of Blank Verſe is perhaps attached to that empty ſwell of phraſeology, ſo frequent in our late tragedies, may conſider theſe notions as void of foundation; and will not readily allow that the ſame meaſure can be as well adapted to the expreſſion of comick humour, as to the *pathos* of Tragedy: but practice, as well as theory, has confirmed the promiſcuous uſe of it. It is obſerved by Gravina, that as an Hexameter ſounds very differently in Homer and in Theocritus, ſo doth an Iambick in Tragedy and Comedy.† Nobody will pretend that there is the leaſt ſimilarity between the

* Obſervations on the Fairy Queen, ſecond Edit. p. 155.

† Della Tragedia, Napoli, 1732. p. 61.

ſtile of Horace and Virgil; and yet they both uſe the ſame meaſure. But not to dwell on argument, and rather to produce irrefragable proofs of the fact, let me recur to the works of our old writers. Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, Fletcher, &c. ſhall be my vouchers. Let the critick carefully read over the works of thoſe authors. There he will ſeldom or ever find that tumour of Blank Verſe, to which he has been ſo much accuſtomed on the modern ſtage. He will be ſurpriſed with a familiar dignity, which, though it riſes ſomewhat above ordinary converſation, is rather an improvement than perverſion of it. He will ſoon be convinced, that Blank Verſe is by no means appropriated ſolely to the Buſkin, but that the hand of a maſter may mould it to whatever purpoſes he pleaſes; and that in Comedy, it will not only admit

humour,

humour, but even heighten and embelliſh it. "The Britons," ſays Mr. Seward in his preface to the laſt edition of Beaumont and Fletcher,* "not only "retained metre in their Comedies, but "alſo all the *acer ſpiritus*, all the "ſtrength and nerves of poetry, which "was in a good meaſure owing to the "happineſs of our Blank Verſe, which, "at the ſame time that it is capable of "the higheſt ſublimity, the moſt ex-"tenſive and nobleſt harmony of the "Tragick and Epick; yet, when uſed "familiarly, is ſo near the *ſermo pedeſtris*, "ſo eaſy and natural, as to be well "adapted even to the drolleſt comick "dialogue.—†Every one muſt know "that the genteel parts of Comedy, de-"ſcriptions of polite life, moral ſen-

* Pag. 38. † Pag. 39.

"tences,

" tences, paternal fondneſs, filial duty,
" generous friendſhip, and particularly
" the delicacy and tenderneſs of lovers'
" ſentiments, are equally proper to poetry
" in Comedy as in Tragedy.----* Such
" poetick excellence, therefore, will the
" reader find in the genteel part of our
" Authors' Comedies; and there is a
" poetick ſtile often equally proper and
" excellent even in the loweſt drollery
" of Comedy."

Inſtances of the truth and juſtice of theſe obſervations might be produced without number from the authors above mentioned; and perhaps the unnatural ſtiffneſs of the modern tragick ſtile is in great meaſure owing to the almoſt total excluſion of Blank Verſe from modern compoſitions, Tragedy excepted. The common uſe of an elevated diction in

* Page 43.

Comedy, where the writer was often, of neceſſity, put upon expreſſing the moſt ordinary matters, and where the ſubject demanded him to paint the moſt familiar and ridiculous emotions of the mind, was perhaps one of the chief cauſes of that *eaſy vigour* ſo conſpicuous in the ſtile of our old tragedies. Habituated to Poetical Dialogue in thoſe compoſitions, wherein they were obliged to adhere more ſtrictly to the ſimplicity of the language of nature, the poets learned, in thoſe of a more exalted ſpecies, not to depart from it too wantonly, nor entirely to abandon that magnificent plainneſs, which is the genuine dreſs of true paſſion and poetry. The Greek Tragedy, as has been before obſerved, quitted the Tetrameter for the natural Iambick. Juſt the contrary happened on our own ſtage, when Dryden and the co-

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temporary poets, authors of thoſe ſtrange productions called Heroick Tragedies, introduced rhime in the place of Blank Verſe, aſſerting that the latter was nothing more than *meaſured proſe*; which, by the bye, exactly agrees with Horace's character of the irregular iambick of the Roman Comedy,

——*niſi quod pede certo*
Differt ſermoni, ſermo merus.

Theſe, and the like conſiderations, had long appeared to me as the invincible reaſons, why all attempts to render the comedies of the Antients into downright proſe muſt prove, as they ever have proved, unſucceſsful; and imagining that we had in our own language the models of a proper diction, I was led to attempt a verſion of one of Terence's plays in familiar Blank Verſe, ſomething after the manner of our Old Writers, but by no

means profeſſing or intending a direct imitation of them. This firſt eſſay, conſcious of its crudeneſs and inaccuracy, but dubious whether it was worth while to endeavour to give it a higher poliſh, I communicated to a few friends; whoſe partiality to that effort encouraged me to proceed, and I found myſelf ſeriouſly engaged, almoſt before I was aware, in a tranſlation of all our Author's pieces. How I have acquitted myſelf of this very hard taſk muſt now be ſubmitted to the Publick: but if I have failed in the undertaking, I will venture to ſay, that my ill ſucceſs is entirely owing to the lameneſs of the execution of a plan, which may be perſued more happily by ſome better writer.

Thus much, however, it was thought neceſſary to premiſe, not only by way of reflection on our Engliſh Blank Verſe, but

but that the reader might not expect an attempt at a different kind of poetry, than I have endeavoured to set before him in the following translation. There are indeed scenes of Terence that require all the graces of poetry to give a tolerable version of them; but it has been* observed to be his peculiar excellence, that his plays have so admirably preserved the due character of Comedy, that they never rise to the sublime of Tragedy, nor sink into the meanness of Farce; and Madam Dacier has remarked with what address he has accommodated the sentiments of Euripides to the use of Comedy. The scenes here alluded to are much of the same colour with many in our old writers: wherefore I am the more sur-

* Illud quoque inter Terentianas virtutes mirabile, quod ejus fabulæ eo sunt temperamento, ut neque extumescant ad tragicam celsitudinem, neque abjiciantur ad mimicam vilitatem.

EVANTHIUS *de Tragœdiâ & Comœdiâ.*

prized that Mr. Seward, in his Preface above-cited, while he gives ſo juſt an account of the diction uſed in the old comedies of our own theatre, ſhould yet ſpeak ſo unadviſedly of the ſtile of the Greek and Roman Drama, as to ſay, that * "even the ſublimeſt ſentiments "of Terence, when his Comedy raiſes "its voice to the greateſt dignity, are "ſtill not cloathed in poetick diction."-- And again, "that the Greeks appro- "priated the ſpirit and nerves of poetry "to Tragedy only, and though they did "not wholly deprive Comedy of metre, "they left it not the ſhadow of poetick "diction." That learned and elegant Critick, Mr. Joſeph Warton, who was the firſt that gave in Engliſh any of the fragments of Menander, when he apologizes for the tranſlation, † "remember- "ing always how much his elegance is

* Page 37, and 38.

† Adventurer, No. 105

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"injured by a plain proſaïc tranſlation," was, it is evident, of a very different opinion: and Gravina* mentions it as a wonderful quality of the meaſure in the antient Tragedy and Comedy, that while it poſſeſſes all the dignity of Verſe, it has all the eaſe and familiarity of Proſe.

But not only the opinion of many ingenious men among the moderns, as well as the living teſtimony of the plays themſelves, but alſo the expreſs authority of the antient Criticks abſolutely contradicts the aſſertion of Mr. Seward. We are told by Quintilian, that Menander,† though he cultivated a different province of the drama, was a great admirer and imitator of Euripides, which accounts for the ſentiments of that Tragick Poet ſtill to be met with in the comedies of Terence. The ſame critick alſo ſpeaks

* Della Tragedia, p. 59. † Inſt. Orator. Lib. x. cap. 1.

of the force and grandeur, as well as elegance, * of the ſtile in the Old Comedy; and Horace, even in the paſſage where he doubts whether a Comedy is to be eſteemed a Poem, on account of the familiarity of the ſtile, immediately ſubjoins, *At pater ardens ſævit, &c.* And in another place he has directly delivered his opinion, how far the Tragick and Comick Muſe may reciprocally aſſume each other's tone.

Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ.

* Antiqua Comœdia cum ſinceram illam ſermonis Attici gratiam prope ſola retinet, tum facundiſſimæ libertatis, etſi eſt in inſectandis vitiis præcipua, plurimum tamen *virium* etiam in cæteris partibus habet. Nam & *grandis*, & elegans, & venuſta, & neſcio an ulla, poſt Homerum tamen, quem, ut Achillem, ſemper excipi par eſt, aut ſimilior ſit oratoribus, aut ad oratores faciendos aptior.

Quinctilian. Inſt. Orator. Lib. x. cap. 1.

Sua cuique propoſita lex, ſuus cuique decor eſt. Nec comœdia in cothurnos aſſurgit, nec contra tragœdia ſocco ingreditur. *Habet tamen omnis eloquentia aliquid commune.*

Ibid. cap. 2.

Singula

Singula quæque locum teneánt ſortita decenter.
Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri. *

To theſe lines I ſhall ſubjoin Oldham's unpoliſhed imitation, becauſe it brings them home to our own ſtage; and I would recommend it to the reader, who is curious to ſee any thing further on this ſubject, to peruſe Dacier's notes on this paſſage in the original.

Volpone and Moroſe will not admit
Of Catiline's high ſtrains, nor is it fit
To make Sejanus on the ſtage appear
In the low dreſs which Comick perſons wear.
Whate'er the ſubject be on which you write,
Give each thing its due place and time aright.
Yet Comedy ſometimes may raiſe her ſtile,
And angry Chremes is allow'd to ſwell;
And Tragedy alike has ſometimes leave
To throw off majeſty when 'tis to grieve.

OLDHAM.

* Hor. Art. Poet.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay, on the propriety of tranſlating the Roman Comick Poets into Engliſh Blank Verſe, by obſerving to what advantage many of the ſentiments of Terence and Plautus have already appeared in that dreſs in the plays of our old writers. Jonſon, according to the juſt and elegant obſervation of Dryden, may often be tracked in their ſnow; and in the notes to this tranſlation the reader will meet with many paſſages ſimilar to thoſe in our Author from Shakeſpeare. A moſt learned and acute critick has obſerved, that "we ſeldom are able to "faſten an imitation, with certainty, "on ſuch a writer as Shakeſpeare;" becauſe "he takes nothing but the "*ſentiment*; the expreſſion comes of it-"ſelf, and is purely Engliſh." † I have

* HURD *on the Marks of Imitation*, p. 19.
† Ibid. p. 75.

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therefore given the paſſages in queſtion merely as *reſemblances*, leaving the reader to make his own comment on them.

Beſides the reſemblance of particular paſſages, ſcattered up and down in different plays, it is well known that the whole Comedy of Errors is in great meaſure founded on the Menæchmi of Plautus; but I do not recollect ever to have ſeen it obſerved that the diſguiſe of the Pedant in the Taming of the Shrew, his aſſuming the name and character of Vincentio, together with his encountering the real Vincentio, ſeem to be evidently taken from the diſguiſe of the Sycophanta in the Trinummus of the ſame author; and there is a quotation from the Eunuch of Terence alſo, ſo familiarly introduced into the dialogue of the Taming of the Shrew, that I think it puts the queſtion of Shakeſpeare's having

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ing read the Roman Comick Poets in the original language out of all doubt.

Tranio. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
* *Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.*

Taming of the Shrew, Act 1.

I do not think it incumbent on me in this place, according to the cuſtom of moſt editors and tranſlators, to write a panegyrick on my Author; much leſs ſhall I attempt to draw a compariſon in his favour between Him and Plautus; though I cannot help obſerving, that the common-place of modern criticiſm on theſe writers is, in general, very different from that of the Antients. We now ex-

* It is remarkable that this ſeems to be a quotation from memory, or that the phraſe is purpoſely altered by Shakeſpeare, in order to bring the ſenſe within the compaſs of one line; for the paſſage here does not run exactly in the words of Terence, which are theſe: *Quid agas? niſi ut te redimas captum quam queas minimo.*

Eunuch. Act. I. Scen. 1.

tol

tol Plautus for his humour, and Terence for his ſtile; and on this foundation is raiſed the compariſon between them, ſo injurious to our author, in the ſixth book of the Poeticks of Scaliger. Varro, on the contrary, gives the preference to the ſtile of Plautus, which he conſiders as the language of the Muſes themſelves; and aſſigns the juſt delineation of characters as the peculiar excellence of Terence; who, in the time of Auguſtus, was equally admired for the artful contexture and judicious conduct of his plots. Cæſar and Tully, and Quintilian, have indeed ſpoken with juſtice of the elegance and purity of his ſtile; but the excellencies of the fable and the manners are prior to thoſe of the diction; and as they are the chief beauties of Comedy, ſo are they the diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks of Terence.

In my opinion, the juſteſt objection ever made to his plays is the * ſimilarity of the plots, which neceſſarily produces a ſimilarity of ſtile and characters; nor can it be ſufficiently lamented that a writer, who was ſo accurate a painter of the manners, and ſo judicious a conductor of the fable, as well as ſo exquiſite in his language, ſhould not have given full ſcope to his genius, and taken in a greater variety of perſonages, and been more ſtudious to diverſify the incidents of his ſeveral comedies.

For more particular obſervations on our Poet, the reader is referred to the Notes on the ſeveral plays. As for the

* Hac ſane parte [ſcilicet vi comicâ] videtur ſuperior Plautus; uti & varietate tum argumentorum, tum dictionis. Nam Plautus ſemper ſtudet eſſe novus, ſuique diſſimilis; ſeu rem ſpectes, ſeu verba. In Terentio vero magnopere conveniunt argumenta fabularum: & quando de eadem re, aut ſimili eſt ſermo, plurimùm nec abſimilis eſt dictio. Vossius, *Inſt. Poet. Lib.* ii. *cap.* 25. *ſect.* 5.

Notes themſelves, many of them, being taken from the beſt criticks and commentators, antient and modern, living and dead, natives and foreigners, will, I know, be allowed to have merit; many others being entirely my own, are as liable to cenſure as the tranſlation itſelf; eſpecially thoſe, wherein I have ventured to oppoſe the judgments of others; though I can ſafely ſay that I have never attempted to litigate any opinion, merely from a petulant ſpirit of contradiction, or an ambition of novelty. It is the duty of an editor and tranſlator to illuſtrate and explain the author, to the beſt of his abilities; and if he differs from former criticks, he ſhould give his reaſons for his diſſent, and leave it to the Publick to decide. He too, it is true, may be deceived in his turn; for as the critick is as often wrong as the author on whom he comments, or if we may take

take a poet's word on this occaſion,

Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs,*

ſo is the Hypercritick as fallible as the Critick. But each man's underſtanding, ſuch as it is, muſt be his guide; and he, who has not courage to make a free uſe of it, but obtrudes the opinions of others, unſifted and unexamined, on his readers, betrays more want of reſpect for their underſtanding, than diffidence of his own.

It was my firſt intention to have accompanied this tranſlation with a Diſſertation on Comedy, hoping it might have appeared an agreeable addition to the work; but on weighing this matter ſeriouſly, and turning it over and over in my thoughts, I found the ſubject grow upon me ſo conſiderably, as it opened itſelf to my mind, that the per-

* Pope's Eſſay on Crit.

ſuit

ſuit of it would have unavoidably betrayed me into another volume; ſo that what I meant for the advantage of the Reader, like the *Bonus* in a Government-Subſcription, would in fact have proved a heavy tax. The work has already exceeded the limits, which I propoſed to myſelf at firſt ſetting out. I did not, therefore, think it juſtice to the purchaſers to ſwell the price ſtill more; and to have given the diſſertation, maimed or incomplete, would have been injuſtice to them, as well as to myſelf. Whenever it ſees the light, it ſhall be as perfect as I am able to make it. In the mean time, every thing relative to the Comedies of Terence, critical as well as explanatory, will, I hope, be found in the Notes. I have with much induſtry endeavoured to collect, from all quarters, ſometimes perhaps too minutely, what-

ever could contribute to throw any light on our Author; and there is prefixed a tranſlation of the account of his life from Suetonius: with which, as well as the notes annexed to it from Madam Dacier, together with a tranſlation of all that learned lady's remarks on the four laſt plays, I was favoured by Dr. Ralph Schomberg of Bath: nor can I otherwiſe account for his great kindneſs in voluntarily offering to take ſo toilſome and diſagreeable part of my taſk off my hands, but that he was reſolved that there ſhould be none of his family, to whom I ſhould not owe ſome obligation.

The order in which the Six Comedies are placed in this tranſlation, although the ſame that is obſerved in moſt editions and manuſcripts, is not according to the real ſeries in which they were written and exhibited by Terence: they ſucceeded each

each other in the original courſe of repreſentation at Rome as follows.

1. The Andrian,
2. The Step-Mother,
3. The Self-Tormentor,
4. The Eunuch,
5. Phormio,
6. The Brothers.

Madam Dacier endeavouring to aſſign the motives that induced the moſt antient editors and tranſcribers to that arrangement of the plays in which we now ſee them, in preference to the true chronological order, imagines it beyond a doubt, that they were influenced by the judgement of Volcatius Sedigitus; who, ſhe ſuppoſes, had ranked every dramatick piece, as well as every author, according to his opinion of their merit; and who placed the Step-Mother the laſt of our Author's Six Plays.

Sumetur Hecyra ſexta ex his fabula.
The Step-Mother,
The laſt and leaſt in merit of the Six.

Agreeably to this notion, ſhe places the Step-Mother the laſt in her collection, which has induced her followers to do the ſame thing: but the truth is, that in moſt copies, the Step-Mother ſtands the fifth, ſo that in all probability, as little reſpect was paid to the judgement of Volcatius concerning the reſpective merit of our author's ſeveral pieces, if indeed he decided on them all, as to his injudicious deciſion of the rank due to him among the Comick Poets.

The old compilers had, I doubt not, a reaſon for the order in which they placed theſe comedies: it is impoſſible to ſpeak with any confidence on ſo dark a point at this diſtance of time; but after a longer inveſtigation of this matter than

than perhaps ſuch a trifle required, it appeared to me the moſt plauſible, as well as moſt ſimple manner of accounting for it, to ſuppoſe that, in regard to the original authors from which the comedies were taken, the principal intention of the firſt compilers was merely to keep together all the pieces imitated from the ſame Greek poet. Accordingly, the four firſt plays, The Andrian, Eunuch, Self-Tormentor, and Brothers, are from Menander; and the two laſt, the Step-Mother and Phormio, from Apollodorus: allowing for this variation, they are ranged, as nearly as may be, according to the true order in which they appeared; for I take it for granted, that the Eunuch is placed the ſecond, that the Self-Tormentor might not be forced out of its right place; ſince in the preſent arrangement the Self-Tormentor

and the Andrian ſtill preciſely occupy their original rank. This however is ſubmitted merely as conjecture; but it is remarkable, that however books differ in other reſpects, they all concur in giving the firſt place to the Andrian; though it would be difficult for the niceſt critick to aſſign the reaſons why it ought, in point of merit, to take the lead of the Eunuch, or why either of the two ſhould precede the Self-Tormentor. It ſhould ſeem therefore, that the chronological order was attended to by the old tranſcribers, as far as it could be reconciled to the plan on which they proceeded.

Before I conclude this Preface, it is neceſſary to ſpeak of two or three circumſtances peculiar to theſe Comedies. Firſt then, the Engliſh reader is deſired to obſerve, that the manners, prevailing

in

in them all, are wholly Græcian. The ſcene is always laid in or near Athens, the actors were dreſſed in Græcian habits, ſuitable to their reſpective characters; and the cuſtoms, coins, &c. occaſionally mentioned, ſuch as were uſed in Greece. Terence, who imitated, rather than * tranſlated Menander, choſe however to preſerve the ſcenery and manners of his original. The *direct tranſlator* of Terence therefore has certainly no right to modernize his comedies, and inſtead of Græcian manners to ſubſtitute the French, Engliſh, or Italian. Yet this hath been the method perſued by moſt profeſſed

* The ingenious Author of a commentary and notes on Horace's Art of Poetry aſſerts, p. 193. that "ſome of "Terence's plays are *direct* "*tranſlations* from Menan-"der." This could proceed from nothing but mere inadvertence, ſince the ſlighteſt reflection muſt have convinced him, that the prologues of Terence point out ſome capital variations from the Greek, and the learned Critick himſelf has on other occaſions taken notice of thoſe variations. The old commentators have taken notice of many others, as will appear in the notes to this tranſlation.

tranſlators, though neceſſarily productive of two great inconveniencies: for firſt, it deprives the modern reader of the pleaſure of directly comparing the manners and cuſtoms of another age and country with thoſe of his own; and ſecondly, the ground of the play, the fable, characters, ſentiments, and language, ſtill retaining the antient caſt, the reſult of this modernizing ſpirit is a fantaſtical medley, which repreſents the manners of no age or country at all.

Notwithſtanding the acknowledged chaſtity of Terence, there are many things in theſe plays irreconcilable to modern notions of delicacy; and there is, even in his dialogue, ſo juſtly eſteemed for its urbanity, many violations of the modern rules of politeneſs. "The influence of "modern manners (ſays an excellent "writer) reaches even to names and the

"ordinary forms of addreſs. In the Greek "and Roman Dialogues, it was per- "mitted to accoſt the greateſt perſons "by their obvious and familiar appella- "tions. Alcibiades had no more addi- "tion than Socrates: and Brutus and "Cæſar loſt nothing of their dignity from "being applied to in thoſe direct terms. "The Moderns, on the contrary, have "their guards and fences about them; "and we hold it an incivility to approach "them without ſome decent periphraſis, "or ceremonial title."* Many inſtances of this antient familiarity will occur in theſe comedies; and though I have ſometimes rendered the *here* or *hera* of the original by the terms of *Sir* or *Madam*, yet the reader will commonly find the meaneſt ſlave accoſting his maſter or miſtreſs by their plain names without any more reſpectful addition.

* Preface to Moral and Political Dialogues, by the Rev. Mr. Hurd.

The

The ſeveral alluſions to antient cuſtoms are explained, as occaſion requires; and the value of the coins is taken notice of the two or three firſt times that each ſpecies is mentioned: but as there is not one of the plays, wherein moſt of them do not very frequently occur, I have thought proper to inſert in this place Cooke's Table of Attick Money, to be referred to at pleaſure.

A Table of Sums in Attick *Money, with their Proportion to* Engliſh *Money.*

OBOLI.	l.	s.	d.	q.
1	00	00	01	1/6
2	00	00	02	2/3
3	00	00	03	3/6
4	00	00	05	0 2/3
5	00	00	06	1 5/6
6 equal to a Drachma	00	00	07	3
DRACHMAE.				
1	00	00	07	3
10	00	06	05	2
100 equal to a Mina	03	04	07	0
MINAE.				
1	03	04	07	0
10	32	05	10	0

MINAE.	l.	s.	d.	q.
20	64	11	08	0
60 equal to a Talent	193	15	00	0
TALENTA.				
1	193	15	00	0
5	968	15	00	0
10	1937	10	00	0
15	2906	05	00	0
20	3875	00	00	0
100	19375	00	00	0

Terence mentions the Half Mina in his Adelphi, which was a ſingle coin in proportion to - 01 12 03 2

The Obolus was braſs, the reſt were ſilver.

On the whole it will appear that it has been my chief ſtudy to exhibit Terence as nearly as poſſible in the ſame dreſs in

which he appeared at Rome; hoping that the learned reader may recognize his old acquaintance, and that I may be able to introduce to the unlearned, one ſo well worth his knowledge. I have tried, however the difficulty of the attempt may have baffled my endeavours, to catch the *manner*, as well as features, of my original. Some perhaps may think that, having once abandoned proſe, I might have given ſtill freer ſcope to my imagination, and have introduced more ſtrokes of poetry: but ſuch criticks muſt have very little conſidered the conciſe purity of Terence, the difficulty of preſerving that *proprietas verborum* for which he is ſo remarkable, the nameleſs force even of adverbs and particles in his ſtile, and how dangerous it would be to attempt any additions or flouriſhes on his dialogue. I meant a direct tranſlation, not a looſe imitation;

imitation; and perhaps this verſion will be found in moſt inſtances to be more literal than the proſe tranſlations. The peculiar felicity of the mode I had embraced often gave me an opportunity of following the Author, without ſtiffneſs, in the arrangement of his words and ſentences, and even of indulging myſelf, without affectation, in the elleipſes, ſo frequent in his ſtile. In a word, if this verſion ſhall be allowed to have any merit, it is entirely owing to the ſtrict adherence to the original.

The other circumſtances neceſſary to be mentioned, for the better illuſtration of theſe Comedies, are chiefly relative to the repreſentation. "Some (ſays Echard) "object, that in the beginning of many "ſcenes, two actors enter the ſtage, and "talk to themſelves a conſiderable time "before they ſee or know one another; "which,

" which, ſay they, is neither probable
" nor natural.---They, that object this,
" do not conſider the difference betwixt
" our ſmall ſcanty ſtage and the large
" magnificent Roman Theatres: their
" ſtage was ſixty yards wide in front;
" their ſcenes ſo many ſtreets meeting
" together, with by-lanes, rows, and
" alleys, ſo that two actors coming down
" two diſtinct ſtreets or lanes, could not
" be ſeen by each other, though the ſpec-
" tators might ſee both; and ſometimes
" if they did ſee each other, they
" could not well diſtinguiſh faces at
" ſixty yards diſtance. Beſides, on ſeve-
" ral accounts, it might well be ſuppoſed,
" when an actor enters the ſtage, out of
" ſome houſe, he might take a turn or
" two under the porticoes, uſual at that
" time, about his door, and not obſerve

" an-

" another actor on the other ſide of the " ſtage." *

To make the action and buſineſs of the play ſtill clearer, as well as to preſent the reader with ſome image of its effect in the repreſentation, I have all along ſubjoined, according to the modern manner, marginal notes of direction. For this practice I have, in the proper place, given the reaſons at large from an ingenious French Writer. It may be ſaid indeed that a dramatick author ſhould ſo frame his dialogue, as to make it evident by whom every part of it is ſpoken, to whom each ſpeech is addreſſed, and the probable tone, geſture, and action aſſumed by the ſpeaker. Allowing this to be ſtrictly true, and always practicable, which is however a very doubtful point, I have annext no directions of that ſort, which

* Preface to Terence, p. 10.

may

may not be collected by an attentive reader from the text itself; and they who object to the use of these little cursory elucidations of the written or printed drama, might as well censure the prefixing the names of the particular character to the several speeches. These familiar directions, as they are the shortest, so are they the clearest interpreters of the conduct of the scene; and the want of them in the original text has on many occasions put the commentators to the expence of a very long note to explain, what the reader is thus made acquainted with, often by a single word.

As to the habits of the actors, it is plain from Donatus, as well as the reason of the thing, that they were in general suited, according to the custom of the times and country, to the sex, age, and condition of the several characters.

Some

Some particulars, however, in their dreſs very eſſentially diſtinguiſh the antient players from thoſe on any modern ſtage, viz. the Buſkin, the Sock, and the Maſk. The Buſkin was a kind of high-heeled boot, worn only by the Tragedians; as the Sock was a ſort of ſandal peculiar to the actors in Comedy. Every player wore a Maſk; of which the reader may form a better idea from the plates prefixed to each play, (which, as well as the Frontiſpiece, are faithfully engraved after the cuts in the Vatican Terence) than from any verbal deſcription. It is plain, as Madam Dacier obſerves, that it was not like the modern Maſk, which covers only the face; but encloſed the whole head, and had falſe hair faſtened to it, agreeable to the viſage and complection of the fore part. The Maſk was called *perſona*, from *perſonare*, to

ſound

ſound through, being ſo formed as to enlarge the voice, and convey it to a greater diſtance; a contrivance, which the vaſt extent of the antient theatres rendered extremely neceſſary. For the ſame reaſons the features, pourtrayed on the viſor, were ſo much aggravated beyond the proportion of thoſe drawn by the hand of Nature. It muſt be confeſſed, that in theſe inſtances the Moderns have infinitely the advantage; and that by contracting the dimenſions of their theatres, although they have a good deal abated the magnificence of the ſpectacle, they have been able to approach much nearer to the truth and ſimplicity of theatrical repreſentation.

The Antient Drama was indeed, as a ſpectacle, extremely different from the Modern; and, on the ſtage, approaching nearer to the genius of our Opera,

than Tragedy or Comedy; which circumſtance, if duly conſidered, might have prevented a deal of idle diſputation concerning the propriety of a Chorus. The antient plays, it is certain, were all accompanied with Muſick; Ariſtotle mentions Muſick as one of the ſix parts of Tragedy; and we know from Horace, that the alterations in the Drama, Muſick, and Decorations, kept pace with each other, and that in proceſs of time, as the Roman Theatres were enlarged, their Muſick alſo became more rich and full.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula; ſed tenuis, ſimplexque foramine pauco
Adſpirare & adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu:
Quo ſane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi caſtuſque verecunduſque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius feſtis impune diebus,

Acceſſit

Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim ſaperet, liberque laborum,
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?
Sic priſcæ motumque & luxuriem addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem:
Sic etiam Fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumque ſagax rerum, ac divina futuri
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.*

Nor was the Flute at firſt with ſilver bound,
Nor rival'd emulous the trumpet's ſound:
Few were its notes, its form was ſimply plain;
Yet not unuſeful was its feeble ſtrain
To aid the Chorus, and their ſongs to raiſe:
Filling the little theatre with eaſe:
To which a thin and pious audience came,
Of frugal manners, and unſullied fame.
But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her ſtate,
And broader walls enclos'd th' imperial ſeat,
Soon as with wine, grown diſſolutely gay,
Without reſtraint ſhe chear'd the feſtal day,
Then Poeſy in looſer numbers mov'd,
And Muſick in licentious tones improv'd:

* Hor. Art. Poet.

Such ever is the taſte when clown and wit,
Ruſtick and critick, fill the crouded pit.
He who before with modeſt art had play'd,
Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid,
Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleaſing ſtrain,
And drew along the ſtage a length of train:
And thus the Lyre, once awfully ſevere,
Increas'd the ſtrings, and ſweeter charm'd the ear;
Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted elocution glow'd;
Pour'd forth prophetick truth in awful ſtrain,
Dark as the language of the Delphick Fane.

FRANCIS.

In the above lines the two principal inſtruments in uſe on the theatre are mentioned, viz. *Tibia*, the Flute, and *Fides*, the Lyre. On ſo obſcure a part of learning many doubts muſt neceſſarily have ariſen; but the moſt probable opinion ſeems to be that the Flute was employed to accompany the declamation or recitative, and the Lyre was peculiar to the Chorus: whence it happens that

in

in the plays of Terence, as appears from the titles, only the Flutes were uſed; the Chorus, which made a part of the Old Comedy, as well as Tragedy, not being admitted into the New. The Comick Muſick was certainly much more familiar than the Tragick; and on comparing the ſeveral authorities on this ſubject, it ſeems probable that the *ſcenick modulation*, as Quintilian calls it, in Comedy, was a kind of eaſy chant, calculated to aſſiſt the actors in the declamation, and to throw out the voice with force, in order to fill their ample theatres. Indeed the ſame critick expreſsly tells us, that the declamation of the comick actors was nothing more than adding a certain theatrical grace to the manner of common converſation; not falling entirely into the eaſe of ordinary diſcourſe, which would be inartificial,

nor departing ſo far from nature, as to loſe the excellence of imitation.*

The Engliſh reader will find, in the titles to theſe comedies, ſome expreſſions relative to the Muſick, that may perhaps appear to him rather ſtrange and uncouth; ſuch as---Flutes Equal or Unequal, Right or Left-handed;----but they are the only words that could be uſed with any propriety to tranſlate the original names of the inſtruments; and yet even thoſe words, uncouth as they are, are not intelligible without ſome further explanation; and to mend the matter, that further explanation is ſo difficult to be obtained, that the learned Le Fevre wrote a moſt elegant copy of Latin

* Actores Comici—nec ita prorſus, ut nos vulgo loquimur, pronuntiant, quod eſſet ſine arte: nec procul tamen a natura recedunt, quo vitio periret imitatio: ſed morem communis hujus ſermonis decore quodam ſcenico exornant. QUINTIL. *Inſt. Orat.* lib. 11. cap. 10.

Verſes,

Verſes, execrating the Flute, and all the commentators on it.

The ſhort account from Donatus, which I have ſubjoined to the title to the Andrian, ſhews that the Right-handed Flutes were the proper accompaniments to comedies of a graver caſt, and the Left-handed to thoſe of more pleaſantry. Montfaucon * obſerves, that the Flute took its original name *Tibia*, from being antiently made of the leg of ſome animal, as a horſe, a dog, &c. † He ſeems at a loſs to conceive how a double flute could

* MONTFAUCON, Tome 3me parte 2de. p. 342.

† This is the ground of a conceit in one of the Fables of Phædrus on a minſtrel's breaking his leg.

Princeps Tibicen notior paulo fuit,
Operam Bathyllo ſolitus in ſcenâ dare.
Is forte ludis (non ſatis memini quibus)
Dum pegma rapitur, concidit caſu gravi
Nec opinans, et *ſiniſtram* fregit *tibiam*;
Duas cum *dextras* maluiſſet perdere.

PHÆDRUS. *Lib.* v. *Fab.* 7.

Here the whole joke conſiſts in *ſiniſtra tibia* ſignifying a *left-handed flute* and the minſtrel's *left leg*.

create an agreeable harmony, but believes it to have been even more common in uſe than the ſingle; though he ſuppoſes that the two flutes were in fact ſeparated, but that the ſeveral pipes of each joined in the mouth of the player. To this account he annexes the figure of a Choraules, or Chief Minſtrel, who holds in each hand a pipe without holes, much in the ſhape of a modern poſt-horn.

In order to give as plain an idea as poſſible of the Muſick to the Antient Comedies, I have ſubjoined to this preface a plate containing three Muſical Figures taken from an Italian treatiſe on the Theatrical Maſks and Comick Figures of the Romans, by Franceſco de Ficoroni.* The Figure at the top is that of a Female-Minſtrel, playing on two Un-

* Le Maſchere Sceniche e le Figure Comiche d'Antichi Romani, deſcritte brevemente da Franceſco de Ficoroni. In Roma, 1736.

equal

equal Flutes; and is copied from a very antient bas-relief in marble, preſerved among the curious pieces of ſculpture in the Farneſe Palace: The whole marble contains five figures, and repreſents a ſcene in the laſt act of the Andrian, where Simo calls forth Dromo to carry off Davus to puniſhment. On one ſide Dromo, with a kind of knotted cord in his hand, which is raiſed in the air and ſeems prepared to fall heavy on Davus, is hurrying him away. On the other ſide appears the enraged Simo, with Chremes endeavouring to moderate his anger; and in the middle the Minſtrel, playing as in the annexed plate. The dreſs of the Minſtrel (although here a female one) is exactly conformable to the deſcription of the habit of the Minſtrel by Horace,

—Traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem.
And drew along the ſtage a length of train.

In the original plate ſhe is turned towards the two ſlaves; and ſeems intending to keep time with Dromo's blows, or, as Ficoroni ſuppoſes, to exhilarate the ſpectators between the ſeveral ſtrokes.*

The female figure on the left, bearing two Unequal Flutes in her hand, repreſents (as Ficoroni ſuppoſes † from her flowing hair being collected in a knot behind, as well as from a Satyrick Maſk, which in the original Cameo, whence the plate is taken, ſtands by her ſide) a Minſtrel employed in the Satyrick Drama, a kind of Serious Paſtoral much in favour on the Roman Stage, and of which Horace has ſpoken very largely in his Art of Poetry. This figure ſeems to confirm the conjecture of Montfaucon, that the Double Flutes were in fact two diſtinct inſtruments, and that the pipes

* Ficoroni, p. 27. † Ibid. p. 118.

of

of each joined in the mouth of the Minſtrel.

The figure on the right is copied from a mutilated marble containing a Greek Inſcription, ΚΑΤ. ΠΡΟ. ΙΖ. ΚΑΛ. ΑΠΡΙΛΙΩΝ. which inſcription, as it records no name, nor bears any other mark of thoſe uſed on funeral occaſions, * Ficoroni ſuppoſes to be intended to record ſome theatrical exhibition on the time there mentioned, which was ſeventeen days before the Calends of April, being equal to our Sixteenth of March, and the time of the celebration of the Liberalia, or Games in Honour of Bacchus, in Antient Rome.

I have given theſe two laſt figures to ſhew the various forms, as well as improvements of the Flute. Thoſe in the hands of the Paſtoral Minſtrel have but

* Ficoroni, p. 196.

three

three ſtops; but that in the right hand of the mutilated figure has ſeven; which confirms the obſervation of the learned Montfaucon, who tells us that the Flute had at firſt three holes, but that they were afterwards multiplied to ſeven, and even to ten: In another part of Ficoroni's* book is a figure, which ſeems to be that of a Vain-Glorious Soldier, a very common character in the comedies of the Antients, ſinging to a minſtrel playing on Double Flutes, which by their ſhape and ſize ſeem to have been thoſe large trumpet-toned inſtruments in uſe in the days of Horace.

As to the manner in which theſe Flutes were uſed,† Ficoroni obſerves from Diomedes the Grammarian, that by *Flutes equal, or unequal*, was meant, that in Soliloquy the minſtrel blew only one

* Page 29. † Page 30.

pipe,

pipe, and in Dialogue both. The prefaces of Donatus to the ſeveral plays of our author do, I think, plainly overthrow this aſſertion; and on the ſame authority we may pronounce it to be pretty certain, that the Soliloquies, like the Airs in our Opera, had more laboured accompaniments than the Dialogue, or common Recitative; for Donatus has informed us DIVERBIA *hiſtriones pronuntiabant :* CANTICA *vero temperabantur modis non a poetâ, ſed a perito artis muſicæ factis. Neque enim omnia iiſdem modis in uno cantico agebantur, ſed ſæpe mutatis. Ut ſignificant qui tres numeros in comœdiis ponunt, qui tres continent mutatos modos cantici illius.* The import of this paſſage is explained by Diomedes, who tells us that *Diverbia* ſignifies the Dialogue, and *Cantica* the Soliloquies.* Of this techni-

* Diverbia partes Comœdiarum ſunt, in quibus plures perſonæ verſantur; Cantica, in quibus una tantum.

cal

cal ſenſe of the word *Canticum*, after conſulting and carefully comparing many other paſſages of Donatus, I am well convinced; though I confeſs I was not at all aware of it in my firſt draught of the notes to the Brothers; nor, it is evident, was Madam Dacier; who has alſo, in her account of the Muſick, in the notes to the Andrian, miſtaken the meaning of *Flutes equal or unequal*,* *right*

* Donatus has left us no explanation of the uſe of the *Tibiæ pares* and *impares*. My friend Mr. Burney, a very ingenious maſter of muſick, conjectures, and I think very happily, that the Equal Flutes were Flutes in *uniſon* with each other and the unequal Flutes, Flutes in *octave* to each other: the *octave* reſembling *unity* ſo much, that an uncultivated ear can ſcarce diſtinguiſh between them; as is the caſe where a man and woman ſing the ſame air or melody together, at which time it ſeems as if they were ſinging in uniſon, whereas the male voice moves an octave below that of the female. Now it is well known in Harmonicks, by the diviſion of a monochord, that two muſical ſtrings of the ſame matter, thickneſs, and tenſion, one being but half the length of the other, will be in *octave*. It is the ſame of two pipes: and the appearance of the Equal and Unequal Flutes in antique repreſentations, ſeems to confirm the conjecture of their being *uniſons* and *octaves* to each other.

or left-handed, ſuppoſing them ſynonymous terms; whereas it is plain from Donatus, as well as from the title to that play, that it was acted to EQUAL *Flutes*, *Right* AND *Left-handed*; and that the *Right-handed* ſignified thoſe uſed in the more Serious parts of Comedy, and the *Left-handed* thoſe uſed in the more Pleaſant.

It appears alſo, from the lines above cited from Horace, that the Minſtrel did not content himſelf with playing on the Flutes, but accompanied his muſick with ſome geſture ſuitable to the action of the ſcene.

-----priſcæ motumque & luxuriem addidit arti Tibicen.
---call'd in wanton movements to his aid.

" Of the uſe and propriety of theſe " geſtures," ſays the ingenious Annotator on the Art of Poetry whom I have often cited, " it will not be eaſy for us, who

" ſee

" ſee no ſuch things attempted on the " modern ſtage, to form any very clear " or exact notions."* Here therefore I ſhall conclude this preface, and take my leave of the Antient Muſick, referring the curious reader to the ſeveral commentators on Horace and Ariſtotle, and to thoſe authors who have written expreſsly on this ſubject; which it is needleſs to perſue any further in this place, as it is now of no great conſequence to the reader of the Comedies of Terence.

* HURD's Notes on the Art of Poetry, p. 150.

THE

End of Preface.

THE

LIFE of TERENCE.

THE

LIFE

OF

TERENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM

SUETONIUS.*

PUBLIUS Terentius Afer was born at Carthage, and was a ſlave of Terentius Lucanus, a Roman Sena-

* *From Suetonius.*] This life of our Author is by ſome attributed to Donatus. It is not very ſatisfactory; but as all that has been ſaid of Terence by other writers is chiefly taken from it, I thought it better to follow the example of Madam Dacier in giving a tranſlation of this account, with a few ſupplementary notes, than to pretend to attempt an alteration, where I could make no material addition.

tor;* who, perceiving him to have an excellent underſtanding and a great deal of wit, not only beſtowed on him a liberal education, but gave him his freedom in the very early part of his life. Some writers are of opinion that he was taken priſoner in battle, but Feneſtella † proves this to be impoſſible, ſince Terence was born after ‡ the ſecond Punick war, and died before the commencement of the third. But

* *A Roman Senator.*] This Senator gave our Author the name of Terence, according to the prevailing cuſtom among the Romans, whenever they conferred freedom on their ſlaves. His real name we are entirely unacquainted with; though it is ſomewhat extraordinary that a Poet of ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit ſhould want a friend to hand it down to us; and that, by a ſingular fatality, he who could ſtamp immortality on the name of his maſter, ſhould be unable to continue his own. DACIER.

† *Lucius Feneſtella.*] He was one of the moſt accurate hiſtorians and antiquaries the Romans ever had: he flouriſhed towards the end of Auguſtus' reign, or in the beginning of that of Tiberius; he wrote many things, eſpecially annals; but time has deprived us of them all. DACIER.

‡ *The ſecond Punick War.*] This ended in the year of Rome 552; 196 years before the birth of Chriſt; and the third began in the year of Rome 603; an interval of fifty-one years, which both ſaw the birth and death of Terence. It is evident he died in the year of Rome 594, while Cn. Corn. Dolabella and M. Fulvius were conſuls, at the age of thirty-five; nine years before the third Punick war. He was born conſequently in the year of Rome 560, eight years after the ſecond Punick war. DACIER.

even

even ſuppoſing that he had been taken by the Numidians, * or Getulians, he could not have fallen into the hands of a Roman commander, † ſince there was little or no communication between the Romans and Africans till after the entire deſtruction of Carthage.

Our Poet was beloved and much eſteemed by noblemen of the firſt rank in the Roman Commonwealth; and lived in a ſtate of great intimacy with Scipio Africanus, and C. Læ-

* *Numidians, &c.*] The Carthaginians (between the ſecond and third Punick war) were in continual broils with the Numidians or Getulians, and conſequently Terence might be taken priſoner in ſome one of theſe ſkirmiſhes by the Numidian troops. DACIER.

† *Roman commander.*] This is a very undeciſive way of reaſoning: for though it is very certain that the Romans before the entire demolition of Carthage, had very little intercourſe with Africa, they might, without any great difficulty, have purchaſed a ſlave. It is well known that ambaſſadors were ſent from Rome to Carthage at two or three different times, in order to ſettle ſome differences ſubſiſting between them and the Numidians. Where then is the improbability of a Numidian's ſelling a ſlave, he had taken from the Carthaginians, to one of the Romans? Nothing more probable. DACIER.

lius, * to whom the beauty of his perſon alſo is ſuppoſed to have recommended him: which Feneſtella lays to his charge, aſſerting that Terence was older than either of them.† Corn. Nepos on the contrary writes, that they were nearly of an age, and Porcius gives us room to ſuſpect ſuch a familiarity between them by the following lines.

Dum laſciviam nobilium & fucoſas laudes petit:
Dum Africani voci divinæ inhiat avidis auribus:
Dum ad Furium ‡ ſe cœnitare, & Lælium, pulcrum putat:
Dum ſe amari ab hiſce credit, crebrò in Albanum rapi
Ob florem ætatis ſuæ; ad ſummam inopiam redactus eſt.
Itaque e conſpectu omnium abiit in Græciæ terram ultimam.
Mortuus eſt in Stymphalo, Arcadiæ oppido.----

* *To whom the beauty of his perſon, &c.*] Madam Dacier, (from a female delicacy, I ſuppoſe) has entirely altered this circumſtance; and there is, in her tranſlation of this life from Suetonius, ſcarce the ſhadow of this imputation on our Author either in the text, or the verſes introduced on purpoſe to ſupport it.

† *Older than either of them.*] Terence was nine years older than Scipio, the ſon of Paulus Æmilius, the perſon here meant, who was not born till the year of Rome 569. We are not quite ſo certain as to the age of Lælius. DACIER.

‡ *Furius Publius.*] A man of great rank and quality; not Aulus Furius Antia, or the Marcus Furius Bibaculus mentioned by Horace. DACIER.

Seeking

Seeking the pleaſures and deceitful praiſe
Of nobles, while the Bard with greedy ears
Drinks in the voice divine of Africanus,
Happy to ſup with Furius † and with Lælius,
Careſs'd, and often, for his bloom of youth,
Whirl'd to Mount Alba; amidſt all theſe joys,
He finds himſelf reduc'd to poverty.
Wherefore withdrawing from all eyes, and flying
To the extremeſt parts of Greece, he dies
At Stymphalus, a village in Arcadia.

He wrote ſix comedies. When he offered his firſt play, which was the Andrian, to the Ædiles, he was ordered to read it to Cæcilius.* When he arrived at that Poet's houſe, he found him at table; and it is ſaid that our Author, being very meanly dreſſed, was ſuffered to read the opening of his play, ſeated on a very low ſtool, near the couch of Cæcilius: but ſcarce had he repeated a few lines, when Cæcilius invited him to ſit down to ſupper with him, after which Terence proceeded with his play, and finiſhed

* *Read it to Cæcilius.*] Cæcilius died two years before the repreſentation of the Andrian. It is therefore a very plauſible, as well as ingenious, correction of Voſſius, to read Acilius, the name of one of the Ædiles, the year of the exhibition of that play.

it to the no ſmall admiration of Cæcilius. His ſix plays* were equally admired by the Romans; though Volcatius† in his remarks on them ſays,

Sumetur Hecyra ſexta ex iis fabula.

——" The Step-Mother,
" The laſt, and leaſt in merit of the Six."

The Eunuch met with ſuch remarkable ſucceſs, that it was acted twice in one day, and

* *Six plays equally admired.*] It would not be eaſy to decide which of the ſix is the beſt; ſince each of them has its peculiar beauty. The Andrian and Brothers ſeem to excell in beauty of character: the Eunuch and Phormio, in the vivacity of intrigue: and the Self-Tormentor and Step-Mother have, in my mind, the advantage in ſentiment, a lively painting of the paſſions, and in the purity, and delicacy of ſtile. DACIER.

† *Volcatius.*] Volcatius Sedigitus, a very antient poet, though we do not preciſely know the time in which he lived. In his judgment of the Comick Poets, he gives the firſt place to Cæcilius, the ſecond to Plautus, the third to Nævius, the fourth to Licinius, the fifth to Attilius; and ranks Terence but the ſixth. But Volcatius has done more diſcredit to himſelf by this judgment, than honour to Cæcilius, and the other writers whom he has preferred to Terence. Each of them might have ſome excellencies that our Author did not poſſeſs; but on the whole the Romans had no Comick Poet equal to Terence. DACIER.

Terence was paid for it 8000 ſeſterces *, being more than was ever paid for any comedy before; for which reaſon the ſum is recorded in the title † of that play. Varro prefers the beginning of the Brothers to the beginning of the original of Menander.

It is pretty commonly ſaid, that Scipio and Lælius, with whom he lived in ſuch familiarity, aſſiſted our Author ‡ in his plays, and indeed Terence himſelf increaſed that ſuſpicion,

* 8000 *ſeſterces.*] About 60 l. of our money.

† *Recorded in the title.*] Not as the title now ſtands, which ſhews that the titles, now come down to us, are imperfect.

TANAQUIL FABER.

‡ *Aſſiſted our Author.*] There might be ſome foundation for ſuch a report. Both Scipio and Lælius might have aſſiſted him in poliſhing his ſtile, and even have ſupplied him with many a line: being an African, he might not have ſo thorough a knowledge of the elegancies and beauties of the Latin language. This reaſoning however is to me by no means concluſive. Phædrus was a Thracian ſlave, yet no one wrote more correctly or with greater purity; nor was he ever taxed with having received any aſſiſtance in his compoſitions: why then ſuſpect Terence, when Suetonius, in the very beginning of his life, confeſſes he had been very carefully educated and made free in his very early youth by Terentius Lucanus? DACIER.

by

by the little pains he took to refute it, witneſs the Prologue to the Brothers :* though he might probably have acted thus, knowing that ſuch an opinion was not unpleaſing to thoſe great men. Be that as it may, this opinion gained ground,† and has continued down to our times.

Quintus Memmius,‡ in an oration written in his own defence, poſitively declares that Scipio wrote the plays for his amuſement, which he permitted Terence to father : Corn. Nepos

* *Witneſs the Prologue to the Brothers.*] But in the Prologue to the Self-Tormentor he is not ſo complaiſant; flatly declaring the report malicious, and intreating his Audience not to give the leaſt credit to idle and malicious tales. DACIER.

† *Opinion gained ground.*] Valgius, a Poet cotemporary to Horace, expreſsly ſays,

Hæ quæ vocantur fabulæ, cujus ſunt ?
Non has, qui jura populis recenſens dabat,
Honore ſummo affectus, fecit fabulas ?

And whoſe then are theſe pieces ?—Did not He,
Who, full of honours, gave the people laws,
Compoſe theſe Comedies ? DACIER.

‡ *Q. Memmius.*] Moſt probably the Grandfather to that Memmius to whom the Poem of Lucretius is inſcribed. DACIER.

asserts, that he had been informed from very good authority, that Lælius, being at his Villa, at Puzzuoli, on a certain first day of March,* was requested by his Lady to sup sooner than his usual hour, but he intreated her not to interrupt his studies: Coming into supper rather late, he declared he had never employed his time with better success than he had then done; and being asked what he had written, he † repeated those verses in the Self-Tormentor, beginning with,

Satis pol protervè me Syri promissa huc induxerunt.

Santra ‡ observes, that if Terence had needed any assistance in the composition of his plays, he

* *A certain first day of March.*] The first day of March was a holiday kept by the Roman ladies, who on that occasion claimed the privilege of being entire mistresses of their houses, and directed every thing for that day. DACIER.

† *Repeated those verses, &c.*] This may be. In the plays of Moliere perhaps might be found some lines written by his friends; yet nobody would pretend to say that those pieces were not written by Moliere. DACIER.

‡ *Santra.*] An Author of the time of Julius Cæsar. He wrote a treatise on the antiquity of words, and the lives of illustrious men: but his works are all lost. DACIER.

would

would not have applied to Scipio * and Lælius, who were at that time very young, but rather to C. Sulpicius Gallus, † a man of found learning, and who was the firſt perſon that introduced plays at the Conſular Games; or to ‡ Marcus Popilius Lenas, or to Q. Fabius Labeo, ‖ both men of

* *Would not have applied to Scipio.*] This reaſoning of Santra proves nothing: for when Terence commenced Author, Scipio was at the age of twenty-one; and beſides having been extremely well educated, was poſſeſſed of an extraordinary genius. DACIER.

Paſtorals and little poems may perhaps now and then be written at ſixteen or eighteen, but it muſt be allowed that the age of twenty-one is a very early period for the production of ſuch dramatick pieces as thoſe of Terence. Beſides, when the Andrian was firſt exhibited, our Author was but twenty-ſeven, and Madam Dacier herſelf tells us that he was nine years older than Scipio, who therefore could be no more than eighteen years of age, a time of life when men rather begin to be the ſubjects, than the cultivators of the Comick Muſe.

† *C. Sulpicius Gallus.*] The ſame Sulpicius Gallus, who was conſul at the time of the firſt exhibition of the Andrian. DACIER.

‡ *M. Popilius Lenas.*] Conſul in the year of Rome 581, when Terence was at the age of twenty-one. DACIER.

‖ *Q. Fabius Labeo.*] A man of very diſtinguiſhed merit, who paſſed the offices of Quæſtor, Prætor, Triumvir, Conſul and High Prieſt; and commanded the Roman troops with reputation. Hiſtory fixes his conſulſhip in the year of Rome 570: his Colleague was M. Claud. Marcellus. Terence at that time was but ten years old. DACIER.

Con-

Conſular dignity, and excellent Poets. Terence himſelf intimates, ſpeaking of thoſe who were ſuppoſed to aſſiſt him, that they were not young men, but perſons whoſe abilities had been experienced by the Publick in peace, war, and buſineſs of ſtate.

To wipe off the aſperſion of plagiariſm, or perhaps to make himſelf a maſter of the cuſtoms and manners of the Grecians, in order to delineate them the better in his writings, he left Rome in the thirty-fifth year of his age, after having exhibited the ſix comedies which are now extant; and he never returned more.

Volcatius ſpeaks of his death in the following manner:

Sed ut Afer ſex populo edidit comœdias,
Iter hinc in Aſiam fecit: navim cum ſemel
Conſcendit, viſus nunquam eſt. Sic vitâ vacat.

But

But Terence, having given the town ſix plays,
Voyag'd for Aſia: but when once embark'd,
Was ne'er ſeen afterwards. He died at ſea.

Q. Conſetius * ſays, that he died at ſea in his return from Greece, whence he was bringing one hundred and eight plays † tranſlated from Menander. Others again aſſert, that he died at Stymphalus in Arcadia, during the Conſulſhip of Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, and M. Fulvius Nobilior ‡, for grief, having loſt the comedies he had tranſlated, as well as thoſe he had himſelf written.

* *Q. Conſetius.*] This Author I am quite a ſtranger to. DACIER.

† *One hundred and eight plays.*] Menander wrote but one hundred and nine plays himſelf, ſome ſay but one hundred and eight, and others but one hundred and five, of which Terence had already exhibited four. This ſtory therefore muſt be a mere fable. DACIER.

‡ *The conſulſhip of Dolabella, &c.*] In the year of Rome 594, the year after the exhibition of the Brothers. DACIER.

He

He is ſaid to have been of a middle ſtature, genteel, and of a ſwarthy complexion. He left a daughter, who was afterwards married to a Roman Knight; and at the time of his death he was poſſeſſed of an houſe together with a garden containing ſix acres of land on the Appian way, cloſe by the Villa Martis. It is very extraordinary therefore that Porcius ſhould ſay,

——— *Nil Publius*
Scipio profuit, nil ei Lælius, nil Furius:
Tres per idem tempus qui agitabant nobiles facillime.
Eorum ille operâ ne domum quidem habuit conductitiam:
Saltem ut eſſet, quo referret obitum domini ſervulus.

Nothing did Publius Scipio profit him,
Nothing did Lælius, nothing Furius,
At once the three great patrons of our Bard;
And yet ſo niggard of their bounties to him,
He had not even wherewithal to hire

A houſe

A houſe in Rome, to which a faithful ſlave
Might bring the tidings of his maſter's death.

* Afranius in his Compitalia † prefers him to all the Comick Poets.

Terentio non ſimilem dices quempiam.

To Terence you can ſhew no parallel.

But Volcatius not only places him after Nævius, Plautus, and Cæcilius, but even after Licinius. ‡ Cicero in his Leimon, ‖ a work in

* *Afranius.*] A Dramatick Poet of great reputation, whoſe teſtimony is the more honourable, as he was a cotemporary of our author, though much younger. DACIER.

† *Compitalia.*] Feaſts in croſs-ſtreets and ways, celebrated the ſecond day of January in honour of their rural Gods, hence called *Lares*, or *Compitalitii*.

AINSWORTHIUS.

‡ *Licinus.*] Licinius Imbrex, who flouriſhed in the year of Rome 554. DACIER.

‖ *Leimon.*] A Greek word [λειμων] ſignifying a meadow. This work of Cicero contained, moſt probably, nothing but the praiſes of eminent men. Theſe beautiful verſes are imitated by Auſonius, and Cæſar begins his criticiſm on Terence in the very ſame terms. For it is certain that Cæſar only undertook that taſk in order to imitate

Tu quoque, qui ſolus lecto ſermone, Terenti,
Converſum expreſſumque Latinâ voce Menandrum
In medio populi ſedatis vocibus effers;
Quidquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia dicens.

imitate and contradict Cicero. DACIER.

[Voſſius conſiders this as an *Erratum*, and tells us that this work of Tully was not called *Leimon* but *Libo*, and was addreſſed to Terentius Libo, a poet of that time, and a native of Fregellæ.]

☞ Before we conclude theſe notes, it will be proper to take notice of a paſſage in Oroſius, which has miſled many concerning our Poet. This hiſtorian, though none of the moſt correct, yet not without merit, writes thus: *Scipio jam cognomento Africanus, triumphans urbem ingreſſus eſt, quem Terentius, qui poſtea Comicus, ex nobilibus Carthaginienſium captivis, pileatus, quod indultæ ſibi libertatis inſigne fuit, triumphantem poſt currum ſecutus eſt.* "Scipio Africanus entered "Rome in triumph, and was "attended by Terence, one of "the chief of the Carthaginian captives, who afterwards "became the celebrated Comick Poet, wearing a cap "on his head, as a mark of "his freedom having been "conferred on him." This is undoubtedly fabulous, take it which way you will. For if Oroſius means Scipio the Elder, his triumph was in the year of Rome 552, eight years before Terence was born. If he ſpeaks of the Younger Scipio, the ſon of Paulus Æmilius, his triumphal entry was in the year of Rome 637, thirteen years after the death of Terence. What hurried Oroſius into the miſtake, is a paſſage in Livy, which he did not attentively examine. This great hiſtorian in his 30th book and 45th Chapter ſays,

And thou, O Terence, couldſt alone transfuſe
The Attick Graces to the Latin Tongue,
And bring Menander to the ear of Rome:
Such purity, ſuch ſweetneſs in thy ſtile!

C. Cæſar in like manner,

Tu quoque, tu in ſummis, O dimidiate Menander,
Poneris, & merito, puri ſermonis amator.
Lenibus atque utinam ſcriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hâc deſpectus parte jaceres:
**Unum hoc maceror & doleo tibi deeſſe, Terenti.*

Secutus Scipionem triumphantem eſt, pileo capiti impoſito, Q. Terentius Culleo; omnique deinde vitâ, ut dignum erat, libertatis auctorem coluit. "Q. "Terentius Culleo followed "the triumphal car of Scipio "on the day of his publick "entrance into Rome, with "a cap on his head, and "honoured him during the "remainder of his life, as the "author of his freedom." It could not therefore be our Terence, of whom Livy is ſpeaking. It was a Roman ſenator, who having been taken priſoner by the Carthaginians, and ſet free by Scipio, determined to grace his deliverer's triumph, which he attended wearing the cap of liberty on his head, by way of compliment, as if he had indeed really received his manumiſſion from the hands of Scipio. DACIER.

* *Unum hoc maceror, &c.*] Valea Sedigitus! nos Afranio aſſentiri

And Thou, oh Thou among the firſt be plac'd,
Ay and deſervedly, thou Half-Menander,
Lover of pureſt dialogue!---And oh,
That Humour had gone hand in hand with eaſe
In all thy writings! that thy Muſe might ſtand
In equal honour with the Græcian ſtage,
Nor Thou be robb'd of more than half thy fame!
—This only I lament, and this, I grieve,
There's wanting in thee, Terence!

aſſentiri non pigeat, ac Terentium omnibus præſtitiſſe Comicis credamus; neque *vim illam comicam*, quam ei unam defuiſſe dolet Cæſar (ſi modo ſunt illa Cæſaris carmina) deſideremus. Nihil illi defuit: omnia quæ Comico Poetæ præſtanda ſunt, præſtitit.

FRANCISCUS ASULANUS.

THE

Andrian.

THE

ANDRIAN.

TO THE

STUDENTS OF CHRIST CHURCH,

OXFORD,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

AND FELLOW-STUDENT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE,
SIMO,
PAMPHILUS,
CHREMES,
CHARINUS,
CRITO,
SOSIA,
DAVUS,
BYRRHIA,
DROMO,
SERVANTS, &c.

GLYCERIUM,
MYSIS,
LESBIA,
ARCHILLIS,

SCENE, ATHENS.

THE

ANDRIAN;*

Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES, †

M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio, Curule Ædiles:‡ Principal Actors, ‖ L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Musick, †‖ composed for Equal Flutes, Right and Left-handed, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is wholly Grecian:‖‡ Published, M. Marcellus and Cn. Sulpicius, Consuls.‖§

* *The Andrian.*] There is much controversy among the Criticks, whether the Andrian was the first play, which Terence produced, or only the first of those which have come down to our times. Donatus positively asserts it to be our author's first production, and adds that the favourable reception it met with, encouraged him to go on in writing for the Stage. He tells us also that this Piece was entitled "The Andrian of Terence," and not Terence's "Andrian," according to the customs of the Romans, who placed the name of the Play first, if it was written by an author, yet unknown in the Theatrical world, but placed the author's name first in the title, if it was one already celebrated. Madam Dacier is of a contrary opinion, and thinks that the introductory lines of the Prologue make it evident that Terence had written before. These inquiries are little more than mere matter of curiosity. For my part, I am rather inclined to the opinion of Donatus. The objections of Lavinius, which Terence in his Prologue endeavours to refute, are entirely confined to this play; and that it was possible for Lavinius to have seen the manuscript before the representation is evident from the Prologue to the Eunuch, where Terence directly charges that circumstance to his adversary. The concluding lines of the Prologue speak the language of an author, new in the Drama, much stronger than those in the beginning denote his having written before. It may be remembered also, that Terence was no more than

27 years of age at the time of the firſt repreſentation of this comedy.

Both the Engliſh and French Theatres have borrowed the Fable of this Play. Sir Richard Steele has raiſed on that foundation his Comedy of the Conſcious Lovers; and Baron has adopted even the Title. It is propoſed to throw out ſome obſervations on each of theſe pieces, and to compare them with Terence's comedy, in the courſe of theſe notes.

† The Megaleſian Games were thoſe inſtituted in honour of the ſuperior Gods.

‡ The Ædiles were Magiſtrates of Rome, whoſe office it was to take care of the city, its publick Buildings, &c. to regulate the market, and to preſide at ſolemn games, publick entertainments, &c.

‖ *Principal Actors.*] *Egerunt, &c.* The perſons thus mentioned in the ſeveral titles to our Author's pieces, were the Managers of the Company or Companies of Actors concerned in the repreſentation. It is certain alſo, that they were principal actors: for beſides the anecdote concerning Ambivius and Terence, related in the notes to Phormio, Donatus in his preface to the Brothers, expreſly ſays, *Agentibus L. Ambivio et L. Turpione: qui cum ſuis gregibus etiam tum perſonati agebant.*

We are told by the Greek Scholiaſts, that theſe titles were always prefixt to pieces acted by authority of the Magiſtrate. One of them ſtands before each of the Comedies of Terence; but it is plain from Suetonius, as Le Fevre has obſerved, that they have deſcended to our times defective and imperfect.

†‖ No part of the hiſtory of the antient Drama is more obſcure, than that which relates to the Muſick. A ſhort extract from Donatus will ſerve to give ſome explanation of the phraſes uſed in the above title. "They "were acted to Flutes equal or "unequal, right or left-hand-"ed. The Right-handed, or "Lydian, by their grave tone, "denounced the ſerious ſtile of "the comedy. The Left-hand-"ed, or Tyrian, by their light "ſharp ſound, denoted the vi-"vacity of the piece. But when "the play was ſaid to be acted "to both Right and Left-hand-"ed, it denoted it to be Serio-"Comick."

‖‡ *It is wholly Grecian.*] That is, that ſpecies of Comedy, which was called *Palliata*; in which the Habits, Manners, and Arguments, were all Grecian.

‖§ *Marcellus and Sulpicius, Conſuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 587, the twenty-ſeventh of our Author's age, and 166 Years before Chriſt.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

THE Bard, when firſt he gave his mind to write,
Thought it his only buſineſs, that his plays
Shou'd pleaſe the people:* But it now falls out,
He finds, much otherwiſe, and waſtes, perforce,
His time in writing Prologues; not to tell
The argument, but to refute the ſlanders
Broach'd by the malice of an older Bard.†
And mark what vices he is charg'd withall!
Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian:‡
Know one, and you know both; in argument
Leſs diff'rent than in ſentiment and ſtile.
What ſuited with the Andrian he confeſſes
From the Perinthian he transferr'd, and us'd
For his: and this it is theſe ſland'rers blame,

* *Should pleaſe the people.*] It has been obſerved by Mr. Whalley, the laſt editor of Ben Jonſon, that the Prologue to the Silent Woman opens in imitation of this of our Author.

"Truth ſays, of old the art of making plays,
"Was to content the people."

† *Of an older Bard.*] This old Arch-adverſary of Terence was, according to Donatus, Lucius Lavinius; but, according to Madam Dacier, Luſcius Lanuvinus.

‡ *Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian.*] From this account it is plain, that Terence did not in this play weave two different ſtories of Menander together in that vicious manner which is generally imputed to him: but that the argument of theſe two plays being nearly the ſame, Terence having pitched upon the Andrian for the Groundwork of his Fable, enriched it with ſuch parts of the Perinthian, as naturally fell in with that plan. We are told by Donatus, that the firſt ſcene of our Author's Andrian is almoſt a literal tranſlation of the firſt ſcene of the Perinthian of Menander, in which the Old Man diſcourſed with his wife, juſt as Simo does with Soſia. In

Proving by deep and learned diſputation,
That Fables ſhou'd not be confounded thus.
Troth! all their knowledge is they nothing know:
Who, blaming him, blame* Nævius, Plautus, Ennius,
Whoſe great example is his precedent;
Whoſe negligence he'd wiſh to emulate
Rather than *their* dark diligence. Henceforth,
Let them, I give them warning, be at peace,
And ceaſe to rail, leſt they be made to know
Their own miſdeeds. Be favourable! ſit
With equal mind, and hear our play; that hence
Ye may conclude, what hope to entertain,
Whether the plays he may hereafter write
Shall merit approbation or contempt.

the Andrian of Menander, the Old Man opened with a ſoliloquy.

The Perinthian, as well as the Andrian, took its name from the place the woman came from; viz. Perinthus, a town of Thrace.

* *Nævius, Plautus, Ennius.*] Theſe poets are not mentioned here in exact chronological order, Ennius being elder than Plautus. The firſt author, who brought a regular play on the Roman ſtage, is ſaid to have been Livius Andronicus, about the year of Rome 510, and one year before the birth of Ennius. Five years after the repreſentation of the firſt play of Andronicus, or as ſome ſay nine, Nævius wrote for the ſtage. Then followed Ennius, Plautus, Pacuvius, Cæcilius, Porcius Licinius, Terence, and his cotemporary and adverſary Lucius Lavinius, Accius, Afranius, &c. Of all theſe, many of whom were very eminent writers, we have ſcarce any remains, except of Plautus and Terence: and what is ſtill more to be lamented, the ineſtimable Greek Authors, whoſe writings were the rich ſource, whence they drew their fable, characters, &c. are alſo irrecoverably loſt.

THE

THE

ANDRIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SIMO, SOSIA, *and Servants with Provisions.*

Simo. CARRY thoſe things in: go! [*Ex. Serv.**]
Soſia, come here;
A Word with you!

* *Exeunt Servants.*] The want of marginal directions, however trifling they may at firſt ſight appear, has occaſioned, as it neceſſarily muſt, much confuſion and obſcurity in ſeveral paſſages of the antient Dramatick Writers: and is a defect in the manuſcripts, and old editions of thoſe authors in the learned languages, which has in vain been attempted to be ſupplied by long notes of laborious commentators, and delineations of the figures of the characters employed in each ſcene. This ſimple method of illuſtrating the dialogue, and rendering it clear and intelligible to the moſt ordinary reader, I propoſe to perſue throughout this tranſlation: And I cannot better enforce the utility of this practice, than by a few extracts from a very ingenious treatiſe on Dramatick Poetry, written in French by Monſ. Diderot, and annext to his Play, called the Father of a Family.

"The *Pantomime* is a part of the Drama, to which the author ought to pay the moſt ſerious attention: for if it is not always preſent to him, he can neither begin, nor conduct, nor end a ſcene according to truth and nature; and the action ſhould frequently be written down inſtead of dialogue.

"The *Pantomime* ſhould be written down, whenever it creates a picture; whenever it gives energy, or clearneſs, or connection to the Dialogue; whenever it paints character; whenever it conſiſts in a delicate play, which the reader cannot himſelf ſupply; whenever

it

Sofia. I underſtand: that theſe
Be ta'en due care of.*

Simo. Quite another thing.

Sofia. What can my art do more for you?

Simo. This buſineſs
Needs not that art; but thoſe good qualities,
Which I have ever known abide in you,
Fidelity and ſecrecy.

Sofia. I wait
Your pleaſure.

Simo. Since I bought you, from a boy
How juſt and mild a ſervitude you've paſs'd
With me, you're conſcious: from a purchas'd ſlave
I made you free, becauſe you ſerv'd me freely:
The greateſt recompence I cou'd beſtow.

Sofia. I do remember.

it ſtands in the place of an anſwer; and almoſt always at the beginning of a ſcene.

"Whether a poet has *written down* the Pantomime or not, it is eaſy to diſcover at firſt ſight, whether he has *compoſed* after it. The conduct of the piece will not be the ſame; the ſcenes will have another turn; the Dialogue will reliſh of it."

Moliere, as this ingenious Critick obſerves, has always written down the *Pantomime* (as he phraſes it) and Terence ſeems plainly to have had it always in his view, and to have paid a conſtant attention to it in his compoſition, though he has not ſet it down in words.

* *Be ta'en due care of.*] *Nempe ut* curentur *rectè hæc.* Madam Dacier will have it, that Simo here makes uſe of a *kitchen-term* in the word *curentur*. I believe it rather means *to take care* of any thing generally; and at the concluſion of this very ſcene, Soſia uſes the word again ſpeaking of things very foreign to cookery. *Sat eſt,* CURABO.

Simo.

Simo. Nor do I repent.

Soſia. If I have ever done, or now do aught
That's pleaſing to you, Simo, I am glad,
And thankful that you hold my ſervice good.
And yet this troubles me: for this detail,
Forcing your kindneſs on my memory,
Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.*
Oh tell me then at once, what wou'd you, Sir?

Sim. I will; and this I muſt adviſe you firſt:
The nuptial you ſuppoſe preparing now,
Is all unreal.

Soſia. Why pretend it then?

Simo. You ſhall hear all from firſt to laſt: † and thus

* *Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.*] There is a beautiful paſſage in the Duke of Milan of Maſſinger very ſimilar to the above. The ſituations of the perſons are ſomewhat alike, Sforza being on the point of opening his mind to Franciſco. The Engliſh Poet has with great addreſs transferred the ſentiment from the inferior to the ſuperior character, which certainly adds to its delicacy.

Sforza.—I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd,
In your advancement; and repent no grace,
I have conferr'd upon you: And believe me,
Tho' now I ſhould repeat my favours to you,
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you,
I find you're worthy of them, in your love
And ſervice to me.

† *You ſhall hear all, &c.*] "Terence ſtands alone in every thing, but eſpecially in his narrations. It is a pure and tranſparent ſtream which flows always evenly, with no more ſwiftneſs or noiſe than that which it derives from its courſe and the ground it runs over. No wit, no diſplay of ſentiment, not a ſentence that wears an epigrammatical air, none

The conduct of my son, my own intent,
And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
For my son, Sosia, now to manhood grown, *
Had freer scope of living: for before
How might you know, or how indeed divine
His dispositon, good, or ill, while youth,
Fear, and a master, all constrain'd him?

Sosia. True.

Simo. Though most, as is the bent of youth, apply
Their mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
Or to the study of philosophy; †
Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he

none of those definitions always out of place, except in Nicole or Rochefoucauld. When he generalizes a maxim, it is in so simple and popular a manner, you would believe it to be a common proverb which he has quoted: Nothing but what belongs to the subject. I have read this poet over and over with attention; there are in him no superfluous scenes, nor any thing superfluous in the scenes." DIDEROT.

This being the first narration in our author, and exceedingly beautiful, I could not help transcribing the foregoing passage from the French Treatise abovementioned. The narrations in the Greek Tragedies have been long and justly admired; and from this and many other parts of Terence, taken from Greek authors, we may fairly conclude that their Comedies were equally excellent in that particular.

* *Now to manhood grown.*] *Postquam excessit ex* Ephebis. The Ephebia was the first stage of youth, and youth the last stage of boyhood. DONATUS.

† *Or to the study of philosophy.*] It was at that age that the Greeks applied themselves to the study of philosophy, and chose out some particular sect, to which they attached themselves. Plato's Dialogues give us a sufficient insight into that custom. DACIER.

Persue;

Perſue; and yet, in moderation, all.
I was o'erjoy'd.

Soſia. And not without good cauſe.
For this I hold to be the Golden Rule
Of Life, Too much of one Thing's good for nothing.*

Simo. So did he ſhape his life to bear himſelf
With eaſe and frank good-humour unto all;
Mixt in what company ſoe'er, to them
He wholly did reſign himſelf; complied
With all their humours, checking nobody,
Nor e'er aſſuming to himſelf: and thus
With eaſe, and free from envy, may you gain
Praiſe, and conciliate friends,

Soſia. He rul'd his life
By prudent maxims: for, as times go now,
Compliance raiſes friends, and truth breeds hate.

Simo. Meanwhile, 'tis now about three years ago,†

* *Too much of one thing's good for nothing.*] *Ne quid nimis.* A ſentiment not unbecoming a ſervant, becauſe it is common, and is therefore not put into the mouth of the maſter. DONATUS.

Though the Commentators are full of admiration of this golden ſaying, "Do nothing to exceſs," yet it is plain that Terence introduces it here as a *characteriſtick* ſentiment. Soſia is a dealer in old ſayings. The very next time he opens his mouth, he utters another. I thought it neceſſary therefore, for the ſake of the preſervation of character, to tranſlate this antient proverb by one of our own, though the modern maxim is not expreſt with equal elegance.

† *'Tis now about three Years ago.*] The mention of this diſtance of time is certainly artful, as it affords time for all the events, previous to the opening

A certain woman from the iſle of Andros
Came o'er to ſettle in this neighbourhood,
By poverty and cruel kindred driv'n:
Handſome and young.

Soſia. Ah! I begin to fear
Some miſchief from this Andrian.

Simo. At firſt
Modeſt and thriftily, tho' poor, ſhe liv'd, †
With her own hands a homely livelihood
Scarce earning from the diſtaff and the loom.
But when a lover came with promis'd gold,
Another, and another, as the mind
Falls eaſily from labour to delight,
She took their offers, and ſet up the trade.

ing of the piece, to have happened with the ſtricteſt probability. The comment of Donatus on this paſſage is curious.

"The author hath artfully ſaid three years, when he might have given a longer or a ſhorter period. Since it is probable that the woman might have lived modeſtly one year; ſet up the trade, the next; and died, the third. In the firſt year, therefore, Pamphilus knew nothing of the family of Chryſis; in the ſecond, he became acquainted with Glycerium; and in the third, Glycerium marries Pamphilus, and finds her parents." DONATUS.

† *Modeſt and thriftily, &c.*] It is abſolutely neceſſary that the reputation of Glycerium ſhould be ſuppoſed to be ſpotleſs and unblemiſhed: and as ſhe could never be *made an honeſt woman*, if it were not clear that ſhe was ſo before marriage, Chryſis, with whom ſhe lived, is partly to be defended, partly to be praiſed; whom although it is neceſſary to confeſs to be a courtezan, yet her behaviour is rendered as excuſable as ſuch a circumſtance will admit. DONATUS.

They,

They, who were then her chief gallants, by chance
Drew thither, as oft happens with young men,
My ſon to join their company. " So, ſo!"
Said I within myſelf, " he's ſmit! he has it!"*
And in the morning as I ſaw their ſervants
Run to and fro, I'd often call, " Here, Boy!
" Prithee now, who had Chryſis yeſterday?"
The name of this ſame Andrian.

Soſia. I take you.

Simo. Phædrus they ſaid, Clinia, or Niceratus,
For all theſe three then follow'd her.----" Well, well,
" But what of Pamphilus?"----" Of Pamphilus!
" He ſupt, and paid his reck'ning."----I was glad.
Another day I made the like enquiry,
But ſtill found nothing touching Pamphilus.
Thus I believ'd his virtue prov'd, and hence
Thought him a miracle of continence:
For he who ſtruggles with ſuch ſpirits, yet
Holds in that commerce an unſhaken mind,
May well be truſted with the governance
Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
Delighted with his life,† but all the world

* *He's ſmit! he has it!*] *Captus eſt, habet.* Terms taken from the Gladiators. DACIER.

† *But all the world, &c.*] There is a beautiful ſentiment uttered by Manoa in the Samſon Agoniſtes of Milton, which ſeems to be partly borrowed from this paſſage in our author.

— — — — — I gain'd a ſon,
And ſuch a ſon, as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a Father in my ſtead!

With

With one accord ſaid all good things, and prais'd
My happy fortunes, who poſſeſt a ſon
So good, ſo lib'rally diſpos'd.----In ſhort,
Chremes, ſeduc'd by this fine character,
Came of his own accord, to offer me
His only daughter with a handſome portion
In marriage with my ſon. I lik'd the match:
Betroth'd my ſon; and this was pitch'd upon,
By joint agreement, for the Wedding-Day.

Soſia. And what prevents it's being ſo?

Simo. I'll tell you.

In a few days, the treaty ſtill on foot,
This neighbour Chryſis dies.

Soſia. In happy hour:
Happy for you! I was afraid of Chryſis.

Simo. My ſon, on this event, was often there
With thoſe who were the late gallants of Chryſis;
Aſſiſted to prepare the funeral,
Ever condol'd, and ſometimes wept with them.
This pleas'd me then; for in myſelf I thought,
" * Since merely for a ſmall acquaintance-ſake

* *Since merely, &c.*] 'Tis ſtrange, the Criticks have never diſcovered a ſimilar ſentiment to this in Shakeſpeare. When Valentine in Twelfth-Night reports the inconquerable grief of Olivia for the loſs of a brother, the Duke obſerves upon it,

Oh, ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will She love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her?

Com-

" He takes this woman's death so nearly, what
" If he himself had lov'd? What wou'd he feel
" For me, his father?" All these things, I thought,
Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender disposition.
In short, on his account, e'en I myself*
Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
No harm.

Sosia. And what----

Simo. You shall hear all. The Corpse
Born forth, we follow: when among the women,
Attending there, I chanc'd to cast my eyes
Upon one girl, in form—

Sosia. Not bad, perhaps.—

Simo. And look; so modest, and so beauteous, Sosia!
That nothing cou'd exceed it. As she seem'd
To grieve beyond the rest; and as her air
Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
I went, and ask'd her women, who she was.
Sister, they said, to Chrysis: when at once
It struck my mind; " So! so! the secret's out;
" Hence were those tears, and hence all that compassion!"

Common sense directs us, for the most part, to regard *Resemblances* in great writers, not as the pilferings, or frugal acquisitions of needy *Art*, but as the honest fruits of Genius, the free and liberal bounties of unenvying *Nature*.

HURD's *Discourse on Poetical Imitation.*

* *I myself, &c.*] A complaisant father, to go to the funeral of a courtezan, merely to oblige his son. COOKE.

Sofia. Alas! I fear how this affair will end!

Simo. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds: we follow;
Come to the ſepulchre: the Body's plac'd
Upon the pile; lamented: Whereupon
This Siſter, I was ſpeaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
His well-diſſembled and long-hidden love:
Runs up, and takes her round the waiſt, and cries,
" Oh my Glycerium! what is it you do?
" Why, why endeavour to deſtroy yourſelf?"
Then ſhe, in ſuch a manner, that you thence
Might eaſily perceive their long, long, love,
Threw herſelf back into his arms, and wept—
Oh how familiarly!*

* Having introduced this narration with a general Eulogium on the narrations of our Author by a moſt judicious French Critick, it may not be improper at the concluſion of this particular narration, to produce the teſtimony of Cicero in its favour.

" If brevity conſiſts in uſing " no more words than are ab- " ſolutely neceſſary, ſuch a ſtile " may ſometimes be expedient: " but it is often extremely pre- " judicial to a narrative; not " only as it renders it obſcure; " but as it takes off that air of " eaſe and chearfulneſs, and " force of perſuaſion, which are " the chief properties of a nar- " rative. In Terence for in- " ſtance, how minute and par- " ticular is that narration, " which commences with,

" For my ſon, Soſia, now to manhood grown, &c.!

" The manners of the Youth " himſelf, the curioſity of the " Slave, the death of Chryſis, " the look, and figure, and " grief of the Siſter, are drawn " at full length, and in the " moſt

Sofia. How say you!

Simo. I

Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had not cause sufficient for reproof.
" What have I done? he'd say: or how deserv'd
" Reproach? or how offended, Father?—Her,
" Who meant to cast herself into the flames,
" I stopt."—A fair excuse!

Sofia. You're in the right:*
For him, who sav'd a life, if you reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong?

Simo. Chremes next day came open-mouth'd to me:
Oh monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this Stranger-Woman.† I

" most agreeable colours. But " if he had, through the whole, " affected a brevity like that of " the following passage,

" Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;
" Come to the sepulchre: the body's plac'd
" Upon the pile;

" the whole might have been " comprised in little more than " ten short verses: and yet in " these very expressions, *the* " *funeral proceeds*; *we follow*; " concise as they are, the poet " was rather studious of beauty, " than brevity. For had there " been nothing more than, *the* " *body's plac'd upon the pile*, the " whole might have been clear- " ly understood: but it enli- " vens a narration to mark it " with characters, and inter- " sperse it with speeches; and " the fact itself receives a greater " air of probability, when you " relate the manner in which it " passed."

De Oratore, Lib. II. 81.

* *You're in the right.*] Nothing can mark the flat simplicity of Sofia's character stronger than the insipidity of this speech.

† *Was married to this* Stranger-Woman.] The Greeks and

Deny the fact moſt ſteadily, and he
As ſteadily inſiſts. In ſhort we part
On ſuch bad terms, as let me underſtand
He wou'd refuſe his daughter.

Soſia. Did not you
Then take your ſon to taſk?

Simo. Not even this
Appear'd ſufficient for reproof.

Soſia. How ſo?

Simo. "Father, (he might have ſaid) you have, you know,
" Preſcrib'd a term to all theſe things yourſelf.
" The time is near at hand, when I muſt live
" According to the humour of another.
" Meanwhile, permit me now to pleaſe my own!"

Soſia. What cauſe remains to chide him then?

Simo. If he
Refuſes, on account of this amour,
To take a wife, ſuch obſtinate denial
Muſt be conſidered as his firſt offence.
Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,
Endeavour to draw real cauſe to chide:
And that ſame raſcal Davus, if he's plotting,
That he may let his counſel run to waſte,

Romans made uſe of this expreſſion to ſignify a *Courtezan*; and I believe they borrowed that term from the people of the eaſt; as we find it uſed in that ſenſe in the books of the Old Teſtament. DACIER.

Donatus ſeems to think the word uſed here merely as a contemptuous expreſſion.

Now,

Now, when his knaveries can do no harm:
Who, I believe, with all his might and main
Will ſtrive to croſs my purpoſes; and that
More to plague me, than to oblige my ſon.

Soſia. Why ſo?

Simo. Why ſo! Bad mind, bad heart: * But if
I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?
—If, as I wiſh it may, it ſhou'd appear
That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon,
And will, I hope, conſent. 'Tis now your place
To counterfeit theſe nuptials cunningly;
To frighten Davus; and obſerve my ſon,
What he's about, what plots they hatch together.

Soſia. Enough; I'll take due care. Let's now go in!

Simo. Go firſt; I'll follow you. [*Exit* Soſia. †

* *Bad mind, bad heart.*] *Mala mens, malus animus. Animus*, the heart, conceives the bad actions, and *Mens*, the mind, deviſes the means of carrying them into execution. DACIER.

† *Exit* Soſia.] Here we take our laſt leave of Soſia, who is, in the language of the Commentators, a *Protatick Perſonage*, that is, as Donatus explains it, one who appears only once in the beginning (the *Protaſis*) of the piece, for the ſake of unfolding the argument, and is never ſeen in any part of the play. The narration being ended, ſays Donatus, the character of Soſia is no longer neceſſary. He therefore departs, and leaves Simo alone to carry on the action. With all due deference to the antients, I cannot help thinking this method, if too conſtantly practiſed, as I think it is in our author, rather inartificial. Narration, however beautiful, is certainly the deadeſt part of theatrical compoſitions; it is indeed, ſtrictly ſpeaking, ſcarce Dramatick, and ſtrikes the leaſt

Beyond all doubt
My ſon's averſe to take a wife: I ſaw
How frighten'd Davus was, but even now,
When he was told a nuptial was preparing.
But here he comes.

in the repreſentation: and the too frequent introduction of a character, to whom a principal perſon in the Fable is to relate in confidence the circumſtances previous to the opening of the Play, is ſurely too direct a manner of conveying that information to the audience. Every thing of this nature ſhould come obliquely, fall in a manner by accident, or be drawn, as it were, perforce, from the parties concerned, in the courſe of the action: a practice, which if reckoned highly beautiful in Epick, may be almoſt ſet down as abſolutely neceſſary in Dramatick Poetry. It is, however, more adviſeable even to ſeem tedious, than to hazard being obſcure. Terence certainly opens his plays with great addreſs, and aſſigns a probable reaſon for one of the parties being ſo communicative to the other; and yet it is too plain that this narration is made merely for the ſake of the audience, ſince there never was a duller hearer than Maſter Soſia, and it never appears in the ſequel of the Play, that Simo's inſtructions to him are of the leaſt uſe to frighten Davus, or work upon Pamphilus. Yet even this *Protatick Perſonage* is one of the inſtances of Terence's art, ſince it was often uſual in the Roman Comedy, as may be ſeen even in Plautus, to make the relation of the argument the expreſs office of the Prologue.

Sir Richard Steele has opened the Conſcious Lovers in direct imitation of the Andrian, but has unfolded the argument with much leſs art, as will perhaps appear in the courſe of the notes on this act. In this place it is ſufficient to obſerve, that the delineation of the characters in the Engliſh author is infinitely inferior to that of thoſe in the Roman. Simo is the moſt finiſhed character in the play. Sir John Bevil, I fear, is but an inſignificant perſonage. Humphry, while he has all the plainneſs and dullneſs of Soſia, poſſeſſes neither his fidelity nor ſecrecy; for he goes between the father and the ſon, and in ſome meaſure betrays both.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS.*

Davus to himſelf.] I thought 'twere wonderful
If this affair went off ſo eaſily;
And dreaded where my maſter's great good-humour
Wou'd end at laſt: Who, after he perceiv'd
The Lady was refus'd, ne'er ſaid a word
To any of us, nor e'er took it ill.

Simo, behind.] But now he will; to your coſt too, I warrant you!

Davus. This was his ſcheme; to lead us by the noſe
In a falſe dream of joy; then all agape
With hope, even then that we were moſt ſecure,
To have o'erwhelm'd us, nor allow'd us time
To caſt about which way to break the match.
Cunning old Gentleman!

Simo. What ſays the Rogue?

Davus. My maſter, and I did not ſee him!

Simo. Davus!

Davus. Well! what now? [*pretending not to ſee him.*

Simo. Here! this way!

Davus. What can he want? [*to himſelf.*

Simo, overhearing.] What ſay you?

* *Davus.*] Sir Richard Steele has modernized the characters of Davus and Myſis with great elegance and humour in his ſprightly Footman and Chamber-maid, Tom and Phillis.

Davus. Upon what, Sir?

Simo. Upon what!

The world reports that my ſon keeps a miſtreſs.

Davus. Oh, to be ſure, the world cares much for that.

Simo. D'ye mind what I ſay, Sirrah?

Davus. Nothing more, Sir.

Simo. But for me now to dive into theſe matters
May ſeem perhaps like too ſevere a father:
For all his youthful pranks concern not me.
While 'twas in ſeaſon, he had my free leave
To take his ſwing of pleaſure. But to-day
Brings on another ſtage of life, and aſks
For other manners: wherefore I deſire,
Or, if you pleaſe, I do beſeech you, Davus,
To ſet him right again. [*ironically.*

Davus. What means all this?

Simo. All, who are fond of miſtreſſes, diſlike
The thoughts of matrimony.

Davus. So they ſay.

Simo. And then, if ſuch a perſon entertains
An evil counſellor in thoſe affairs,
He tampers with the mind, and makes bad worſe.

Davus. Troth, I don't comprehend one word of this.

Simo. No?

Davus. No. I'm Davus, and not Oedipus.

Simo. Then for the reſt I have to ſay to you,
You chuſe I ſhould ſpeak plainly?

Davus.

Davus. By all means.

Simo. If I diſcover then, that in this match
You get to your dog's tricks to break it off,
Or try to ſhew how ſhrewd a rogue you are,
I'll have you beat to mummy, and then thrown
* In priſon, Sirrah! upon this condition,
That when I take you out again, I ſwear
To grind there in your ſtead. D'ye take me *now?*
Or don't you underſtand *this* neither?

Davus. Clearly.
You have ſpoke out at laſt: the very thing!
Quite plain and home; and nothing round about.

Simo. I could excuſe your tricks in any thing,
Rather than this. [*angrily.*

Davus. Good words! I beg of you.

Simo. You laugh at me: well, well!—I give you warning,
That you do nothing raſhly, nor pretend
You was not advertis'd of this—Take heed! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

DAVUS.

†Troth, Davus, 'tis high time to look about you;
No room for ſloth, as far as I can ſound

* *In Priſon.*] *Te in* piſtrinum, *Dave, dicam.* The priſon mentioned here, and in many other paſſages of our Author, was a kind of Houſe of Correction for ſlaves, to which they were ſent to grind corn, as diſorderly perſons are made to beat hemp in our Bridewell.

† *Troth, Davus, &c.*] This, ſays

The ſentiments of our old gentleman
About this marriage; which if not fought off,
And cunningly, ſpoils me, or my poor maſter.
I know not what to do; nor can reſolve
To help the ſon, or to obey the father.
If I deſert poor Pamphilus, alas!
I tremble for his life; if I aſſiſt him,
I dread his father's threats: a ſhrewd old Cuff,
Not eaſily deceiv'd. For firſt of all,
He knows of this amour; and watches me
With jealous eyes, leſt I deviſe ſome trick
To break the match. If he diſcovers it,
Woe to poor Davus! nay, if he's inclin'd
To puniſh me, he'll ſeize on ſome pretence
To throw me into priſon, right or wrong.
Another miſchief too, to make bad worſe,
This Andrian, wife or miſtreſs, is with child
By Pamphilus. And do but mark the height
Of their aſſurance! for 'tis certainly

ſays Donatus, is a ſhort and comick deliberation, calculated to excite the attention of the audience to the impending events; artfully relating part of the argument, but in order to prepare the events without anticipating them, repreſenting the circumſtances of the ſtory as fabulous; and in order to enliven it, paſſing from dry narration to mimickry.

How much more artful is the conduct of Terence in this place than that of Sir Richard Steele in the Conſcious Lovers, who beſides the long narration, with which the play opens, has obliged the patient Humphrey to hear a ſecond ſtory, with which he has burthened the concluſion of his firſt act, from young Bevil.

* The dotage of mad people, not of lovers.
Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd
† To educate: and have among themselves
Devis'd the strangest story! that Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen. " There was
" Once on a time a certain merchant, shipwreckt
" Upon the isle of Andros; there he died:
" And Chrysis' father took this Orphan-wreck,
" Then but an infant, under his protection."
Ridiculous! 'tis all romance to me:
And yet the story pleases them. But see!
Mysis comes forth. But I must to the Forum ‡
To look for Pamphilus, for fear his father
Should find him first, and take him unawares. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MYSIS. [*Speaking to a servant within.*

I hear, Archillis; I hear what you say:
You beg me to bring Lesbia. By my troth

* *The dotage, &c.*] *Inceptio est amentium, haud amantium.* A play upon words, impossible to be exactly preserved in the translation.

† *To educate.*] *Decreverunt tollere.* The word *tollere* strictly signifies *to take up*, and alludes to the custom of those times. As soon as a child was born, it was laid on the ground; and if the father was willing to educate it, he ordered it to be taken up: but if he said nothing, it was a token signifying that he would have it exposed. DAC.

‡ *The Forum.*] The Forum is frequently spoken of in the comick

That Leſbia is a drunken wretch, hot-headed,
Nor worthy to be truſted with a woman
In her firſt labour.—Well, well! ſhe ſhall come.
--Obſerve how earneſt the old goſſip is, [*Coming forward.*
Becauſe this Leſbia is her pot-companion.
—Oh grant my miſtreſs, Heav'n, a ſafe delivery,
And let the midwife treſpaſs any where
Rather than here!---But what is it I ſee?
Pamphilus all diſorder'd: How I fear
The cauſe! I'll wait awhile, that I may know
If this commotion means us any ill.

SCENE V.

* PAMPHILUS, MYSIS *behind.*

Pam. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
The action of a father?

Myſis. What's the matter?

mick authors; and from various paſſages in which Terence mentions it, it may be collected, that it was a publick place, ſerving the ſeveral purpoſes of a market, the ſeat of the Courts of Juſtice, a publick walk, and an Exchange.

† *Pamphilus.*] The two moſt beautiful characters in this play, in my opinion, are the Father and Son. It has already been obſerved how much Sir Richard Steele falls ſhort of Terence in delineating the firſt; and I muſt own, though Bevil is plainly the moſt laboured character in the Conſcious Lovers, I think it much inferior to Pamphilus. The particular differences in their character I propoſe to point out in the courſe of theſe notes: at preſent I ſhall only obſerve in general, that, of the two, Bevil is the more cool and refined, Pamphilus the more natural and pathetick.

Pam.

Pam. Oh all ye Pow'rs of heav'n and earth, what's wrong
If this is not ſo?—If he was determin'd
That I to-day ſhould marry, ſhould I not
Have had ſome previous notice?—ought not He
To have inform'd me of it long ago?
Myſis. Alas! what's this I hear?
Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to truſt me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, becauſe I change not mine.*

* *Changes his mind, &c.*] *Id mutavit, quia me* immutatum *videt.* The verb *immutare* in other Latin authors, and even in other parts of Terence himſelf, ſignifies *to change:* as in the Phormio, Antipho ſays *Non poſſum* immutarier. "I cannot *be changed.*" But here the ſenſe abſolutely requires that *immutatum* ſhould be rendered NOT *changed.* Madam Dacier endeavours to reconcile this, according to a conjecture of her father's, by ſhewing that *immutatus* ſtands for *immutabilis*; as *immotus* for *immobilis*, *invictus* for *invincibilis*, &c. But theſe examples do not remove the difficulty; ſince thoſe participles always bear a negative ſenſe, which *immutatus* does not: and thence ariſes all the difficulty. Terence certainly uſes the verb *immutare* both negatively and poſitively, as is plain from this paſſage and the above paſſage from the Phormio: and I dare ſay with ſtrict propriety. In our own language we have inſtances of the ſame word bearing two ſenſes directly oppoſite to each other. The word *Let* for inſtance is uſed in the contradictory meanings of *permiſſion* and *prohibition.* The modern acceptation of the word is indeed almoſt entirely confined to the firſt ſenſe; though we ſay even at this day *without* LET *or moleſtation.* Shakeſpeare in Hamlet, ſays,

I'll make a Ghoſt of him that *lets* me.

that is, *ſtops, prevents, hinders* me, which is directly oppoſite to the modern uſe of the word.

It has been ingeniouſly propoſed to remove the whole difficulty of this paſſage by placeing a point of interrogation at the end of the ſentence, which would

Can he then be ſo obſtinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium? To loſe Her
Is loſing life.—Was ever man ſo croſt,
So curſt as I?---Oh Pow'rs of heav'n and earth!
Can I by no means fly from this alliance
With Chremes' family?---ſo oft contemn'd
And held in ſcorn!---all done, concluded all!---
Rejected, then recall'd:---and why?---unleſs
For ſo I muſt ſuſpect,* they breed ſome monſter;
Whom as they can obtrude on no one elſe,
They bring to me.

Myſis. Alas, alas! this ſpeech
Has ſtruck me almoſt dead with fear.

Pam. And then
My father!---what to ſay of Him?---Oh ſhame!
A thing of ſo much conſequence to treat
So negligently!---For but even now
Paſſing me in the Forum, "Pamphilus!
"To-day's your wedding-day, ſaid He: Prepare;
"Go, get you home!"---This ſounded in my ears
As if he ſaid, "Go, hang yourſelf!"---I ſtood

would preſerve the uſual import of the word *immutatum*: but this, I think, would take from the force and energy of the ſpeech, and would ſcarce agree with the ſenſe of the ſentence immediately following.

* *They breed ſome monſter.*] *Aliquid monſtri alunt.* Dacier and ſome others imagine theſe words to ſignify ſome plot that is hatching. Donatus and the Commentators on him interpret them as referring to the woman, which is the ſenſe I have followed; and I think the next ſentence confirms this interpretation.

Con-

Confounded. Think you I could ſpeak one word?
Or offer an excuſe, how weak ſoe'er?
No, I was dumb:---and had I been aware,
Should any aſk what I'd have done, I would,
Rather than this, do any thing.---But now
What to reſolve upon?---So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compaſſion,
This urgent match, my rev'rence for my father,
Who yet has ever been ſo gentle to me,
And held ſo ſlack a rein upon my pleaſures.
---And I oppoſe him?---Racking thought!---Ah me!
I know not what to do.

Myſis. Alas, I fear
Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere beſt
He ſhould confer with Her; or I at leaſt
Speak touching her to Him. For while the mind *

* *For while the mind, &c.*] *Dum in dubio eſt animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.* Dacier thinks that theſe words allude to ſcales, which ſenſe I have adopted in the tranſlation; but I rather think with Donatus that they refer to any great weight, which while it is yet unfixt, and hangs in ſuſpence, is driven by the ſlighteſt touch here or there. In the beautiful ſtory of Myrrha in Ovid's Metamorphoſes, there is a paſſage, which the Commentators ſuppoſe to be an imitation of this ſentence.

— — — — — Utque ſecuri
Saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga noviſſima reſtat,
Quo cadat, *in dubio eſt*, omnique à parte timetur;
Sic *animus* vario labefactus vulnere nutat
Huc levis atque *illuc*, *momentaque* ſumit utroque.

Hangs

Hangs in ſuſpence, a trifle turns the ſcale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Myſis! Save you!

Myſis. Save you! Sir. [*Coming forwards.*

Pam. How does ſhe?

Myſis. How! oppreſt with wretchedneſs.*
To-day ſupremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
And then ſhe fears leſt you deſert her.

Pam. I!
Deſert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid, who truſted to my care
Her life and honour! Her, whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cheriſh'd as my wife?
Or leave her modeſt and well-nurtur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.

Myſis. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if conſtrain'd—

Pam. D'ye think me then ſo vile?
Or ſo ungrateful, ſo inhuman, ſavage,
Neither long intercourſe, nor love, nor ſhame,

* *Oppreſt with wretchedneſs.*] *Laborat e dolore.* Though the word *laborat* has tempted Donatus and the reſt of the Commentators to ſuppoſe that this ſentence ſignified Glycerium's being in labour, I cannot help concurring with Cooke, that it means ſimply, that ſhe is weighed down with grief. The words immediately ſubſequent corroborate this interpretation: and at the concluſion of the ſcene, when Myſis tells him, ſhe is going for a midwife, Pamphilus hurries her away as he would naturally have done here, had he underſtood by theſe words, that her miſtreſs was in labour.

Can move my ſoul, or make me keep my faith ?

Myſis. I only know, my miſtreſs well deſerves
You ſhould remember her.

Pam. Remember her?
Oh, Myſis, Myſis! even at this hour,
The words of Chryſis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chryſis thus began.
" My Pamphilus, you ſee the youth and beauty
" Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
" Theſe are but feeble guardians to preſerve
" Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
" I do beſeech you, by your better angel,*
" By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
" I do conjure you, put her not away,
" Nor leave her to diſtreſs! If I have ever,
" As my own brother, lov'd you; or if She
" Has ever held You dear 'bove all the world,
" And ever ſhewn obedience to your will---
" I do bequeath you to her as a huſband,

* *By your better angel.*] *Per* Genium *tuum.* Moſt editors give *Ingenium:* but as Bentley obſerves, this [*per* Genium] was the moſt uſual way of adjuring; and there is a paſſage in Horace, plainly imitated from this in our author, where the meaſure infallibly determines the reading.

> Quod te per *Genium Dextramque* Deoſque Penates,
> Obſecro, et obteſtor.
>
> *Hor.* L. 1. Ep. 7. COOKE.

" Friend, Guardian, Father: All our little wealth
" To you I leave, and truſt it to your care."---
She join'd our hands, and died.---I did receive her,
And once receiv'd will keep her.*

Myſis. So we truſt.

Pam. What make you from her?

Myſis. Going for a widwife. †

* How much more affecting is this ſpeech, than Bevil's dry detail to Humphry of his meeting with Indiana! a detail the more needleſs and inartificial, as it might with much more propriety and *pathos* have been entirely reſerved for Indiana herſelf in the ſcene with her father.

There is a palpable imitation of this beautiful ſpeech in the Orphan of Otway.

Chamont. When our dear Parents died, they died together,
One fate ſurpriz'd them, and one grave receiv'd them:
My father with his dying breath bequeath'd
Her to my love: My mother, as ſhe lay
Languiſhing by him, call'd me to her ſide,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me;
Then preſt me cloſe, and as ſhe obſerv'd my tears,
Kiſt them away: Said ſhe, Chamont, my ſon,
By this, and all the love I ever ſhew'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia, watch her youth.
Let not her wants betray her to diſhonour.
Perhaps kind heav'n may raiſe ſome friend – then ſigh'd,
Kiſt me again; ſo bleſt us, and expir'd.

† *Going for a midwife.*] Methinks Myſis has loitered a little too much, conſidering her errand; but perhaps Terence knew, that ſome women would goſſip on the way, though on an affair of life and death. COOKE.

This two-edged reflection, glancing at once on Terence and the ladies, is, I think, very ill-founded. The delay of Myſis, on ſeeing the emotion of Pamphilus, is very natural; and her artful endeavours to intereſt his paſſions in favour of her miſtreſs, are rather marks of her attention, than neglect.

Pam.

Pam. Haſte then! and hark, be ſure take ſpecial heed,
You mention not a word about the marriage,
Leſt this too give her pain.
Myſis. I underſtand. *

ACT II. SCENE I.

†CHARINUS, BYRRHIA.

Char. HOW, Byrrhia? Is ſhe to be married, ſay you,
To Pamphilus to-day?
Byr. 'Tis even ſo.
Char. How do you know?
Byr. I had it even now
From Davus at the Forum.

* The firſt act of Baron's Andrian is little elſe than a mere verſion of this firſt act of Terence. Its extreme elegance and great ſuperiority to the Proſe Tranſlation of Dacier, is a ſtrong proof of the ſuperior excellence and propriety of a Poetical Tranſlation of the works of this author.

† *Charinus, Byrrhia.*] Theſe two characters were not in the works of Menander, but were added to the Fable by Terence, leſt Philumena's being left without a huſband, on the marriage of Pamphilus to Glycerium, ſhould appear too *tragical* a circumſtance. DONATUS.

Madam Dacier, after tranſcribing this remark, adds, that it appears to her to be an obſervation of great importance to the Theatre, and well worthy our attention.

Important as this Dramatick *Arcanum* may be, it were to be wiſhed that Terence had never found it out, or at leaſt that he had not availed himſelf of it in the conſtruction of the Andrian. It is plain that the Duplicity of Intrigue did not proceed from

Char. Woe is me!

Then I'm a wretch indeed: till now my mind
Floated 'twixt hope and fear: now, hope remov'd,
Stunn'd, and o'erwhelm'd, it ſinks beneath its cares.

Byr. Nay, prithee Maſter, ſince the thing you wiſh
Cannot be had, e'en wiſh for that which may!

Char. I wiſh for nothing but Philumena.

Byr. Ah, how much wiſer were it, that you ſtrove

the imitation of Menander, ſince theſe characters, on which the double plot is founded, were not drawn from the Greek Poet. Charinus and Byrrhia are indeed but poor counterparts, or faint ſhadows of Pamphilus and Davus; and inſtead of adding life and vigour to the Fable, rather damp its ſpirit, and ſtop the activity of its progreſs. As to the *tragical* circumſtance of Philumena's having no huſband, it ſeems ſomething like the diſtreſs of Prince Prettyman, who thinks it a matter of indifference, whether he ſhall appear to be the ſon of a King or a Fiſherman, and is only uneaſy leſt he ſhould be the ſon of nobody at all. I am much more inclined to the opinion of an ingenious French Critick, whom I have already cited more than once, than to that of Donatus or Madam Dacier. His comment on this under-plot is as follows.

"It is almoſt impoſſible to "conduct two intrigues at a "time, without weakening the "intereſt of both. With what "addreſs has Terence inter-"woven the Amours of Pam-"philus and Charinus in the "Andrian! But has he done it "without inconvenience? At "the beginning of the ſecond "Act, do we not ſeem to be "entering upon a new piece? "and does the fifth conclude "in a very intereſting man-"ner?" DIDEROT.

It is but juſtice to Sir Richard Steele to confeſs, that he has conducted the under-plot in the Conſcious Lovers in a much more artful and intereſting manner than Terence in the play before us. The part which Myrtle ſuſtains (though not wholly unexceptionable, eſpecially in the laſt act) is more eſſential to the Fable. His character alſo is more ſeparated and diſtinguiſhed from Bevil than Charinus from Pamphilus, and ſerves to produce one of the beſt ſcenes in the play.

To quench this paſſion, than, with words like theſe,
To fan the fire, and blow it to a flame?

Char. *How readily do men at eaſe preſcribe
To thoſe who're ſick at heart! Diſtreſt like me,
You would not talk thus.

Byr. Well, well, as you pleaſe.

Char. Ha! I ſee Pamphilus. I can reſolve
On any thing, ere give up all for loſt.

Byr. What now?

Char. I will entreat him, beg, beſeech him,
Tell him our courſe of love, and thus perhaps,
At leaſt prevail upon him to defer
His marriage ſome few days: meanwhile, I hope,
Something may happen.

* *How readily, &c.*] Shakeſpeare's Leonato falls into the ſame ſentiment: but in this paſſage, as in moſt others, the Engliſh Poet has the advantage.

— — — — — — — — — — Men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion.

And again in the ſame ſpeech,

No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe, that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf. *Much Ado about Nothing.*

It is a very natural ſentiment, extremely likely to ſuggeſt itſelf on ſuch occaſions, and it has been obſerved by Madam Dacier, that it occurs in Æſchylus; from whom, however, it is no more neceſſary to ſuppoſe that Terence adopted it, than that Shakeſpeare borrowed it from Terence.

Byr. Ay, that ſomething's nothing.

Char. Byrrhia, what think you? Shall I ſpeak to him?

Byr. Why not? for tho' you don't obtain your ſuit,
He will at leaſt imagine you're prepar'd
To cuckold him in caſe he marries her.

Char. Away, you hang-dog, with your baſe ſuſpicions!

SCENE II.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Charinus, ſave you!

Char. Save you, Pamphilus!
Imploring comfort, ſafety, help, and counſel,
You ſee me now before you.

Pam. Help, and counſel!
I can afford you neither.---But what mean you?

Char. Is this your Wedding-day?

Pam. Ay, ſo they ſay.

Char. Ah Pamphilus, if it be ſo, this day
You ſee the laſt of me.

Pam. How ſo?

Char. Ah me!
I dare not ſpeak it: prithee tell him, Byrrhia.

Byr. Ay, that I will.

Pam. What is't?

Byr. He is in Love
With your bride, Sir*.

* *With your Bride.*] Sponſam hæc tuam amat. We have no word exactly anſwering the ſenſe of *Sponſam* in this place. The familiar

Pam. I 'faith ſo am not I.
Tell me, Charinus, has aught further paſt
'Twixt you and her?
Char. Ah, no, no.
Pam. Wou'd there had!
Char. Now by our friendſhip, by my love, I beg
You wou'd not marry her———
Pam. I will endeavour.
Char. If that's impoſſible, or if this match
Be grateful to your heart———
Pam. My heart!
Char. At leaſt
Defer it ſome few days; while I depart,
That I may not behold it.
Pam. Hear, Charinus;
It is, I think, ſcarce honeſty in him
To look for thanks, who means no favour. I
Abhor this marriage, more than you deſire it.
Char. You have reviv'd me.
Pam. Now if you, or He,
Your Byrrhia here, can do or think of aught;
Act, plot, deviſe, invent, ſtrive all you can
To make her your's; and I'll do all I can
That She may not be mine.

miliar French expreſſion of *La Future* comes pretty near it. It is, however, I hope, an allowable liberty in familiar converſation to ſpeak of the Lady by the name of *the Bride* on her wedding-day, though before the performance of the ceremony.

Char. Enough.

Pam. I ſee

Davus, and in good time: for he'll adviſe
What's beſt to do.

Char. But you, you ſorry Rogue, [*to* Byrrhia.
Can give me no advice, nor tell me aught,
But what it is impertinent to know.
Hence, Sirrah, get you gone!

Byr. With all my heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter DAVUS *haſtily.*

Davus. Good Heav'ns, what news I bring! what joyful news!
But where ſhall I find Pamphilus, to drive
His fears away, and make him full of Joy?

Char. There's ſomething pleaſes him.

Pam. No matter what.
He has not heard of our ill fortune yet.

Davus. And He, I warrant, if he has been told
Of his intended Wedding——

Char. Do you hear?

Davus. Poor Soul, is running all about the Town
In queſt of me. But whither ſhall I go?
Or which way run?

Char. Why don't you ſpeak to him?

Davus.

Davus. I'll go.

Pam. Ho! Davus! Stop, come here!

Davus. Who calls?

O, Pamphilus! the very man.---Heyday!
Charinus too!---Both gentlemen, well met!
I've news for both.

Pam. I am ruin'd, Davus.

Davus. Hear me!

Pam. Undone!

Davus. I know your fears.

Char. My life's at ſtake.

Davus. Your's I know alſo.

Pam. Matrimony mine.

Davus. I know it.

Pam. But to-day.

Davus. You ſtun me; Plague!
I tell you I know ev'ry thing: You fear [*to* Charinus.
You ſhou'd *not* marry her.---You fear you *ſhou'd.* [*to* Pam.

Char. The very thing.

Pam. The ſame.

Davus. And yet that *ſame*
Is nothing. Mark!

Pam. Nay, rid me of my fear.

Davus. I will then. Chremes don't intend his daughter
Shall marry you to-day.

Pam. No! How d'ye know?

Davus. I'm ſure of it. Your Father but juſt now

Takes

Takes me aſide, and tells me 'twas his will,
That you ſhou'd wed to-day; with much beſide,
Which now I have not leiſure to repeat.
I, on the inſtant, haſtening to find you,
Run to the Forum to inform you of it:
There, failing, climb an eminence; look round;
No Pamphilus: I light by chance on Byrrhia;
*Enquire; he hadn't ſeen you. Vext at heart,
What's to be done? thought I. Returning thence
A doubt aroſe within me. Ha! bad cheer,
The old man melancholy, and a wedding
Clapt up ſo ſuddenly! This don't agree.

Pam. Well, what then?

Davus. I betook me inſtantly
To Chremes' houſe; but thither when I came,
†Before the door all huſh. This tickled me.

Pam. You're in the right. Proceed.

Davus. I watch'd awhile:
Mean time no ſoul went in, no ſoul came out;

* *Enquire; he hadn't ſeen you.*] *Rogo, negat vidiſſe.* Wonderful brevity, and worthy imitation. DONATUS.

Whoever remembers this Speech, as well as many other little narrations, in the original, will readily concur with the Critick; but whether the imitation recommended is very practicable, or capable of equal elegance in our language, the reader may partly determine from the preſent and other tranſlations.

† *Before the door all huſh.*] Terence has not put this remark into the mouth of Davus without foundation. The Houſe of the Bride was always full, and before the Street door were Muſicians, and thoſe who waited to accompany the Bride. DACIER.

No

*No Matron; in the houſe no ornament;
No note of preparation. I approach'd,
Look'd in ———

Pam. I underſtand: a potent ſign!

Davus. Does this ſeem like a nuptial?

Pam. I think not.

Davus. Think not, d'ye ſay? Away! you don't conceive:
The thing is evident. I met beſide,
As I departed thence, with Chremes' boy,
Bearing ſome pot-herbs, and a pennyworth †
Of little fiſhes for the old man's dinner.

Char. I am deliver'd, Davus, by your means,
From all my apprehenſions of to-day.

Davus. And yet you are undone.

Char. How ſo? ſince Chremes
Will not conſent to give Philumena
To Pamphilus.

Davus. Ridiculous! As if,
Becauſe the daughter is denied to *him*,
She muſt of courſe wed *you*. Look to it well;
Court the old Gentleman thro' friends, apply,
Or elſe ———

* *No matron.*] Married women, neighbours, and relations; whoſe buſineſs it was to attend the Lady, whoſe name *(Pronuba)* as well as office was much the ſame as that of the modern *Bride-maid.*

† *A pennyworth.*] *Obolo.* The *Obolus*, ſays Donatus, was a coin of the loweſt value. Cooke tells us that the preciſe worth of it was one penny, farthing, one-ſixth.

Char.

Char. You're right: I will about it ſtraight,
Altho' that hope has often fail'd. Farewell!

SCENE IV.

PAMPHILUS, DAVUS.

Pam. What means my Father then? why counterfeit?

Davus. That I'll explain. If he were angry now,
Merely that Chremes has refus'd his Daughter,
He'd think himſelf in fault; and juſtly too,
Before the biaſs of your mind is known.
But granting you refuſe her for a Wife,
Then all the blame devolves on you; and then
Comes all the ſtorm.

Pam. What courſe then ſhall I take?
Shall I ſubmit———

Davus. He is your Father, Sir,
Whom to oppoſe were difficult; and then
Glycerium's a lone woman; and he'll find
Some courſe, no matter what, to drive her hence.

Pam. To drive her hence?

Davus. Directly.

Pam. Tell me then.
Oh tell me, Davus, what were beſt to do?

Davus. Say that you'll marry*.

* *Say that you'll marry.*] The reciprocal diſſimulation between the Father and Son, in the Fable of this Comedy, is much better managed by our Author than by Sir Richard Steele.

The

Pam. How!

Davus. And where's the harm?

Pam. Say that I'll marry!

Davus. Why not?

Pam. Never, never.

Davus. Do not refuſe!

Pam. Perſuade not!

Davus. Do but mark
The conſequence.

Pam. Divorcement from Glycerium,
And marriage with the other.

Davus. No ſuch thing.
Your father, I ſuppoſe, accoſts you thus.
I'd have you wed to-day;---*I will*, quoth you:
What reaſon has he to reproach you then?
Thus ſhall you baffle all his ſettled ſchemes,
And put him to confuſion; all the while
Secure yourſelf: for 'tis beyond a doubt
That Chremes will refuſe his daughter to you;

The efforts made by each party, in order to accompliſh the favourite point, which they ſeverally have in view, very naturally keeps all the characters in motion, and produces many affecting, and pleaſant ſituations. There is too much uniformity in the adventures, as well as character of Bevil, for the vivacity of the Drama. His ſuppoſed conſent to marry is followed by no conſequences, and his *honeſt diſſimulation*, as he himſelf calls it, is leſs reconcileable to the philoſophical turn of his character, than to the natural ſenſibility of Pamphilus; beſides that the diſſimulation of the latter is palliated by his being almoſt involuntarily driven into it by the artful inſtigations of Davus.

So

So obſtinately too, you need not pauſe,
Or change theſe meaſures, leſt he change his mind;
Say to your father then, that you will wed,
That, with the will, he may want cauſe to chide.
But if, deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
" No one will wed their daughter to a rake,
" A libertine."---Alas, you're much deceiv'd.
For know, your father will redeem ſome wretch
From rags and beggary to be your wife,
Rather than ſee your ruin with Glycerium.
But if he thinks you bear an eaſy mind,
He too will grow indiff'rent, and ſeek out
Another match at leiſure: the mean while
Affairs may take a lucky turn.

Pam. D'ye think ſo?

Davus. Beyond all doubt.

Pam. See, what you lead me to.

Davus. Nay, peace!

Pam. I'll ſay ſo then. But have a care
He knows not of the child, which I've agreed
To educate.

Davus. Oh confidence!

Pam. She drew
This promiſe from me, as a firm aſſurance
That I would not forſake her.

Davus. We'll take care.
But here's your father: let him not perceive
You're melancholy.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter SIMO *at a diſtance.*

Simo. I return to ſee
What they're about, or what they meditate.
Davus. Now is he ſure that you'll refuſe to wed.
From ſome dark corner brooding o'er black thoughts
He comes, and fancies he has fram'd a ſpeech
To diſconcert you. See, you keep your ground!
Pam. If I can, Davus.
Davus. Truſt me, Pamphilus,
Your father will not change a ſingle word
In anger with you, do but ſay you'll wed.

SCENE VI.

Enter BYRRHIA *behind.*

Byr. To-day my maſter bad me leave all elſe
For Pamphilus, and watch how he proceeds,
About his marriage; wherefore I have now
*Follow'd the old man hither: yonder too

* *Follow'd the old man hither.*] HUNC *venientem ſequor.* This verſe, though in every edition, as Bentley judiciouſly obſerves, is certainly ſpurious: for as Pamphilus has not diſappeared ſince Byrrhia left the ſtage, he could not ſay *nunc* HUNC *venientem ſequor.* If we ſuppoſe the line genuine, we muſt at the ſame time ſuppoſe Terence guilty of a monſtrous abſurdity. COOKE.

Other Commentators have alſo ſtumbled at this paſſage; but if in the words *followed* HIM *hither*, we ſuppoſe HIM [HUNC]

Stands Pamphilus himſelf, and with him Davus.
To buſineſs then!

Simo. I ſee them both together.

Davus. Now mind. [*apart to* Pam.

Simo. Here, Pamphilus!

Davus. Now turn about,
As taken unawares. [*apart.*

Pam. Who calls? my father!

Davus. Well ſaid! [*apart.*

Simo. It is my pleaſure, that to-day,
As I have told you once before, you marry.

Byr. Now on our part, I fear what he'll reply. [*aſide.*

Pam. In that, and all the reſt of your commands,
I ſhall be ready to obey you, Sir!

Byr. How's that! [*overhearing.*

Davus. Struck dumb. [*aſide.*

Byr. What ſaid he? [*liſtening.*

Simo. You perform
Your duty, when you chearfully comply
With my deſires.

Davus. There! ſaid I not the truth? [*apart to* Pam.

[HUNC] to refer to Simo, the difficulty is removed: and that the Pronoun does really ſignify Simo, is evident from the very circumſtance of Pamphilus never having left the ſtage ſince the diſappearance of Byrrhia. Simo is alſo repreſented as coming on the ſtage homewards, ſo that Byrrhia might eaſily have followed him along the ſtreet: and it is evident that Byrrhia does not allude to Pamphilus, from the agreeable ſurprize which he expreſſes on ſeeing him there ſo opportunely for his purpoſe.

Byr.

Byr. My maſter then, ſo far as I can find,
May whiſtle for a wife.

Simo. Now then go in,
That when you're wanted you be found.

Pam. I go. [*Exit.*

Byr. Is there no faith in the affairs of men?
'Tis an old ſaying and a true one too;
" Of all mankind each loves himſelf the beſt."
I've ſeen the lady; know her beautiful;
And therefore ſooner pardon Pamphilus,
If he had rather win her to his arms
Than yield her to th' embraces of my maſter.
* I will go bear theſe tidings, and receive
Much evil treatment for my evil news. [*Exit.*

* *I will go bear theſe tidings.*] Donatus obſerves on this ſcene between Byrrhia, Simo, Pamphilus, and Davus, that the Dialogue is ſuſtained by four perſons, who have little or no intercourſe with each other: ſo that the ſcene is not only in direct contradiction to the precept of Horace excluding a fourth perſon, but is alſo otherwiſe vicious in its conſtruction. Scenes of this kind are, I think, much too frequent in Terence, though indeed the form of the antient theatre was more adapted to the repreſentation of them than the modern. The multiplicity of ſpeeches *aſide* is alſo the chief error in his Dialogue, ſuch ſpeeches, though very common in Dramatick writers antient and modern, being always more or leſs unnatural.

Myrtle's ſuſpicions, grounded on the intelligence drawn from Bevil's ſervant, are more artfully imagined by the Engliſh Poet, than thoſe of Charinus created by employing his ſervant as a ſpy on the actions of Pamphilus.

SCENE VII.

Manent SIMO *and* DAVUS.

Davus. Now he ſuppoſes I've ſome trick in hand,
And loiter here to practiſe it upon him!

Simo. Well, what now, Davus?

Davus. Nothing.

Simo. Nothing, ſay you?

Davus. Nothing at all.

Simo. And yet I look'd for ſomething.

Davus. *So, I perceive, you did:----This nettles him. [*aſide.*

Simo. Can you ſpeak truth?

Davus. Moſt eaſily.

Simo. Say then,
Is not this wedding irkſome to my ſon,
From his adventure with the Andrian?

Davus. No faith; or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know:

* *So, I perceive, you did:— This nettles him.* [aſide.] *Præter ſpem evenit: ſentio: hoc male habet virum.* All the commentators and tranſlators have underſtood this whole line as ſpoken *aſide:* but as the firſt part of it is an apt anſwer to what Simo had ſaid, and in the ſame ſtile with the reſt of the converſation, that Davus commonly holds with him, I rather think it was intended in reply; to which Davus ſubjoins the concluſion, as his ſly remark *aſide.*—Whether this was certainly the Poet's meaning, it is difficult to determine; but I think that this manner of ſpeaking the line would have the beſt effect on the ſtage.

Then 'twill be over: for he ſees the thing
In its true light.

Simo. I praiſe him for't.

Davus. While you
Reſtrain'd him not; and while his youth allow'd,
'Tis true he lov'd; but even then by ſtealth,
As wiſe men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.

Simo. Yet, in my eyes, he ſeem'd a little ſad.

Davus. Not upon that account. He has, he thinks,
Another reaſon to complain of you.

Simo. For what?

Davus. A trifle.

Simo. Well, what is't?

Davus. Nay, nothing.

Simo. Tell me, what is't?

Davus. You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too ſparing of expence.

Simo. I?

Davus. You.

* A feaſt of ſcarce ten Drachms! Does this, ſays he,
Look like a wedding-ſupper for his ſon?
What friends can I invite? eſpecially,
At ſuch a time as this?---and, truly, Sir,
You have been very frugal; much too ſparing.

* *A feaſt of ſcarce ten Drachms!*] The Attick *Drachma* was equal to ſeven-pence, three farthings, of Engliſh money. COOKE.

I can't commend you for it.

Simo. Hold your peace.

Davus. I've ruffled him. [*aside.*

Simo. I'll look to that. Away! [*Exit* Davus.

What now? What means the varlet? Precious Rogue!
For if there's any knavery on foot,
*He, I am sure, is the contriver on't. [*Exit.*

* The second Act of the Andrian of Baron is, like the first, very nearly an exact translation of Terence.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SIMO, DAVUS, *coming out of* Simo's *House*, —MYSIS, LESBIA, *going towards the House of* Glycerium.

Mysis. AY, marry, 'tis as you say, Lesbia:
Women scarce ever find a constant man.

Simo. The Andrian's maid-servant? Is't not?

Davus. Ay.

Mysis. But Pamphilus——

Simo. What says she? [*overhearing.*

Mysis. Has been true.

Simo. How's that? [*overhearing.*

Davus. Wou'd he were deaf, or she were dumb! [*aside.*

Mysis. For the child, boy or girl, he has resolv'd
To educate.

Simo. O Jupiter! what's this
I hear? If this be true, I'm lost indeed.

Lesbia. A good young gentleman!

Mysis. Oh, very good.
But in, in, left you make her wait.

Lesbia. I follow. [*Exeunt* Mysis *and* Lesbia.

SCENE II.

Manent SIMO, DAVUS.

Davus. Unfortunate! What remedy! [*aſide.*

Simo. How's this? [*to himſelf.*

And can he be ſo mad? What! educate
A Harlot's child!---Ah, now I know their drift:
Fool that I was, ſcarce ſmelt it out at laſt.*

Davus liſtening.] What's this he ſays he has ſmelt out?

Simo. Imprimis, [*to himſelf.*

'Tis this rogue's trick upon me. All a ſham:
A counterfeit deliv'ry, and mock labour.
Devis'd to frighten Chremes from the match.

Glycerium within.] † Juno Lucina, ſave me! help, I pray thee.

* *Scarce ſmelt it out at laſt.*] Here the Poet inculcates an excellent moral, and ſhews that ſuſpicious perſons are as ſubject to be deceived, as thoſe of ſmall penetration: for by too great acuteneſs and refinement they miſinterpret the plaineſt circumſtances, and impoſe upon themſelves. DONATUS.

† *Glycerium within.*] *Juno Lucina, ſave me! help, I pray thee!*] Juno Lucina was the Goddeſs ſuppoſed to preſide over childbirth.

"In their Comedies, the Romans generally borrowed their "plots from the Greek Poets; "and theirs was commonly a "little girl ſtolen or wandered from her parents, brought "back unknown to the city, "there got with child by ſome "lewd young fellow; who, by "the help of his ſervant, cheats "his father: and when her "time comes, to cry *Juno Lucina, ſer opem!* one or other "ſees a little box or cabinet, "which was carried away with "her,

Simo. Hey-day! Already? Oh ridiculous!
Soon as ſhe heard that I was at the door

" her, and ſo diſcovers her to " her friends; if ſome God do " do not prevent it, by coming " down in a machine, and tak- " ing the thanks of it to him- " ſelf.

" By the Plot you may gueſs " much of the characters of the " Perſons. An old father, who " would willingly, before he " dies, ſee his ſon well married: " a debauched ſon, kind in his " nature to his miſtreſs, but mi- " ſerably in want of money; a " ſervant or ſlave, who has ſo " much wit as to ſtrike in with " him, and help to dupe his " father; a Braggadochio Cap- " tain; a Paraſite; and a Lady " of Pleaſure.

" As for the poor honeſt " maid, on whom the ſtory is " built, and who ought to be " one of the principal Actors in " the Play, ſhe is commonly " mute in it: She has the breed- " ing of the old Elizabeth way, " which was for maids to be " ſeen, and not to be heard; " and it is enough you know " ſhe is willing to be married " when the fifth Act requires " it." DRYDEN's *Eſſay of Dramatick Poeſie.*

It muſt be remembered that Dryden's Eſſay is written in the form of a Dialogue, and therefore the above extract is not to be ſuppoſed to be abſolutely the very opinion of the writer, but receives a good deal of its high colouring from the character of the ſpeaker. It is true, indeed, that this *crying out* of a woman in labour behind the ſcenes, which Donatus gravely remarks is the only way in which the ſeverity of the *Comœdia Palliata* would allow *a young gentlewoman* to be introduced, is perhaps the moſt exceptionable circumſtance of all the antient drama: and if the modern theatre has any tranſcendent advantage over the antient, it is in the frequent and ſucceſsful introduction of female perſonages.

The antients were ſo little ſenſible of the impropriety or indecorum of ſuch an incident, that it is (as Dryden has obſerved) introduced into many of their plays, wherein the Lady *cries out* in the ſame, or very ſimilar, words with Glycerium. I do not, however, remember any play where the Lady in the Straw produces ſo many pleaſant circumſtances, as in the play before us; nor is there, I think, any one of thoſe circumſtances, except the *crying out*, which might not be repreſented on our Stage. This act,

She haſtens to cry out: Your incidents*
Are ill-tim'd, Davus.

Davus. Mine, Sir?

Simo. Are your players
Unmindful of their cues, and want a prompter?

Davus. I do not comprehend you.

Simo apart.] If this knave
Had, in the real nuptial of my ſon,
Come thus upon me unprepar'd, what ſport,
What ſcorn he'd have expos'd me to? But now
At his own peril be it. I'm ſecure.

and the next, which are entirely built on the delivery of Glycerium, are the moſt humourous of the five; and yet theſe very acts ſeem to have been the moſt obnoxious to the delicacy of the modern imitators of our Author. Sir Richard Steele, indeed, departed in many other circumſtances from the Fable of Terence, ſo that it is no wonder he took the advantage of bringing our Glycerium on the Stage in the perſon of Indiana: but Baron, who has wrought his whole piece on the ground of Terence, thought it neceſſary to new-mould theſe two acts, and has introduced Glycerium merely to fill up the chaſm created by the omiſſion of the other incidents. Baron, I doubt not, judged right in thinking it unſafe to hazard them on the French Stage: but it muſt be obvious to every reader that the deadeſt and moſt inſipid parts of Baron's play are thoſe ſcenes in which he deviates from Terence.

* *Your incidents, &c.*] *Non ſat commodè diviſa ſunt temporibus tibi, Dave, hæc.* A metaphor taken from the Theatre. DACIER.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Re-enter LESBIA.---ARCHILLIS *appears at the door.*

Leſbia to Arch. within.] As yet, Archillis, all the
ſymptoms ſeem
As good as might be wiſh'd in her condition:
Firſt, let her make ablution: after that,
Drink what I've order'd her, and juſt ſo much:
And preſently I will be here again. [*coming forward.*
Now, by this good day, Maſter Pamphilus
Has got a chopping Boy: Heav'n grant it live!
For he's a worthy gentleman, and ſcorn'd
To do a wrong to this young innocent. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Manent SIMO, DAVUS.

Simo. This too, where's he that knows you wou'd
not ſwear
Was your contrivance?
Davus. My contrivance! what, Sir?
Simo. While in the houſe, forſooth, the midwife gave
No orders for the Lady in the Straw:
But having iſſued forth into the ſtreet,

Bawls

Bawls out moſt luſtily to thoſe within.
---Oh Davus, am I then ſo much your ſcorn?
Seem I ſo proper to be play'd upon,
With ſuch a ſhallow, barefac'd, impoſition?
You might at leaſt, in reverence, have us'd
Some ſpice of art, were't only to pretend
You fear'd my anger, ſhou'd I find you out.

Davus. I'faith now he deceives himſelf, not I. [*aſide.*

Simo. Did not I give you warning? threaten too,
In caſe you play'd me falſe? But all in vain:
For what car'd you?---What! think you I believe
This ſtory of a child by Pamphilus?

Davus. I ſee his error: Now I know my game. [*aſide.*

Simo. Why don't you anſwer?

Davus. What! you don't believe it?
As if you had not been inform'd of this? [*archly.*

Simo. Inform'd?

Davus. What then you found it out yourſelf? [*archly.*

Simo. D'ye laugh at me?

Davus. You muſt have been inform'd:
Or whence this ſhrewd ſuſpicion?

Simo. Whence! from you:
Becauſe I know you.

Davus. Meaning, this was done
By my advice.

Simo. Beyond all doubt: I know it:

Davus. You do not know me, Simo.---

Simo.

Simo. I not know you?

Davus. For if I do but ſpeak, immediately
You think yourſelf impos'd on.---

Simo. Falſely, hey?

Davus. So that I dare not ope my lips before you.

Simo. All that I know is this; that nobody
Has been deliver'd here.

Davus. You've found it out?
Yet by and by they'll bring the bantling here,*
And lay it at our door. Remember, Sir,
I give you warning that will be the caſe;
That you may ſtand prepar'd, nor after ſay,
'Twas done by Davus's advice, his tricks!
I wou'd fain cure your ill opinion of me.

Simo. But how d'ye know?

Davus. I've heard ſo, and believe ſo.
Beſides a thouſand different things concur
To lead to this conjecture. Firſt, Glycerium
Profeſs'd herſelf with child by Pamphilus:
That proves a falſehood. Now, as ſhe perceives
A nuptial preparation at our houſe,
A maid's immediately diſpatch'd to bring

* *They'll bring the bantling here.*] The art of this paſſage is equal to the pleaſantry: for though Davus runs into this detail merely with a view to dupe the old man ſtill further by flattering him on his fancied ſagacity, yet it very naturally prepares us for an incident which, by another turn of circumſtances, afterwards becomes neceſſary.

A mid-

A midwife to her, and withal a child*:
You too, they will contrive, ſhall ſee the child,
Or elſe the wedding muſt proceed.

Simo. How's this?
Having diſcover'd ſuch a plot on foot,
Why did not you directly tell my ſon?

Davus. Who then has drawn him from her but myſelf?
For we all know how much he doated on her:
But now he wiſhes for a wife. In fine,
Leave that affair to me; and you mean while
Perſue, as you've begun, the nuptials; which
The Gods, I hope, will proſper!

Simo. Get you in.
Wait for me there, and ſee that you prepare
What's requiſite. [*Exit* Davus,
He has not wrought upon me
To yield implicit credit to his tale,
Nor do I know if all he ſaid be true.
But, true or falſe, it matters not: to me
My ſon's own promiſe is the main concern.
Now to meet Chremes, and to beg his daughter
In marriage with my ſon: If I ſucceed,
What can I rather wiſh, than to behold
Their marriage-rites to-day? For ſince my ſon
Has given me his word, I've not a doubt,

* *And withal a child.*] This was a piece of roguery very common in Greece, where they often deceived the old men by ſuppoſitious children. DACIER.

Should he refuſe, but I may force him to it:
And to my wiſhes ſee where Chremes comes.

SCENE V.

Enter CHREMES*.

Simo. Chremes, Good day!

Chremes. The very man I look'd for.

Simo. And I for you.

Chremes. Well met.—Some perſons came
To tell me you inform'd them, that my daughter
Was to be married to your ſon to-day:
And therefore came I here, and fain wou'd know
Whether 'tis you or they have loſt their wits.

Simo. A moment's hearing; you ſhall be inform'd,
What I requeſt, and what you wiſh to know.

Chremes. I hear: what would you? ſpeak.

Simo. Now by the Gods;
Now by our friendſhip, Chremes, which, begun
In infancy, has ſtill increas'd with age;
Now by your only daughter, and my ſon,
Whoſe preſervation wholly reſts on you;

* *Enter* CHREMES.] Chremes is a humane, natural, unaffected old gentleman. Sealand in the Conſcious Lovers, the Engliſh Chremes, is a ſenſible reſpectable merchant. Both the characters are properly ſuſtained: but Chremes being induced firſt to renew his conſent to the match, and afterwards wrought upon by occurrences ariſing in the fable to withdraw it again, renders his character more eſſential to the Drama, than Sealand's.

Let

Let me entreat this boon: and let the match
Which ſhould have been, ſtill be.

Chremes. Why, why entreat?
Knowing you ought not to beſeech this of me.
Think you, that I am other than I was,
When firſt I gave my promiſe? If the match
Be good for both, e'en call them forth to wed.
But if their union promiſes more harm
Than good to both, You alſo, I beſeech you,
Conſult our common intereſt, as if
You were her father, Pamphilus my ſon.

Simo. E'en in that ſpirit, I deſire it, Chremes,
Entreat it may be done; nor would entreat,
But that occaſion urges.

Chremes. What occaſion?

Simo. A difference 'twixt Glycerium and my ſon.

Chremes. I hear. [*ironically.*

Simo. A breach ſo wide as gives me hopes
To ſeparate them for ever.

Chremes. Idle tales!

Simo. Indeed 'tis thus.

Chremes. Ay marry, thus it is.
Quarrels of lovers but renew their love.

Simo. Prevent we then, I pray, this miſchief now;
While time permits, while yet his paſſion's ſore
From contumelies; ere theſe womens' wiles,
Their wicked arts, and tears made up of fraud,

Shake

Shake his weak mind, and melt it to compaſſion.
Give him a wife: By intercourſe with her,
Knit by the bonds of wedlock, ſoon, I hope,
He'll riſe above the guilt that ſinks him now.

Chremes. So you believe: for me, I cannot think
That he'll be conſtant, or that I can bear it.

Simo. How can you know, unleſs you make the trial?

Chremes. Ay, but to make that trial on a daughter
Is hard indeed.

Simo. The miſchief, ſhould he fail,
Is only this: divorce, which heav'n forbid!
But mark what benefits if he amend!
Firſt, to your friend you will reſtore a ſon;
Gain to yourſelf a ſon-in-law; and match
Your daughter to an honeſt huſband.

Chremes. Well!
Since you're ſo thoroughly convinc'd 'tis right,
I can deny you naught that lies in me.

Simo. I ſee I ever lov'd you juſtly, Chremes.

Chremes. But then—

Simo. But what?

Chremes. From whence are you appriz'd
That there's a difference between them?

Simo. Davus,
Davus, in all their ſecrets, told me ſo;
Advis'd me too, to haſten on the match
As faſt as poſſible. Wou'd He, d'ye think,

Do

Do that, unleſs he were full well aſſur'd
My ſon deſir'd it too?—Hear what he ſays.
Ho there! call Davus forth.—But here he comes.

SCENE VI.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus. I was about to ſeek you.

Simo. What's the matter?

Davus. Why is not the bride ſent for? it grows late.

Simo. D'ye hear him?---Davus, I for ſome time paſt
Was fearful of you; leſt, like other ſlaves,
As ſlaves go now, you ſhould put tricks upon me,
And baffle me, to favour my ſon's love.

Davus. I, Sir?

Simo. I thought ſo: and in fear of that
Conceal'd a ſecret which I'll now diſcloſe.

Davus. What ſecret, Sir?

Simo. I'll tell you: for I now
Almoſt begin to think you may be truſted.

Davus. You've found what ſort of man I am at laſt.

Simo. No marriage was intended.

Davus. How! none!

Simo. None.
All counterfeit, to ſound my ſon and you.

Davus. How ſay you?

Simo. Even ſo.

Davus.

Davus. Alack, alack!
I never could have thought it. Ah, what art!
[*archly.*

Simo. Hear me. No ſooner had I ſent you in,
But opportunely I encounter'd Chremes.

Davus. How! are we ruin'd then? [*aſide.*

Simo. I told him all,
That you had juſt told me,——

Davus. Confuſion! how? [*aſide.*

Simo. Begg'd him to grant his daughter, and at length
With much ado prevail'd.

Davus. Undone! [*aſide.*

Simo. How's that? [*overhearing.*

Davus. Well done! I ſaid.

Simo. My good friend Chremes then
Is now no obſtacle.

Chremes. I'll home awhile,
Order due preparations, and return. [*Exit.*

Simo. Prithee now, Davus, ſeeing you alone
Have brought about this match------

Davus. Yes, I alone.

Simo. Endeavour further to amend my ſon.

Davus. Moſt diligently.

Simo. It were eaſy now,
While his mind's irritated.

Davus. Be at peace.

Simo. Do then: where is he?

Davus. Probably, at home.

Simo. I'll in, and tell him, what I've now told you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

DAVUS *alone.*

Loſt and undone! To priſon with me ſtraight!
No prayer, no plea: for I have ruin'd all:
Deceiv'd the old man, hamper'd Pamphilus
With marriage; marriage, brought about to-day
By my ſole means; beyond the hopes of one;
Againſt the other's will.—Oh cunning fool!
Had I been quiet, all had yet been well.
But ſee, he's coming. Would my neck were broken.
[*Retires.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter PAMPHILUS; DAVUS *behind.*

Pam. Where is this villain that has ruin'd me?

Davus. I'm a loſt man.

Pam. And yet I muſt confeſs,
That I deſerv'd this, being ſuch a dolt,
A very ideot, to commit my fortunes
To a vile ſlave. I ſuffer for my folly,

But

But will at leaſt take vengeance upon Him.

Davus. Let me but once eſcape the preſent danger,

I'll anſwer for hereafter.

Pam. To my father

What ſhall I ſay?—And can I then refuſe,

Who have but now conſented? with what face?

I know not what to do.

Davus. I'faith, nor I;

And yet it takes up all my thoughts. I'll tell him

I've hit on ſomething to delay the match.

Pam. Oh! [*ſeeing* Davus.

Davus. I am ſeen.

Pam. So, Good Sir! What ſay you?

See, how I'm hamper'd with your fine advice.

Davus coming forward.] But I'll deliver you.

Pam. Deliver me?

Davus. Certainly, Sir.

Pam. What, as you did juſt now?

Davus. Better, I hope.

Pam. And can you then believe

That I would truſt you, Raſcal? You amend

My broken fortunes, or redeem them loſt?

You, who to-day, from the moſt happy ſtate,

Have thrown me upon marriage.—Did not I

Foretell it would be thus?

Davus. You did indeed.

Pam. And what do you deserve for this?*

Davus. The gallows.

—Yet suffer me to take a little breath,
I'll devise something presently.

Pam. Alas,†

* *And what do you deserve for this?*] *Quid meritus?* This question is taken from the custom of the Athenians, who never condemned a criminal without first asking what punishment he thought he deserved; and according to the nature of the culprit's answer, they mitigated or aggravated his punishment. DACIER.

The Commentators cite a passage exactly parallel from the Frogs of Aristophanes.

† *Alas, I have not leisure, &c.*] "Characters too faintly drawn "are the opposite of Carica- "ture. Pamphilus in the An- "drian is, in my mind, a faint "character. Davus has preci- "pitated him into a marriage "that he abhors. His mistress "has but just been brought to- "bed. He has a hundred rea- "sons to be out of humour. "Yet he takes all in good part." DIDEROT.

I cannot think there is much justice in the above observation. Pamphilus appears to me to have all the feelings of an amiable and ingenuous mind. There is an observation of Donatus on Simo's observing to Davus, at the end of the second act, that his son appeared to him to be rather melancholy, which is in my opinion infinitely more just, and applicable to the character of Pamphilus than the remark of our ingenious French Critick. It has been reserved for this place on purpose to oppose them to each other. The passage and note on it are as follow.

"*Yet in my mind he seem'd a* "*little sad.*] The propriety of "behaviour necessary to the dif- "ferent characters of the Son "and the Lover, is wonderful- "ly preserved in this instance. "A deceit, sustained with great "assurance, would not have "been agreeable to the charac- "ter of an ingenuous youth: "and it would have been im- "probable in the character of "the Lover to have entirely "smothered his concern. He "suppresses it therefore in some "measure, because the thing "was to be concealed; but "could not assume a thorough "joyfulness, because his dispo- "sition

I have not leiſure for your puniſhment,
The time demands attention to myſelf,
Nor will be waſted in revenge on you.

" ſition and paſſion inſpired him " with melancholy." DONAT.

It may be added alſo, as a further anſwer to Diderot, that the words with which Pamphilus concludes this act, alluding to his preſent ſituation, aſſign a very natural reaſon for his ſubduing the tranſports of his anger towards Davus.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CHARINUS *alone.*

IS this to be believ'd, or to be told?
Can then ſuch inbred malice live in man,
To joy in ill, and from another's woes
To draw his own delight?—Ah, is't then ſo?
—Yes, ſuch there are, the meaneſt of mankind,
Who, from a ſneaking baſhfulneſs, at firſt
Dare not refuſe; but when the time comes on
To make their promiſe good, then force perforce
Open themſelves and fear: yet muſt deny.
Then too, oh ſhameleſs impudence, they cry,
" Who then are You? and what are you to Me?
" Why ſhould I render up my love to You?
" Troth, neighbour, charity begins at home."
—Speak of their broken faith, they bluſh not, they,
*Now throwing off that ſhame they ought to wear,
Which they before aſſum'd without a cauſe.

* *Now throwing off, &c.*] It is obſerved by Patrick, that Terence has manifeſtly borrowed this from a paſſage in the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act of the Epidicus of Plautus.

Plerique homines, quos, cum nihil refert, pudet: ubi pudendum eſt, Ibi eos deſerit pudor, cum uſus eſt ut pudeat.

Too many are aſham'd without a cauſe,
And ſhameleſs, only when they've cauſe for ſhame.

---What

—What ſhall I do? accoſt him? tell my wrongs?
Expoſtulate, and throw reproaches on him?
What will that profit, ſay you?—very much.
I ſhall at leaſt embitter his delight,
And gratify my anger.

SCENE II.

To him PAMPHILUS *and* DAVUS.

Pam. Oh, Charinus,
By my imprudence, unleſs Heav'n forefend,
I've ruin'd both myſelf and you.
Char. Imprudence!
Paltry evaſion! You have broke your faith.
Pam. What now?
Char. And do you think that words like theſe
Can baffle me again?
Pam. What means all this?
Char. Soon as I told you of my paſſion for her,
Then ſhe had charms for you.—Ah, ſenſeleſs fool,
To judge your diſpoſition by my own!
Pam. You are miſtaken.
Char. Was your joy no joy,
Without abuſing a fond lover's mind,
Fool'd on with idle hopes?---Well, take her.
Pam. Take her?
Alas! you know not what a wretch I am:
How many cares this ſlave has brought upon me,
My raſcal here.

Char. No wonder, if he takes
Example from his maſter.

Pam. Ah, you know not
Me, or my love, or elſe you would not talk thus.

Char. Oh yes, I know it all. You had but now
A dreadful altercation with your father:
And therefore he's enrag'd, nor could prevail
On You, forſooth, to wed. [*ironically.*

Pam. To ſhew you then,
How little you conceive of my diſtreſs,
Theſe nuptials were mere ſemblance, mock'ry all,
Nor was a wife intended me.

Char. I know it:
You are conſtrain'd, poor man, by inclination.

Pam. Nay, but have patience! you don't know---

Char. I know
That you're to marry her.

Pam. Why rack me thus?
Nay hear! He never ceas'd to importune
That I wou'd tell my father, I would wed;
So preſt, and urg'd, that he at length prevail'd.

Char. Who did this?

Pam. Davus.

Char. Davus!

Pam. Davus all.

Char. Wherefore?

Pam. I know not: but I know the Gods

Meant

Meant in their anger I ſhould liſten to him.

Char. Is it ſo, Davus?

Davus. Even ſo.

Char. How, villain?

The Gods confound you for it!---Tell me, wretch,
Had all his moſt inveterate foes deſir'd
To throw him on this marriage, what advice
Could they have given elſe?

Davus. I am deceiv'd,
But not diſhearten'd.

Char. True. [*ironically.*

Davus. This way has fail'd;
We'll try another way: unleſs you think
Becauſe the buſineſs has gone ill at firſt,
We cannot graft advantage on misfortune.

Pam. Oh ay, I warrant you, if you look to't,
Out of one wedding you can work me two.

Davus. Pamphilus, 'tis my duty, as your ſlave,
To ſtrive with might and main, by day and night,
With hazard of my life, to do you ſervice:
'Tis your's, if I am croſt, to pardon me.
My undertakings fail indeed, but then
I ſpare no pains. Do better if you can,
And ſend me packing.

Pam. Ay, with all my heart:
Place me but where you found me firſt.

Davus. I will.

Pam.

Pam. But do it inſtantly.

Davus. Hiſt! hold awhile:
I hear the creaking of Glycerium's door.*

Pam. Nothing to you.

Davus. I'm thinking.

Pam. What, at laſt?

Davus. Your buſineſs ſhall be done, and preſently.

SCENE III.

Enter MYSIS.

Myſis to Glycer. within.] Be where he will, I'll find your Pamphilus,
And bring him with me. Meanwhile, you, my ſoul,
Forbear to vex yourſelf.

Pam. Myſis!

Myſis. Who's there?
Oh Pamphilus, well met, Sir!

Pam. What's the matter?

Myſis. My miſtreſs, by the love you bear her, begs

* *The creaking of Glycerium's door.*] We learn from Plutarch, in Publicola, that when any one was coming out, he ſtruck the door on the inſide, that ſuch as were without might be warned to take care, leſt they might be hurt. The doors of the Romans, on the contrary, opened on the inſide, as appears from Pliny, Book xxxvi. Ch. 15. But the creaking meant here is more probably that of the door itſelf upon the hinges, to prevent which in the night-time, it was uſual for lovers to pour wine or water upon them. PATRICK.

Your preſence inſtantly. She longs to ſee you.

Pam. Ah, I'm undone: This ſore breaks out afreſh.
Unhappy that we are, thro' your curſt means,
To be tormented thus! [*to* Davus.]---She has been told
A nuptial is prepar'd, and therefore ſends.

Char. From which how ſafe you were, had he been quiet! [*pointing to* Davus.

Davus. Ay, if he raves not of himſelf enough,
Do, irritate him. [*to* Charinus.

Myſis. Truly that's the cauſe;
And therefore 'tis, poor ſoul, ſhe ſorrows thus.

Pam. Myſis, I ſwear to thee by all the Gods,
I never will deſert her: tho' aſſur'd
That for her I make all mankind my foes.*
I ſought her, carried her: our hearts are one,
And farewell they that wiſh us put aſunder!
Death, only death ſhall part us.

Myſis. I revive.

Pam. Apollo's oracles are not more true.
If that my father may be wrought upon,

* *For her I make all mankind my foes.*] Donatus obſerves the peculiar modeſty of Pamphilus in this paſſage, wherein though he means to glance at his father, he rather chuſes to include him among the reſt of mankind, than to point him out particularly. I am apt to think nothing more is intended than a general expreſſion of paſſion; for in the very next ſpeech Pamphilus, by a very natural gradation, proceeds to mention Simo. It muſt however be allowed, that in his greateſt emotion he preſerves a temperance and amiable reſpect towards his father.

To

To think I hinder'd not the match, 'tis well:
But if that cannot be, come what come may,
Why let him know, 'twas I.---What think you now?
[*to Char.*

Char. That we are wretches both.

Davus. My brain's at work.

Char. Oh brave!

Pam. I know what you'd attempt.

Davus. Well, well!
I will effect it for you.

Pam. Ay, but now.

Davus. E'en now.

Char. What is't?

Davus. For *him*, Sir, not for *you*.
Be not miſtaken.

Char. I am ſatisfied.

Pam. Well, what do you propoſe?

Davus. This day, I fear,
Is ſcarce ſufficient for the execution,
So think not I have leiſure to relate.
Hence then! You hinder me: hence, hence I ſay!

Pam. I'll to Glycerium. [*Exit.*

Davus. Well, and what mean you?
Whither will you, Sir?

Char. Shall I ſpeak the truth?

Davus. Oh to be ſure: now for a tedious tale!

Char. What will become of me?

Davus.

Davus. How! not content!
Is it not then ſufficient, if I give you
The reſpite of a day, a little day,
By putting off this wedding?
Char. Ay, but Davus,---
Davus. But what?
Char. That I may wed---
Davus. Ridiculous!
Char. If you ſucceed, come to me.
Davus. Wherefore come?
I can't aſſiſt you.
Char. Should it ſo fall out.---
Davus. Well, well, I'll come.
Char. If aught, I am at home. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS.

Davus. Myſis, wait here till I come forth.
Myſis. For what?
Davus. It muſt be ſo.
Myſis. Make haſte then.
Davus. In a moment. [*Exit to* Glycerium's.

SCENE

SCENE V.

MYSIS *alone.*

Can we ſecurely then count nothing our's?
Oh all ye Gods! I thought this Pamphilus
The greateſt good my miſtreſs could obtain,
Friend, lover, huſband, ev'ry way a bleſſing:
And yet what woe, poor wretch, endures ſhe not
On his account? Alas more ill than good.
But here comes Davus.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter DAVUS *with the child.*

Myſis. Prithee, man, what now?
Where are you carrying the child?
Davus. Oh, Myſis,
Now have I need of all your ready wit,
And all your cunning.
Myſis. What are you about?
Davus. Quick, take the boy, and lay him at our door.
Myſis. What! on the bare ground?
Davus. From the altar then *

* *From the altar then, &c.*] Donatus and Scaliger the father have written that the altar mentioned here was the altar uſually placed on the ſtage. When a Tragedy was acted, the altar was

Take herbs and ſtrew them underneath.

Myſis. And why
Can't you do that yourſelf?

Davus. Becauſe, ſuppoſing
There ſhould be need to ſwear to my old maſter
I did not lay the bantling there myſelf,
I may with a ſafe conſcience. [*gives her the child.*

Myſis. I conceive.
But pray how came this ſudden qualm upon you?

Davus. Nay, but be quick, that you may comprehend
What I propoſe.—[Myſis *lays the child at* Simo's *door.*]
Oh Jupiter! [*looking out.*

Myſis. What now?

Davus. Here comes the father of the bride!----I change
My firſt intended purpoſe †.

was dedicated to Bacchus; when a Comedy, to Apollo. But in my opinion the Stage-Altar has no connection with this paſſage: This adventure is not to be conſidered as an incident in a comedy, but as a thing which paſſes in the ſtreet. Probability therefore muſt be preſerved; which it cannot be, if one of the Stage-Altars is employed in this place. At Athens every houſe had an altar at the ſtreet door: [which ſtreet-altars are alſo often mentioned in Plautus.] Theſe altars were covered with freſh herbs every day, and it is one of theſe, to which Terence here alludes. DACIER.

It was a cuſtom among the Romans to have an altar ſacred to Veſta in the entrance of their houſes, whence it was called The *Veſtibule*. EUGRAPHIUS.

† *I change my firſt intended purpoſe.*] His firſt intention doubtleſs was to go and inform Simo of the child being laid at the door. DACIER.

Myſis.

Myſis. What you mean
I can't imagine.

Davus. This way, from the right
I'll counterfeit to come:---And be't your care
To throw in aptly now and then a word,
To help out the diſcourſe as need requires.

Myſis. Still what you're at, I cannot comprehend.
But if I can aſſiſt, as you know beſt,
Not to obſtruct your purpoſes, I'll ſtay. [Davus *retires.*

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES *going towards* Simo's.

Chremes. Having provided all things neceſſary,
I now return to bid them call the bride.
What's here? [*ſeeing the child.*] by Hercules, a child!
Ha, woman,
Was't you that laid it here?

Myſis. Where is he gone? [*looking after* Davus.

Chremes. What, won't you anſwer me?

Myſis. looking about.] Not here: Ah me!
The fellow's gone, and left me in the lurch.

[Davus *coming forward and pretending not to ſee them.*

Davus. Good heavens, what confuſion at the Forum!
The people all diſputing with each other!
The market-price is ſo confounded high. [*loud.*
What to ſay elſe I know not. [*aſide.*

Myſis

Myſis to Davus.] What d'ye mean
[Chremes *retires, and liſtens to their converſation.*
By leaving me alone?

Davus. What farce is this?
Ha, Myſis, whence this child? Who brought it here?

Myſis. Have you your wits, to aſk me ſuch a queſtion?

Davus. Whom ſhould I aſk, when no one elſe is here?

Chremes behind.] I wonder whence it comes. [*to himſelf.*

Davus. Wilt anſwer me? [*loud.*

Myſis. Ah! [*confuſed.*

Davus. This way to the right! [*apart to* Myſis.

Myſis. You're raving mad.
Was't not yourſelf?

Davus. I charge you not a word,
But what I aſk you. [*apart to* Myſis.

Myſis. Do you threaten me?

Davus. Whence comes this child? [*loud.*

Myſis. From our houſe.*

Davus. Ha! ha! ha!

* *From our houſe.*] A NOBIS. Moſt of the Books read *a* VOBIS, but I am perſuaded the other is the right reading. The fact is, the child really came from Glycerium's, and Davus's laughing at the impudence of Myſis in owning it, and the immediate obſervation of Chremes, that ſhe was the Andrian's maid, is more agreeable to this ſenſe. Beſides the mention of the other family is reſerved for the anſwers drawn from Myſis by Davus's aſking her *whoſe child it was.*

No wonder that a harlot has aſſurance.

Chremes. This is the Andrian's ſervant-maid, I take it.

Davus. Do we then ſeem to you ſuch proper folks
To play theſe tricks upon? [*loud to* Myſ.

Chremes. I came in time. [*to himſelf.*

Davus. Make haſte, and take your bantling from our door. [*loud.*

Hold! do not ſtir from where you are, be ſure. [*ſoftly.*

Myſis. A plague upon you: you ſo terrify me!

Davus. Wench, did I ſpeak to you or no? [*loud.*

Myſis. What would you?

Davus. What would I? Say, whoſe child have you laid here?
Tell me. [*loud.*

Myſis. You don't know?

Davus. Plague of what I know:
Tell what I aſk. [*ſoftly.*

Myſis. Your's.

Davus. Ours! Whoſe? [*loud.*

Myſis. Pamphilus's.

Davus. How ſay you? Pamphilus's? [*loud.*

Myſis. To be ſure.

Chremes. I had good cauſe to be againſt this match. [*to himſelf.*

Davus. O monſtrous impudence! [*bawling.*

Myſis. Why all this noiſe?

Davus. Did not I ſee this child convey'd by ſtealth

Into

Into your houſe laſt night?

Myſis. Oh rogue!

Davus. 'Tis true.

I ſaw old Canthara ſtuff'd out.

Myſis. Thank heav'n,

*Some free-women were preſent at her labour.

Davus. Troth, ſhe don't know the gentleman, for whom

She plays this game. She thinks, ſhould Chremes ſee

The child laid here, he would not grant his daughter.

Faith, he would grant her the more willingly.

Chremes. Not he indeed. [*to himſelf.*

Davus. But now, one word for all,

Take up the child; or I ſhall trundle him

Into the middle of the ſtreet, and roll

You, madam, in the mire.

Myſis. The fellow's drunk.

Davus. One piece of knavery begets another:

Now, I am told, 'tis whiſper'd all about,

That ſhe's a citizen of Athens--- [*loud.*

Chremes. How!

Davus. †And that by law he will be forc'd to wed her.

* *Some free-women.*] *Free-women:* For in Greece as well as in Italy, ſlaves were not admitted to give evidence. DACIER.

† *And that by law, &c.*] Among the laws of Athens was that equitable one, which compelled the man to marry her whom he had debauched, if ſhe was a free-woman. COOKE.

Myſis. Why prithee is ſhe not a citizen?

Chremes. What a fine ſcrape was I within a hair
Of being drawn into! [*to himſelf.*

Davus. What voice is that? [*turning about.*
Oh Chremes! you are come in time. Attend!

Chremes. I have heard all already.

Davus. You've heard all?

Chremes. Yes, all, I ſay, from firſt to laſt.

Davus. Indeed?
Good lack, what knaveries! This lying jade
Shou'd be dragg'd hence to torture.*---This is he!
[*to* Myſis.
Think not 'twas Davus you impoſed upon.

Myſis. Ah me!---Good Sir, I ſpoke the truth indeed.

Chremes. I know the whole.---Is Simo in the houſe?

Davus. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Chrem.

SCENE VIII.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS. Davus *runs up to her.*

Myſis. Don't offer to touch me, you villain!
If I don't tell my miſtreſs every word---

* *To torture.*] Implying that ſhe ought to be put to the torture to confeſs the truth; for it was a common way at Athens to force the truth from ſlaves by torture. Thus in the ſtepmother, Bacchis offers her ſlaves to be put to the torture. PATRICK.

The ſame cuſtom is alluded to in the Scene between Mitio, Hegio, and Geta, in the Brothers.

Davus.

Davus. Why you don't know, you fool, what good we've done.

Myſis. How ſhould I?

Davus. This is father to the bride:
Nor could it otherwiſe have been contrived
That he ſhould know what we would have him.

Myſis. Well,
You ſhou'd have giv'n me notice.

Davus. Is there then *

* *Is there then no diff'rence, &c.*] It is an obſervation of Voltaire in the preface to his comedy of L'Enfant Prodigue, that although there are various kinds of pleaſantry that excite mirth, yet univerſal burſts of laughter are ſeldom produced, unleſs by a ſcene of miſtake or *æquivoque*. A thouſand inſtances might be given to prove the truth of this obſervation. There is ſcarce any writer of Comedy, who has not drawn from this ſource of humour. A ſcene founded on a miſunderſtanding between the parties, where the characters are all at croſs purpoſes with each other, never fails to ſet the audience in a roar: nor indeed can there be a happier incident in a comedy, if produced naturally, and managed judiciouſly.

The ſcenes in this act, occaſioned by the artifice of Davus concerning the child, do not fall directly under the obſervation of Voltaire, but are, however, ſo much of the ſame colour, that if repreſented on the ſtage, they would, I doubt not, have the like effect, and be the beſt means of confuting thoſe infidel criticks, who maintain that Terence has no humour. I do not remember a ſcene in any comedy, where there is ſuch a natural complication of pleaſant circumſtances. Davus's ſudden change of his intentions on ſeeing Chremes, without having time to explain himſelf to Myſis; her confuſion and comical diſtreſs, together with the genuine ſimplicity of her anſwers; and the concluſion drawn by Chremes from their ſuppoſed quarrel; are all finely imagined, and directly calculated for the purpoſes of exciting the higheſt mirth in the ſpectators. The

No diff'rence, think you, whether all you ſay
Falls naturally from the heart, or comes
From dull premeditation?

SCENE IX.

Enter CRITO.

Crito. In this ſtreet
They ſay that Chryſis liv'd: who rather choſe
To heap up riches here by wanton ways,
Than to live poor and honeſtly at home:
She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.*

words of Davus to Myſis in this ſpeech "*Is there then*, &c. have the air of an oblique praiſe of this ſcene from the Poet himſelf, ſhewing with what art it is introduced, and how naturally it is ſuſtained.

Sir Richard Steele had deviated ſo much from Terence in the original conſtruction of his fable, that he had no opportunity of working this ſcene into it. Baron, who, I ſuppoſe, was afraid to hazard it on the French Theatre, fills up the chaſm by bringing Glycerium on the ſtage. She, amuſed by Davus with a forged tale of the falſehood of Pamphilus, throws herſelf at the feet of Chremes, and prevails on him once more to break off the intended match with Philumena. In conſequence of this alteration, the moſt lively part of the comedy in Terence, becomes the graveſt in Baron; the artifice of Davus is carried on with the moſt ſtarch formality; and the whole incident, as conducted in the French imitation, loſes all that air of eaſe and pleaſantry, which it wears in the original.

* *She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.*] Suppoſing Chryſis to have died without a will, in which caſe the neareſt of kin was heir at law. PATRICK.

But

But I ſee perſons to enquire of. [*goes up*] Save you!

Myſis. Good now, who's that I ſee? is it not Crito,
Chryſis's Kinſman? Ay, the very ſame.

Crito. O Myſis, ſave you!

Myſis. Save you, Crito!

Crito. Chryſis *
Is then——ha?

Myſis. Ay, ſhe has left Us, poor ſouls!

Crito. And ye; how go you on here?---pretty well?

Myſis. We?---as we *can*, as the old ſaying goes,
When, as we *would*, we cannot.

Crito. And Glycerium,
Has ſhe found out her parents?

Myſis. Wou'd ſhe had!

Crito. Not yet! an ill wind blew me hither then.
For truly, had I been appriz'd of that,
I'd ne'er have ſet foot here: For this Glycerium
Was always call'd and thought to be her ſiſter.
What Chryſis left, She takes poſſeſſion of:
And now for me, a ſtranger, to commence †
A law-ſuit here, how good and wiſe it were,

* *Chryſis is then—ha?*] This manner of expreſſion, avoiding the direct mention of a ſhocking circumſtance, and ſoftening it as far as poſſible, carries in it a great deal of tenderneſs. PATRICK.

† *For me, a ſtranger, to commence a law-ſuit.*] Madam Dacier obſerves, that it appears from Xenophon's treatiſe on the policy of the Athenians, that all the inhabitants of cities and iſlands in alliance with Athens,

Other examples teach me. She, I warrant,
Has got her ſome gallant too, ſome defender:
For ſhe was growing up a jolly girl
When firſt ſhe journied hither. They will cry
That I'm a petty-fogger, fortune-hunter,
A beggar.---And beſides it were not well
To leave her in diſtreſs.

Myſis. Good ſoul! Troth, Crito,
You have the good old-faſhion'd honeſty.

Crito. Well, ſince I am arriv'd here, bring me to her.
That I may ſee her.

Myſis. Ay, with all my heart.

Davus. I will in with them: for I wou'd not chuſe
That our old gentleman ſhould ſee me now. [*Exeunt.*

were obliged, in all claims, to repair thither, and refer their cauſe to the deciſion of the people, not being permitted to plead elſewhere. We cannot wonder then that Crito is unwilling to engage in a ſuit ſo inconvenient from its length, expence, and little proſpect of ſucceſs. PATRICK.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CHREMES, SIMO.

Chremes. ENOUGH already, Simo, and enough
I've ſhewn my friendſhip for you; hazarded
Enough of peril: urge me then no more!
Wiſhing to pleaſe you, I had near deſtroy'd
My daughter's peace and happineſs for ever.
Simo. Ah, Chremes, I muſt now intreat the more,
More urge you to confirm the promis'd boon.
Chremes. Mark, how unjuſt you are thro' wilfulneſs!
So you obtain what you demand, you ſet
No bounds to my compliance, nor conſider
What you requeſt; for if you *did* conſider,
You'd ceaſe to load me with theſe injuries.
Simo. What injuries?
Chremes. Is that a queſtion now?
Have you not driven me to plight my child
To one poſſeſt with other love, averſe
To marriage; to expoſe her to divorce,
And crazy nuptials; by her woe and bane

To

To work a cure for your diſtemper'd ſon?
You had prevail'd; I travell'd in the match,
While circumſtances would admit; but now
The caſe is chang'd, content you:---It is ſaid,
That ſhe's a citizen; a child is born:
Prithee excuſe us!

Simo. Now, for heaven's ſake,
Believe not Them, whoſe intereſt it is
To make him vile and abject as themſelves.
Theſe ſtories are all feign'd, concerted all,
To break the match: when the occaſion's paſt,
That urges them to this, they will deſiſt.

Chremes. Oh, you miſtake: E'en now I ſaw the maid
Wrangling with Davus.

Simo. Artifice! mere trick.

Chremes. Ay, but in earneſt; and when neither knew
That I was there.

Simo. It may be ſo: and Davus
Told me before-hand they'd attempt all this;
Though I, I know not how, forgot to tell you.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS *from* Glycerium's.

Davus to himſelf.] He may be eaſy now, I warrant him----

Chremes. See, yonder's Davus.

Simo.

Simo. Ha! whence comes the rogue?

Davus. By my aſſiſtance, and this ſtranger's ſafe.
[*to himſelf.*

Simo. What miſchief's this? [*liſtening.*

Davus. A more commodious man,
Arriving juſt in ſeaſon, at a time
So critical, I never knew. [*to himſelf.*

Simo. A knave!
Who's that he praiſes? [*liſtening.*

Davus. All is now ſecure. [*to himſelf.*

Simo. Why don't I ſpeak to him?

Davus. My maſter here! [*turning about.*
What ſhall I do? [*to himſelf.*

Simo. Good Sir, your humble ſervant! [*ſneering.*

Davus. Oh, Simo! and our Chremes!—All is now
Prepar'd within.

Simo. You've taken ſpecial care. [*ironically.*

Davus. E'en call them when you pleaſe.

Simo. Oh, mighty fine!
That to be ſure is all that's wanting now.
---But tell me, Sir! what buſineſs had you there?
[*pointing to* Glycerium's.

Davus. I? [*confuſed.*

Simo. You.

Davus. I———? [*ſtammering.*

Simo. You, Sir.

Davus. I went in but now. [*diſordered.*

Simo. As if I aſk'd, how long it was ago!

Davus. With Pamphilus.

Simo. Is Pamphilus within?

---Oh torture!---Did not you aſſure me, ſirrah,
They were at variance?

Davus. So they are.

Simo. Why then
Is Pamphilus within?

Chremes. Oh, *why* d'ye think?
He's gone to quarrel with her. [*ſneering.*

Davus. Nay but, Chremes,
There's more in this, and you ſhall hear ſtrange news.
There's an old countryman, I know not who,
Is juſt arriv'd here; confident and ſhrewd;
His look beſpeaks him of ſome conſequence.
A grave ſeverity is in his face,
And credit in his words.

Simo. What ſtory now?

Davus. Nay, nothing, Sir, but what I heard him ſay.

Simo. And what ſays he, then?

Davus. That he's well aſſur'd
Glycerium's an Athenian citizen.

Simo. Ho, Dromo! Dromo! [*calling.*

Davus. What now?

Simo. Dromo!

Davus.

Davus. Hear me.

Simo. Speak but a word more---Dromo!

Davus. Pray, Sir, hear!

SCENE III.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Simo. Here drag him headlong in,
And truſs the raſcal up immediately.

Dromo. Whom?

Simo. Davus.

Davus. Why?

Simo. Becauſe I'll have it ſo.
Take him, I ſay.

Davus. For what offence?

Simo. Off with him.

Davus. If it appear that I've ſaid aught but truth,
Put me to death.

Simo. I will not hear. I'll trounce you.

Davus. But tho' it ſhould prove true, Sir!

Simo. True or falſe.
See that you keep him bound: and do you hear?
*Bind the ſlave hand and foot. Away!

[*Exeunt* Dromo *and* Davus.

* *Bind the ſlave hand and foot.*] QUADRUPEDEM *conſtringito.* It was uſual among the Athenians to tie criminals, hand and feet together, like a calf. ECHARD.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Manent SIMO, CHREMES.

By heav'n,
As I do live, I'll make you know this day
What peril lies in trifling with a maſter,
And make Him know what 'tis to plague a father.
Chremes. Ah, be not in ſuch rage.
Simo. Oh Chremes, Chremes,
Filial unkindneſs !---Don't you pity me?
To feel all this for ſuch a thankleſs ſon !---
Here, Pamphilus, come forth ! ho, Pamphilus !
Have you no ſhame ? [*calling at* Glycerium's *door.*

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Who calls ?---Undone ! my father
Simo. What ſay you ? Moſt———
Chremes. Ah, rather ſpeak at once
Your purpoſe, Simo, and forbear reproach,
Simo. As if 'twere poſſible to utter aught
Severer than he merits !---Tell me then ; [*to* Pam.
Glycerium is a citizen ?
Pam. They ſay ſo.

Simo.

Simo. They ſay ſo!---Oh amazing impudence!---
Does he conſider what he ſays? does he
Repent the deed? or does his colour take
The hue of ſhame?---To be ſo weak of ſoul,
Againſt the cuſtom of our citizens,
*Againſt the law, againſt his father's will,
To wed himſelf to ſhame and this vile woman.

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Simo. Ah, Pamphilus! d'ye feel
Your wretchedneſs at laſt? Then, then, when firſt
You wrought upon your mind at any rate
To gratify your paſſion; from that hour
Well might you feel your ſtate of wretchedneſs.
---But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
Why vex my ſpirit? Why afflict my age
For his diſtemp'rature? Why rue his ſins?
---No; let him have her, joy in her, live with her

Pam. My father!———

Simo. How, *my father!*---can I think †
You want this father? You that for yourſelf
A home, a wife, and children have acquir'd

* *Againſt the law.*] There was a law among the Athenians, that no citizen ſhould marry a ſtranger; which law alſo excluded ſuch as were not born of two citizens from all offices of truſt and honour. See *Plutarch's life of Pericles.* COOKE.

† Simo. *How, my father!* &c.] Donatus is full of admiration of this ſpeech, and tells us that it was not taken from Menander, but original in Terence.

Againſt

Againſt your father's will? And witneſſes
Suborn'd, to prove that ſhe's a citizen?
---You've gain'd your point.

Pam. My father, but one word!

Simo. What would you ſay?

Chremes. Nay, hear him, Simo.

Simo. Hear him?

What muſt I hear then, Chremes?

Chremes. Let him ſpeak.

Simo. Well, let him ſpeak: I hear him.

Pam. I confeſs,
I love Glycerium: if it be a fault,
That too I do confeſs. To you, my father,
I yield myſelf: diſpoſe me as you pleaſe!
Command me! Say, that I ſhall take a wife;
Leave Her;---I will endure it, as I may.---
This only I beſeech you, think not I
Suborn'd this old man hither.---Suffer me
To clear myſelf, and bring him here before you.

Simo. Bring him here!

Pam. Let me, father!

Chremes. 'Tis but juſt:
Permit him!

Pam. Grant me this!

Simo. Well, be it ſo. **Exit* Pamphilus.

* *Exit* Pamphilus.] The above ſcene, admirable as it is, had not, it ſeems, ſufficient temptations for Sir Richard Steele

I could bear all this bravely, Chremes; more,
Much more, to know that he deceiv'd me not.

Chremes. For a great fault a little punishment
Suffices to a father.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS *with* CRITO.

Crito. Say no more!
Any of these inducements would prevail:
Or your entreaty, or that it is truth,
Or that I wish it for Glycerium's sake.

Chremes. Whom do I see? Crito, the Andrian?

Steele to induce him to include it in his plan of the Conscious Lovers. Bevil and his Father are never brought to an open rupture, like Simo and Pamphilus, but rather industriously kept from coming to any explanation, which is one reason of the insipidity and want of spirit in their characters. It must be obvious to every reader, how naturally this scene brings on the catastrophe: how injudiciously then has the English Poet deprived his audience of the pleasure that must have arisen from it in the representation, and contented himself with making Sir J. Bevil declare, at entering with his son, after the discovery is over, "Your good "sister, Sir, has with the story "of your daughter's fortune "filled us with surprize and "joy! Now all exceptions are "removed; my son has now "avowed his love, and turned "all former jealousies and "doubts to approbation, and, "I am told, your goodness has "consented to reward him." How many dramatick incidents, what fine pictures of the manners, has Terence drawn from the circumstances huddled together in these few lines of Sir Richard Steele!

Nay certainly 'tis Crito.

Crito. Save you, Chremes!

Chremes. What has brought you to Athens?

Crito. Accident.

But is this Simo?

Chremes. Ay.

Simo. Aſks he for me?

So, Sir, you ſay that this Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen?

Crito. Do you
Deny it?

Simo. What then are you come prepar'd?

Crito. Prepar'd! for what?

Simo. And dare you aſk for what?
Shall you proceed thus with impunity?
Lay ſnares for inexperienc'd, lib'ral, youth,
With fraud, temptation, and fair promiſes
Soothing their minds?———

Crito. Have you your wits?

Simo. ---And then
With marriage ſolder up their harlot loves?

Pam. Alas, I fear the ſtranger will not bear this.
[*aſide.*

Chremes. Knew you this perſon, Simo, you'd not think thus:
He's a good man.

Simo. A good man he?---To come,

Altho'

Altho' at Athens never ſeen till now,
So opportunely on the wedding-day!---
Is ſuch a fellow to be truſted, Chremes?

Pam. *But that I fear my father, I could make
That matter clear to him. [*aſide.*

Simo. A Sharper!

Crito. How?

Chremes. It is his humour, Crito: do not heed him,

Crito. Let him look to't. If he perſiſts in ſaying
Whate'er he pleaſes, I ſhall make him hear
Something that may diſpleaſe him.---Do I ſtir
In theſe affairs, or make them my concern?
Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,
If I ſpeak true or falſe, ſhall now be known.
---" A man of Athens once upon a time
" Was ſhipwreck'd on the coaſt of Andros: with him
" This very woman, then an infant. He
" In this diſtreſs applied, it ſo fell out,
" For help to Chryſis' father---

* *But that I fear, &c.*] *Ni metuam patrem, habeo pro illa re illum quod moneam probe.* Madam Dacier, and ſeveral Engliſh tranſlations, make Pamphilus ſay that he could give Crito a hint or two. What hints he could propoſe to ſuggeſt to Crito I cannot conceive. The Italian tranſlation, printed with the Vatican Terence, ſeems to underſtand the words in the ſame manner that I have tranſlated them, in which ſenſe (the pronoun *illum* referring to Simo inſtead of Crito) they ſeem to be the moſt natural words of Pamphilus on occaſion of his father's anger, and the ſpeech immediately preceding.

Simo. All romance.

Chremes. Let him alone.

Crito And will he interrupt me?

Chremes. Go on.

Crito. " Now Chryſis' father, who receiv'd him,
" Was my relation. There I've often heard
" The man himſelf declare, he was of Athens.
" There too he died."

Chremes. His name?

Crito. His name, ſo quickly?---
Phania.

Chremes. Amazement!

Crito. Troth, I think 'twas Phania;
But this I'm ſure, he ſaid he was of Rhamnus*.

Chremes. Oh Jupiter!

Crito. Theſe circumſtances, Chremes,
Were known to many others, then in Andros.

Chremes. Heav'n grant it may be as I wiſh!- Inform me,
Whoſe daughter, ſaid he, was the child? his own?

Crito. No, not his own.

Chremes. Whoſe then?

Crito. His brother's daughter.

Chremes. Mine, mine, undoubtedly!

Crito. What ſay you?

* *Of Rhamnus.*] Rhamnus, and ſuch other places often mentioned in Terence, were maritime towns of Attica, near which the more wealthy Athenians had country ſeats. PATR.

Simo.

Simo. How!

Pam. Hark, Pamphilus!

Simo. But why believe you this?

Chremes. That Phania was my brother.

Simo. True. I knew him.

Chremes. He, to avoid the war, departed hence;
And fearing 'twere unſafe to leave the child,
Embark'd with her in queſt of me for Aſia:
Since when I've heard no news of him till now.

Pam. I'm ſcarce myſelf, my mind is ſo enrapt
With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of ſo great,
So ſudden happineſs.

Simo. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice ſhe's found your daughter.

Pam. I do believe you, father.

Chremes. But one doubt
There ſtill remains, which gives me pain.

Pam. Away
With all your doubts! You puzzle a plain cauſe. [*aſide.*

Crito. What is that doubt?

Chremes. That name does not agree.

Crito. She had another, when a child.

Chremes. What, Crito?
Can you remember?

Crito. I am hunting for it.

Pam. Shall then his memory oppoſe my bliſs,
When I can miniſter the cure myſelf?

No, I will not permit it.—Hark you, Chremes,
The name is Paſibula.

Crito. True.

Chremes. The ſame.

Pam. I've heard it from herſelf a thouſand times.

Simo. Chremes, I truſt you will believe, we all
Rejoice at this.

Chremes. 'Fore heaven I believe ſo.

Pam. And now, my father——

Simo. Peace, ſon! the event
Has reconcil'd me.

Pam. O thou beſt of fathers!
Does Chremes too confirm Glycerium mine?

Chremes. And with good cauſe, if Simo hinder not.

Pam. Sir! [*to* Simo*.

Simo. Be it ſo.

Chremes. My daughter's portion is
Ten talents, Pamphilus. †

* P. *Sir!* Si. *Be it ſo.*] P. *Nempe.* Si. *Id ſcilicet.* Donatus, and ſome others after him, underſtand theſe words of Simo and Pamphilus, as requiring a fortune of Chremes with his daughter: and one of them ſays, that Simo, in order to explain his meaning in the repreſentation, ſhould produce a bag of money. This ſurely is precious refinement, worthy the genius of a true commentator. Madam Dacier, who entertains a juſt veneration for Donatus, doubts the authenticity of the obſervation aſcribed to him. The ſenſe I have followed is, I think, the moſt obvious and natural interpretation of the words of Pamphilus and Simo, which refer to the preceding, not the ſubſequent ſpeech, of Chremes.

† *My daughter's portion is ten talents.*] All our own tranſlators of this

Pam. I am content.

Chremes. I'll to her inſtantly: and prithee, Crito,
Along with me! for ſure ſhe knows me not.

* [*Exeunt* Chremes *and* Crito.

this poet have betrayed great ignorance in their eſtimations of antient ſums: and Madam Dacier, and the common Latin Interpreters, ſeem not to have given themſelves much trouble on this head: but this part of antient learning ought not to be paſſed over ſlightly, ſince the wealth and plenty of a great and famous ſtate are to be diſcovered from it. The name of the Talent ought to be preſerved in a tranſlation, as ſhould the *Mina*, *Half-Mina*, *Drachma*, and *Obolus*, for the ſame reaſon for which Terence preſerved them in his Latin Tranſlations of Greek Plays, *viz.* becauſe the ſcene is in Athens, and theſe are Attick pieces of money. The common Attick Talent, which is the Talent mentioned thro' Terence, contained ſixty Minæ, as Gronovius, in a note to the Ciſtellaria of Plautus, and other accurate Enquirers have agreed. Ten Talents therefore were equal to 1937 l. 10s. of our money, which we may reaſonably ſuppoſe a tolerable good fortune, conſidering the price of proviſions then in that part of Greece; which we may partly judge of from the paſſage, where the *Obolus* is mentioned in the ſecond act of this play. COOKE.

* *Exeunt* Chremes *and* Crito.] Crito is, as Donatus calls him, *perſona in cataſtrophen machinata*, a character formed to bring about the cataſtrophe. To ſupply his place in the fable, Sir Richard Steele has converted Phania, the brother of Chremes mentioned in the foregoing ſcene, into a ſiſter, and ſubſtituted Iſabella for Crito. But here, I think, and in almoſt every circumſtance of the diſcovery, the art of the Engliſh Poet is much inferior to that of his Original. Iſabella does not maintain her importance in the Drama ſo well as Crito. Indiana indeed ſerves to add a degree of *Pathos* to the ſcene: but the relation of the incidents of her life, and throwing off her little ornaments in a kind of Tragedy-Rant, till Iſabella appears to unravel the myſtery, is ſurely much leſs natural than the minute detail of circumſtances, ſo finely produced by our Author. It is, ſays Donatus,

Simo. Why do you not give orders inſtantly
To bring her to our houſe?

Pam. Th' advice is good.
I'll give that charge to Davus.

Simo. It can't be.

Pam. Why?

Simo. He has other buſineſs of his own,
Of nearer import to himſelf.

Pam. What buſineſs?

Simo. He's bound.

* *Pam.* Bound! how, Sir!

Simo. How, Sir?—neck and heels.

Pam. Ah, let him be enlarg'd!

Simo. It ſhall be done.

Pam. But inſtantly.

Simo. I'll in, and order it. [*Exit.*

Pam. Oh what a happy, happy, day is this!

natus, the greateſt praiſe, when the ſpectator may imagine thoſe things to happen by chance, which are produced by the utmoſt induſtry of the Poet.

* P. *Bound! how, ſir!* Si. *How, ſir? neck and heels.*] *Non* RECTE *vinctus eſt.—haud ita juſſi.* The conceit in the original is a Pun upon the word *recte*, impoſſible to be preſerved exactly in the tranſlation. Donatus obſerves very well on this paſſage, that the jocularity of the old gentleman on this occaſion, is a characteriſtick mark of his thorough reconciliation.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

**Enter* CHARINUS *behind.*

Char. I come to ſee what Pamphilus is doing:
And there he is!

Pam. And is this true?—Yes, yes,

* *Enter* Charinus.] He who undertakes to conduct two intrigues at a time, impoſes on himſelf the neceſſity of unravelling them both at the ſame inſtant. If the principal concludes firſt, that which remains can ſupport itſelf no longer: if, on the contrary, the epiſode abandons the main part of the fable, there ariſes another inconvenience; ſome of the characters either diſappear without reaſon, or ſhew themſelves again to no end or purpoſe; ſo that the piece becomes maimed or unintereſting. DIDEROT.

The firſt of the inconveniences above mentioned is that which occurs in the concluſion of this play. The diſcovery once made, and Glycerium given to Pamphilus, all that remains becomes cold. From the extreme brevity of this laſt ſcene, one would imagine that the Poet himſelf found this part of the fable languiſh under his hands. Some of the commentators, fond of that tediouſneſs, which Terence was ſo ſtudious to avoid, have added ſeventeen ſpurious lines of dialogue between Charinus and Chremes. Donatus, tho' he approved of this underplot, which Terence added to the fable of Menander, yet commends his judgment in avoiding prolixity, by ſettling only one marriage on the ſtage, and diſpatching the other behind the ſcenes. But ſurely the whole epiſode of Charinus is unneceſſary, and the fable would be more clear, more compact, and more complete without it. See the firſt note to the ſecond act.

The fifth act of Baron is an almoſt literal, though very elegant

I know 'tis true, becauſe I wiſh it ſo.
* Therefore I think the life of Gods eternal,
For that their joys are permanent: and now,
† My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That I too am immortal, if no ill
Step in betwixt me and this happineſs.
Oh, for a boſom-friend now to pour out
My ecſtaſies before him!

Char. What's this rapture? [*liſtening.*

Pam. Oh, yonder's Davus: nobody more welcome;
For he, I know, will join in tranſport with me.

gant verſion, of this of our Author.

It is very remarkable, that though Terence is generally conſidered to be a grave author, as a writer of Comedy, the Andrian has much more humour and pleaſantry, than either the Engliſh or French imitation of it.

* *Therefore I think, &c.*] This whole ſentence is transferred by our Poet to this play from the Eunuch of Menander: and to this practice alludes the objection mentioned in the Prologue. That fables ſhould not be confounded. DONATUS.

† *My Soul hath her content ſo abſolute.*] The paſſage in Shakeſpeare's Othello, from which I have borrowed this line, is a kind of contraſt to this in our Author. Each of them are ſpeeches of the higheſt joy and rapture, and each of them founded on the inſtability of human happineſs; but the reader will meet with a ſtill cloſer compariſon between the Engliſh and Latin Poet in the notes to the 3d act of the Eunuch, to which place I have referred the citation from Shakeſpeare.

SCENE

SCENE THE LAST.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus entering.] Where's Pamphilus?

Pam. Oh Davus!

Davus. Who's there?

Pam. I.

Davus. Oh Pamphilus!

Pam. You know not my good fortune.

Davus. Do you know my ill-fortune?

Pam. To a tittle.

Davus. 'Tis after the old fashion, that my ills
Should reach your ears, before your joys reach mine.

Pam. Glycerium has discover'd her relations.

Davus. Oh excellent!

Char. How's that? [*listening.*

Pam. Her father is
Our most near friend.

Davus. Who?

Pam. Chremes.

Davus. Charming news!

Pam. And I'm to marry her immediately.

Char. Is this man talking in his sleep, and dreams
On what he wishes waking? [*listening.*

Pam. And moreover,
For the child, Davus———

Davus. Ah, Sir, ſay no more.
You're th' only favourite of the Gods.

Char. I'm made
If this be true. I'll ſpeak to them. [*comes forward.*

Pam. Who's there?
Charinus! oh, well met.

Char. I give you joy.

Pam. You've heard then—

Char. Ev'ry word: and prithee now,
In your good fortune, think upon your friend.
Chremes is now your own; and will perform
Whatever you ſhall aſk.

Pam. I ſhall remember.
'Twere tedious to expect his coming forth;
Along with me then to Glycerium!
Davus, do you go home, and haſten them
To fetch her hence. Away, away!

Davus. I go. [*Exeunt* Pam. *and* Char.

[Davus *addreſſing the audience.*

Wait not till they come forth: Within
She'll be betroth'd; within, if aught remains
Undone, 'twill be concluded.—Clap your hands!*

* *Clap your hands.*] *Plaudite.* All the old Tragedies and Comedies acted at Rome concluded in this manner. *Donec* CANTOR *vos* PLAUDITE *dicat,* ſays Horace. Who the *Cantor* was

was is a matter of diſpute. Monſ. Dacier thinks it was the whole Chorus; others ſuppoſe it to have been a ſingle Actor; ſome the Prompter, and ſome the Compoſer.

Before the word *Plaudite* in all the old copies is an Ω, which has alſo given riſe to ſeveral learned conjectures. It is moſt probable, according to the notion of Madam Dacier, that this Ω, being the laſt Letter of the Greek Alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the tranſcriber to ſignify the end, like the Latin word *Finis* in modern books: or it might, as Patrick ſuppoſes, ſtand for Ωδος, *Cantor* denoting that the following word *Plaudite*, was ſpoken by him.

CALLIOPIUS RECENSUI.] After *Plaudite*, in all the old copies of Terence, ſtand theſe two words: which ſignify, "I "Calliopius have reviſed and "corrected this piece." And this proceeds from the cuſtom of the old criticks, who carefully reviſed all manuſcripts: and when they had read and corrected any work, certified the ſame by placing their names at the end of it. DACIER.

THE

Eunuch.

THE

EUNUCH.

TO THE

KING's SCHOLARS

Of St. Peter's College, Weſtminſter,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

AND OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE,
LACHES,
PHÆDRIA,
CHÆREA,
ANTIPHO,
CHREMES,
THRASO,
GNATHO,
PARMENO,
DORUS,
SANGA,
SIMALIO, and other Mutes.

THAIS,
PYTHIAS,
DORYAS,
SOPHRONA,
PAMPHILA, and other Mutes.

SCENE, ATHENS.

THE

EUNUCH;*

Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES,

L. Poſtumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Muſick, compoſed for Two Right-handed Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is from the Greek of Menander. It was acted twice †, M. Valerius, ‡ and C. Fannius, Conſuls ‖.

* *The Eunuch.*] This ſeems to have been the moſt popular of all the Comedies of Terence. Suetonius and Donatus, both inform us that it was acted with the greateſt applauſe, and that the Poet received a larger Price for it from the Ædiles, than had ever been paid for any before, viz. 8000 ſeſterces, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in thoſe times was a conſiderable ſum.

† *Acted twice.*] *Acta* II. Donatus informs us it was acted a third time. It is certain therefore that there is ſomething wanting in this title, and that we ſhould read *acta* II. DIE, *acted twice* IN ONE DAY, of which fact we are made acquainted by Suetonius. DAC.

‡ *Valerius, and Fannius, Conſuls.*] That is in the year of Rome 592, and 160 before Chriſt.

‖ Baif, a Poet, who lived under Charles IX. made a tranſlation of the Eunuch into French Verſe, which if I am not deceived,

ceived, was never publickly repreſented, as there was not at that time a company of Comedians regularly eſtabliſhed at Paris. I have not heard that before, or ſince his time, we have any other poetical tranſlations of Terence; and my Andrian is, I believe, the firſt of his Comedies, that has appeared on our ſtage. BARON.

Baron is partly miſtaken. There is extant in the works of the celebrated Fontaine a Comedy entitled L'Eunuque, being, like Baron's Andrian, founded on Terence, with ſuch alterations, as the modern Poet thought adviſeable in his age and country. Some of the principal variations will be obſerved in the courſe of theſe notes.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

TO pleaſe the candid, give offence to none,
This, ſays the Poet, ever was his care:
*Yet if there's One, who thinks he's hardly cenſur'd,
Let him remember He was the Aggreſſor:
He, who tranſlating many, but not well,
On good Greek fables fram'd poor Latin plays;
He, who but lately to the Publick gave
†The Phantom of Menander; *He*, who made,
‡In the Theſaurus, the Defendant plead

* *Yet if there's one, &c.*] Meaning Lavinius, the Poet cenſured in the Prologue to the Andrian. DONATUS.

† *The Phantom of Menander.*] The Phantom [Φασμα] was the title of a Comedy of Menander; in which a young Man looking thro' a hole in the wall, which divides his father's houſe from a neighbour's, beholds a virgin of extraordinary beauty, and is affected with an aweful reverence, as at the ſight of a Divinity; from which the Play is called the Phantom. The Mother (who had this child by a ſecret amour before her marriage with the young man's father, and educated her privately in the houſe of her next door neighbour) is repreſented to have made the hole in the wall, and to have decked the paſſage with garlands, and green branches, that it might look like a conſecrated place; whither ſhe daily went to her devotions, and uſed to call forth her daughter to converſe with her there. The Youth, coming by degrees to the knowledge of her being but a mortal, his paſſion for her becomes ſo violent, as to admit of no cure but marriage; which at laſt is accompliſhed to the great ſatisfaction of the Mother and Daughter, the joy of the Lover, and the conſent of his Father.—This argument of the Phaſma Bentley gives us; but to whom we are obliged for it ſays he does not know, whether to Donatus or ſome older ſcholiaſt. COOKE.

‡ *In the Theſaurus.*] In the Theſaurus, or Treaſure, of Lavinius, a young fellow having

And vouch the queſtion'd treaſure to be his,
Before the Plaintiff his own title ſhews,
Or whence it came into his father's tomb.
Henceforward, let him not deceive himſelf,
Or cry, "I'm ſafe, he can ſay nought of me."
I charge him that he err not, and forbear
To urge me farther; for I've more, much more,
Which now ſhall be o'erlook'd; but ſhall be known,
If he perſue his ſlanders, as before.
Soon as this Play, the Eunuch of Menander,
Which we are now preparing to perform,
Was purchas'd by the Ædiles, he obtain'd

ſquandered his eſtate, ſends a ſervant ten years after his father's death, according to the will of the deceaſed, to carry proviſions to his father's monument; but he had before ſold the ground, in which the monument ſtood, to a covetous old man; to whom the ſervant applied to help him to open the monument; in which they diſcovered a hoard of gold and a letter. The old fellow ſeizes the Treaſure, and keeps it, under pretence of having depoſited it there, for ſafety, during times of war: the young fellow goes to law with him; and the old man is repreſented as opening the cauſe thus: "Athe-" nians, why ſhould I relate the " war with the Rhodians? &c." which Terence ridicules, becauſe the young man who was the Plaintiff, ſhould firſt ſhew his own title to it.—Thus far Bentley from the ſame ſcholiaſt. This note is a clear explanation of the paſſage to which it belongs. Hare concurs with Madam Dacier in her opinion, that this ſtory of the Treaſure was only an incident foiſted by Lavinius into the Phantom of Menander, and not a diſtinct play: but was I not determined by the more learned Bentley, the Text itſelf would not permit me to concur in their opinion, as the words *atque in Theſauro ſcripſit*, ſeem plainly to be a tranſition to another play. COOKE.

Menander,

*Leave to examine it: and afterwards
†When 'twas rehears'd before the Magiſtrates,
" A Thief, he cried, no Poet gives this piece.
" Yet has he not deceiv'd us; for we know,
" ‡The Colax is an antient Comedy
" Of Nævius, and of Plautus; and from thence
" The Paraſite and Soldier both are ſtolen."
If that's the Poet's crime, it is a crime
Of ignorance, and not a ſtudied theft.
Judge for yourſelves! the fact is even thus:
The Colax is a fable of Menander;
Wherein is drawn the character of Colax
The Paraſite, and the Vain-Glorious Soldier:
Which characters, he ſcruples not to own,
He to his Eunuch from the Greek transferr'd:

Menander, and his Cotemporary Philemon, each of them wrote a Comedy under this title. We have in the above note the ſtory of Menander's; and we know that of Philemon's from the Trinummus of Plautus, which was a tranſlation of it.

* *Leave to examine it.*] *Perfecit, ſibi ut* inſpiciundi *eſſet copia.* The word *inſpiciundi* certainly carries a ſtronger ſenſe than merely to be preſent at the repreſentation. The meaning of the whole paſſage I take to be this. That having obtained leave to peruſe the MS. he furniſhed himſelf with objections againſt the piece, which he threw out when it came to be repreſented before the Magiſtrates.

† *When 'twas rehears'd before the Magiſtrates.*] This is a remarkable paſſage, for it informs us that when the Magiſtrates had bought a piece, they had it repreſented at their own houſe, before it was played in publick. DACIER.

‡ *The Colax, &c.*] Colax is a Greek word [Κολαξ] ſignifying a flatterer, which was the reaſon the Greeks gave that name to their Paraſites. DACIER.

*But that he knew, thoſe pieces were before
Made Latin, That he ſtedfaſtly denies.†

* *But that he knew, &c.*] If Plautus wrote a play under the title of Colax, I ſhould think it very unlikely for Terence not to have ſeen it, conſidering how ſoon he flouriſhed after Plautus, his being engaged in the ſame ſtudies, and his having ſuch acceſs to the libraries of the Great. Among the fragments of Plautus is one verſe ſaid to be a line of the Colax: yet I am inclined to believe Plautus never tranſlated Menander's Colax. The Character of the Vain-Glorious Soldier here mentioned I am apt to think the ſame with that which is the Hero of Plautus's Comedy now extant, and called *Miles Glorioſus*; from which Terence could not take his Thraſo. Pyrgopolinices and Thraſo are both full of themſelves, both boaſt of their valour, and their intimacy with princes, and both fancy themſelves beloved by all the women, who ſee them; and they are both played off by their Paraſites; but they differ in their manners and their ſpeech. Plautus's Pyrgopolinices is always in the clouds, and talking big, and of blood and wounds, like our heroes commonly called Derby Captains. Terence's Thraſo never ſays too little, nor too much, but is an eaſy ridiculous character, continually ſupplying the audience with mirth, without the wild extravagant bluſter of Pyrgopolinices. Plautus and Terence both took their Soldiers and Paraſites from Menander, but gave them different dreſſes. Cooke.

Though there is much good criticiſm in the above note, it is certain that Plautus did not take his Miles Glorioſus from the Colax of Menander, as he himſelf informs us it was tranſlated from a Greek Play called Αλαζων, the Boaſter, and the Paraſite is but a trifling character in that play, never appearing after the firſt ſcene.

† *That he ſtedfaſtly denies.*] It ſeems almoſt incredible, that Terence ſhould be ignorant of theſe two plays, written by Nævius and Plautus; but our wonder will abate, when we reflect that all the learning of that time was confined to manuſcripts, which being few and not common, could not be in the hands of many. Beſides, as it was not then ſo general a cuſtom to collect in one volume all the works of the ſame poet, one might ſee ſome of his pieces, without ſeeing the whole. Pat.

Yet

Yet if to other Poets 'tis not lawful
To draw the characters our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro; to repreſent
Good matrons, wanton harlots; or to ſhew
An eating paraſite, vain-glorious ſoldier,
Suppoſititious children, bubbled dotards,
Or Love, or Hate, or Jealouſy?—In ſhort
Nothing's ſaid now, but has been ſaid before.
Weigh then theſe things with candour, and forgive
The Moderns, if what Antients did, they do.
Attend, and liſt in ſilence to our play,
That ye may know what 'tis the Eunuch means.

THE

THE EUNUCH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHÆDRIA, PARMENO.

*Phæd.** AND what then ſhall I do? not go? not now?
When ſhe herſelf invites me? or were't beſt
Faſhion my mind no longer to endure
Theſe harlots' impudence?—Shut out! recall'd!
Shall I return? No, not if ſhe implore me.

Par. Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you try, and can't go thro' with ſpirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and ſwear you love, and can't endure it,
Good night! all's over! ruin'd and undone!

* *And what then, &c.*] Phædria enters, as having deliberated a long time within himſelf, at laſt breaking out into theſe words. Don.

Horace and Perſius have both imitated this beautiful paſſage in their ſatires.

She'll

She'll jilt you, when ſhe ſees you in her pow'r.

Phæd. You then, in time conſider and adviſe!

Par. Maſter! the thing which hath not in itſelf
Or meaſure or advice, advice can't rule.
In love are all theſe ills: ſuſpicions, quarrels,
Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again:
Things thus uncertain, if by reaſon's rules
You'd certain make, it were as wiſe a taſk
*To try with reaſon to run mad. And now
What you in anger meditate—I her? †
That him?—that me? that would not—pardon me!
I would die rather: No! ſhe ſhall perceive
How much I am a man.—Big words like theſe,
She in good faith with one falſe tiny drop,
Which, after grievous rubbing, from her eyes

* *To try with reaſon to run mad.*] Theobald is of opinion, that the following paſſage of Shakeſpeare is partly imitated from this of our Author.

— — — — — — — — — To be wiſe and love
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.
Troilus and Creſſida.

If it be really an imitation, Shakeſpeare in this inſtance, contrary to cuſtom, falls infinitely below his original.

† *I her?—that him?—that me?—that would not* ——] An abrupt manner of ſpeaking familiar to perſons in anger, for the ſentences are to be underſtood thus. I *go to* her?—that *receiv'd* him?—that *excluded* me?—that would not *let me in*: for indignation loves to deal in the Ellipſis and Apoſiopeſis. Don.

As the Pronouns in our language admit a variation of Caſe, I ſaw no reaſon why I ſhould not literally copy the beautiful *egone illam?* &c. of Terence.

Can

Can ſcarce perforce be ſqueez'd, ſhall overcome.
Nay, ſhe ſhall ſwear, 'twas you in fault, not ſhe;
You too ſhall own th' offence, and pray for pardon.

Phæd. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous! now indeed I ſee
How falſe ſhe is, and what a wretch I am!
Spite of myſelf I love; and knowing, feeling,
With open eyes run on to my deſtruction;
And what to do I know not.

Par. What to do?
What *ſhould* you do, Sir, but redeem yourſelf
As cheaply as you can?—at eaſy rates
If poſſible---if not---at any rate---
And never vex yourſelf.

Phæd. Is that your counſel?

Par. Ay, if you're wiſe; and do not add to love
More troubles than it has, and thoſe it has
Bear bravely!* But ſhe comes, our ruin comes;

* *But ſhe comes, our ruin comes; For ſhe, &c.*] There is an extreme elegance in this paſſage in the original. There is much the ſame ſentiment in the Cymbeline of Shakeſpeare: and I believe, upon a fair compariſon between them, the learned reader will agree with me, that the paſſage in the Engliſh poet is not only equal, but even ſuperior in beauty to that in Terence.

Sed ecca ipſa egreditur, noſtri fundi calamitas:
Nam quod nos capere oportet, hæc intercipit. TER.

— — — — — — — comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.
CYMBELINE, Act 1.

For

For ſhe, like ſtorms of hail on fields of corn,
Beats down our hopes, and carries all before her.

SCENE II.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. Ah me! I fear leſt Phædria take offence,
And think I meant it other than I did,
That he was not admitted yeſterday.
[*to herſelf not ſeeing them.*

Phæd. I tremble, Parmeno, and freeze with horror.

Par. Be of good cheer! approach yon fire---ſhe'll warm you.

Thais. Who's there? my Phædria? Why did you ſtand here?
Why not directly enter?

Par. Not one word
Of having ſhut him out!

Thais. Why don't you ſpeak?

Phæd. Becauſe, forſooth, theſe doors will always fly
Open to me, or that becauſe I ſtand
The firſt in your good graces. [*ironically.*

Thais. Nay, no more!

Phæd. No more?----O Thais, Thais, would to heaven
Our loves were parallel, that things like theſe
Might torture you, as this has tortur'd me;

Or

Or that your actions were indifferent to me!

Thais. Grieve not, I beg, my love, my Phædria!
Not that I lov'd another more, I did this.
But I by circumstance was forc'd to do it.

Par. So then, it seems, for very love, poor soul,
You shut the door in's teeth.

Thais. Ah, Parmeno!
Is't thus you deal with me? Go to!---But hear
Why I did call you hither.

Phæd. Be it so.

Thais. But tell me first, can yon slave hold his peace?

Par. I? oh most faithfully: But hark ye, madam!
On this condition do I bind my faith:
The truths I hear, I will conceal; but falsehood,
Fiction, or gross pretence, shall out at once.
I'm full of chinks, and run through here and there:
So if you claim my secresy, speak truth.

Thais. My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.*

Par. This sleeps in silence. [*archly.*

Thais. There a certain merchant
Made her a present of a little girl,
Stol'n hence from Attica.

* *My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.*] An indirect and tender manner of acknowledging her mother to be a courtezan, by saying she was a native of one place, and lived in another. For this reason courtezans were called *strangers*; and on this circumstance depends the archness and malice of Parmeno's answer. DONAT.

Phæd. A citizen?

Thais. I think ſo, but we cannot tell for certain:
Her father's and her mother's name ſhe told
Herſelf; her country, and the other marks
Of her original, ſhe neither knew,
Nor from her age, was't poſſible ſhe ſhould.
The merchant added further, that the pirates,
Of whom he bought her, let him underſtand,
She had been ſtol'n from Sunium.* My mother
Gave her an education, brought her up
In all reſpects as ſhe had been her own;
And ſhe in gen'ral was ſuppos'd my ſiſter.
I journied hither with the gentleman
To whom alone I was connected then,
The ſame who left me all I have.

Par. Theſe articles
Are both rank falſehoods, and ſhall out.

Thais. Why ſo?

Par. Becauſe nor you with one could be content,
Nor he alone enrich'd you; for my maſter
Made good and large addition.

Thais. I allow it.
But let me haſten to the point I wiſh.
Meantime the Captain, who was then but young
In his attachment to me, went to Caria. †

* *Sunium.*] A part of Attica upon the ſea coaſt.

† *Caria.*] A region of Aſia Minor upon the ſea coaſt, oppoſite to Rhodes.

I,

*I, in his abſence, was addreſt by You;
Since when, full well you know, how very dear
I've held you, and have truſted you with all
My neareſt counſels.

Phæd. And yet Parmeno
Will not be ſilent even here.

Par. Oh, Sir,
Is that a doubt?

Thais. Nay, prithee now, attend!
My mother's lately dead at Rhodes: her brother
Too much intent on wealth, no ſooner ſaw
This virgin, handſome, well-accompliſht, ſkill'd
In muſick, than, ſpurr'd on by hopes of gain,
In publick market he expos'd and ſold her.
It ſo fell out, my ſoldier-ſpark was there,
And bought her, all unknowing theſe events;
To give to me: but ſoon as he return'd,
And found how much I was attach'd to You,
He feign'd excuſes to keep back the girl;
Pretending, were he thoroughly convinc'd
That I would ſtill prefer him to yourſelf,
Nor fear'd that when I had receiv'd the girl,
I would abandon him, he'd give her to me;
But *that* he doubted. For my part, I think
He is grown fond of her himſelf.

* *I in his abſence, &c.*] It is artful of the Poet to repreſent the captain as the prior lover, by which Thais may plead for this indulgence from Phædria with a better grace. DONATUS.

Phæd. Is there
Aught more between them?
Thais. No; for I've enquir'd.
And now, my Phædria, there are ſundry cauſes
Wherefore I wiſh to win the virgin from him.
Firſt, for ſhe's call'd my ſiſter: and moreover,
That I to her relations may reſtore her.
I'm a lone woman, have nor friend, nor kin:
Wherefore, my Phædria, I would raiſe up friends
By ſome good turn:—And you, I prithee now,
Help me to do it! Let him ſome few days
Be my gallant in chief. What! no reply?
Phæd. Abandon'd woman! can I aught reply
To deeds like theſe?
Par. Oh excellent! well ſaid!
He feels at length: Now, maſter, you're a man.
Phæd. I ſaw your ſtory's drift.---" A little girl
" Stol'n hence----My mother brought her up----was call'd
" My ſiſter---I would fain obtain her from him,
" That I to her relations might reſtore her---"
All this preamble comes at laſt to this.
I am excluded, he's admitted. Why?
But that you love him more than me, and fear
Leſt this young captive win your hero from you.
Thais. Do I fear that?
Phæd. Why, prithee now, what elſe?

Does

Does *He* bring gifts alone? did'ſt e'er perceive
My bounty ſhut againſt you? Did I not,
Becauſe you told me you'd be glad to have
An Æthiopian ſervant-maid, all elſe
Omitted, ſeek one out? You ſaid beſides,
You wiſh'd to have an Eunuch, 'cauſe forſooth,
They were for dames of quality. I found one,
For both I yeſterday paid twenty *minæ*.*
Yet you contemn me---I forgot not theſe,
And for theſe I'm deſpis'd.

Thais. Why this, my Phædria?
Tho' I would fain obtain the girl, and tho'
I think by theſe means it might well be done;
Yet, rather than make you my enemy,
I'll do as you command.

Phæd. Oh, had you ſaid
Thoſe words ſincerely---"Rather than make you
"My enemy!"---Oh, could I think thoſe words
Came from your heart, what is't I'd not endure!

Par. Gone! conquer'd with one word! alas, how ſoon!

Thais. Not ſpeak ſincerely? from my very ſoul?
What did you ever aſk, altho' in ſport,
But you obtain'd it of me? yet I can't
Prevail on you to grant but two ſhort days.

Phæd. Well---for two days---ſo thoſe two be not twenty.

* *Twenty Minæ.*] Equal to 64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* of our money. Cooke.

Thais. No in good faith but two, or---

Phæd. Or? no more.

Thais. It ſhall not be: but you will grant me thoſe.

Phæd. Your will muſt be a law.

Thais. Thanks, my ſweet Phædria!

Phæd. I'll to the country: there conſume myſelf
For theſe two days: it muſt be ſo: we muſt
Give way to Thais---See you, Parmeno,
The ſlaves brought hither.

Par. Sir, I will.

Phæd. My Thais,
For theſe two days, farewell!

Thais. Farewell, my Phædria!
Would you aught elſe with me?

Phæd. Aught elſe, my Thais?
* Be with yon ſoldier preſent, as if abſent:

* *Be with yon ſoldier, &c.*] Phædria's requeſt to his miſtreſs, upon leaving her for two days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

ADDISON's *Spectator* N° 170.

Imogen in the ſpeech above cited from Shakeſpeare, expreſſes her intention to have ſaid much the ſame kind of things on parting with Poſthumus. As both the paſſages are extremely beautiful, it may not be diſagreeable to the reader to compare them together.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
The ſhees of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine int'reſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with oriſons; for then
I am in heaven with him, &c.

All

All night and day love Me: ſtill long for Me:
Dream, ponder ſtill of Me; wiſh, hope for Me;
Delight in Me; be all in all with Me:
Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to Me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet THAIS.*

Ah me! I fear that he believes me not,
And judges of my heart from thoſe of others.†
I in my conſcience know, that nothing falſe
I have deliver'd, nor to my true heart
Is any dearer than this Phædria:
And whatſoe'er in this affair I've done,

* *Manet* Thais.] The Poet very judiciouſly reſerves part of the argument to be told here, which Thais did not relate to Phædria, in the preſence of Parmeno: whom the poet keeps in ignorance, that he may with probability dare to aſſiſt Chærea in his attempt on the virgin. DONATUS.

† *And judges of my heart from thoſe of others.*] Here Terence ſhews it to be his peculiar excellence to introduce common characters in a new manner, without departing from cuſtom, or nature: Since he draws a good courtezan, and yet engages and delights the ſpectator. DONATUS.

Under the name of Thais, Menander is ſuppoſed to have drawn the character of his own miſtreſs, Glycere; and, it ſeems, he introduced a courtezan of the ſame name into ſeveral of his comedies. One comedy was entitled Thais, from which St. Paul took the ſentence in his Epiſtle to the Corinthians, "Evil communications corrupt "good manners." Plutarch has alſo preſerved four lines of

For the girl's ſake I've done: for I'm in hopes
I know her brother, a right noble youth.
To day I wait him, by his own appointment;
Wherefore I'll in, and tarry for his coming.

the prologue to that comedy, in which the poet, in a kind of mock-heroick manner invokes the muſe, to teach him to draw the character of his heroine.

Ἐμοὶ μὲν ὦν ἄειδε τοιαύτην, θεὰ,
Θρασεῖαν, ἁρπαλέαν δὲ καὶ πιθανὴν ἅμα,
Ἀδικοῦσαν, ἀποκλειομένην, αἰτῶσαν πᾶσιν,
Μηδένος φροντίζουσαν, προσποιουμένην δ' ἀεί.

PLUT. *de Audiend. Poet.*

Such therefore ſing, O Goddeſs! bold, but fair,
And bleſt with all the arts of fond perſuaſion;
Injurious, quarrellous, for ever craving,
Caring for none, but feigning love to all.

The word ἀποκλειομένην alludes particularly to the ſhutting out her lovers, the very injury offered to Phædria in this play.

Fontaine, probably for the ſame reaſons that induced Baron to vary from his original, repreſents Thais as a young widow, inſtead of a courtezan.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

PHÆDRIA, PARMENO.

Phædria. CARRY the ſlaves according to my order*.

Par. I will.

Phæd. But diligently.

Par. Sir, I will.

Phæd. But ſoon.

Par. I will, Sir!

Phæd. Say, is it ſufficient?

Par. Ah! what a queſtion's that? as if it were
So difficult! I wiſh, Sir Phædria,
You could gain aught ſo eaſy, as loſe theſe.

Phæd. I loſe, what's dearer yet, my comfort with them.
Repine not at my gifts.

Par. Not I: moreover

* *Carry the ſlaves, &c.*] This Scene contains a deal of lover's impertinence and idle talk, repeating what has been ſaid before; and that too much over and over again, and in a tireſome manner. DONATUS.

If the Critick meant this note for a cenſure, it is in fact rather a commendation.

I will convey them ſtraight. But have you any
Other commands?

Phæd. Oh yes: Set off our preſents
With words as handſome as you can; and drive,
As much as poſſible, that rival from her!

Par. Ah, Sir! I ſhould, of courſe, remember that.

Phæd. I'll to the country, and ſtay there.

Par. O, ay! [*ironically.*

Phæd. But hark you!

Par. Sir, your pleaſure?

Phæd. Do you think
I can with conſtancy hold out, and not
Return before my time?

Par. Hold out? Not you.
Either you'll ſtraight return, or want of ſleep*
Will drive you forth at midnight.

Phæd. I will toil;
That, weary, I may ſleep againſt my will.

Par. Weary you may be; but you'll never ſleep.

Phæd. Ah, Parmeno, you wrong me. I'll caſt out
This treacherous ſoftneſs from my ſoul, nor thus
Indulge my paſſions. Yes, I could remain,
If need, without her even three whole days.

* *Want of ſleep, &c.*] *Aut max noctu te* adiget *horſum inſomnia.* The common reading is *adigent.* But the correction and interpretation of Donatus, who explains the word *inſomnia* in this place to ſignify *watching, want of ſleep*, is confirmed by the two next ſpeeches.

Par.

Par. *Hui! three whole livelong days! conſider, Sir.
Phæd. I am reſolved.

* *Hui! three whole days!*] *Hui!* UNIVORSUM *triduum!*—*Crites.* To read Macrobius, explaining the propriety and elegance of many words in Virgil, which I had before paſſed over without conſideration, as common things, is enough to aſſure me that I ought to think the fame of Terence; and that in the purity of his ſtile, (which Tully ſo much valued, that he ever carried his works about him) there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it.

Eugenius. I ſhould have been led to a conſideration of the wit of the ancients, had not Crites given me ſufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; becauſe the languages being dead, and many of the cuſtoms, and little accidents, on which it depended, loſt to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant, that here and there we may miſs the application of a proverb or a cuſtom, yet a thing well ſaid will be wit in all languages; and though it may loſe ſomething in the tranſlation, yet to him who reads it in the original, it is ſtill the ſame. He has an idea of its excellence, though it cannot paſs from his mind into any other expreſſion or words than thoſe in which he finds it. When Phædria in the Eunuch had a command from his miſtreſs to be abſent two days, and encouraging himſelf to go through with it, ſaid, *Tandem ego non illâ caream, ſi opus ſit, vel totum triduum?* Parmeno, to mock the ſoftneſs of his maſter, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out, as it were in admiration, *Hui! univorſum triduum!* the elegancy of which *univorſum*, though *it cannot be rendered in our language*, yet leaves an impreſſion on our ſouls. But this happens ſeldom in him, in Plautus oftener; who is infinitely too bold in his metaphors and coining words; out of which many times his wit is nothing.

DRYDEN's *Eſſay of Dramatick Poeſie.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

PARMENO *alone.*

*Heav'ns, what a ſtrange diſeaſe is this!---That love
Should ſo change men, that one can hardly ſwear
They are the ſame!---No mortal liv'd
Leſs weak, more grave, more temperate than he.
---But who comes yonder?---Gnatho, as I live;
The Captain's paraſite! and brings along
The Virgin for a preſent: oh rare wench!
†How beautiful! I ſhall come off, I doubt,
But ſcurvily with my decrepid Eunuch.
This girl ſurpaſſes ev'n Thais herſelf.

* *Heav'ns, what a ſtrange, &c.*] Part of Benedict's ſoliloquy in the ſecond act of Much ado about Nothing is much in the ſame vein with this of Parmeno; only that it is heightened by the circumſtance of its being immediately previous to his falling in love himſelf.

† *How beautiful, &c.*] The Poet makes Parmeno take notice of her extraordinary beauty, in order to make the violence of Chærea's paſſion for her the more probable. DONATUS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

* *Enter* GNATHO, *leading* PAMPHILA; PARMENO *behind.*

†*Gnath.* Good heav'ns! how much one man excels another!
What diff'rence 'twixt a wise man and a fool!
What just now happen'd proves it: Coming hither

* *Enter Gnatho.*] These characters, the Parasite and the Soldier, as the Poet himself confesses, are not in the Eunuch of Menander, but taken from the Colax. DONATUS.

Two actions, equally laboured and driven on by the writer, would destroy the unity of the poem; it would be no longer one play, but two: Not but that there may be many actions in a play, as Ben Jonson has observed in his Discoveries, but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our language happily expresses in the name of under plots: Such as in Terence's Eunuch is the difference and reconcilement of Thais and Phædria, which is not the chief business of the play, but promotes the marriage of Chærea and Chremes's sister, principally intended by the poet. There ought to be but one action, says Corneille, that is, one complete action, which leaves the mind of the audience in a full repose; but this cannot be brought to pass, but by many other imperfect actions which conduce to it, and hold the audience in a delightful suspence of what will be.
Dryden's Essay of Dramatick Poesie.

Instead of the quarrels of Thais and Phædria, which were most probably in the Eunuch of Menander, it would have been better to have instanced the characters taken from the Colax; which Terence has very artfully connected with the rest of the fable, by representing the Girl, loved by Chærea, as given to Thais by Thraso; which produces the absence of Phædria, leaves room for the comical imposture of Chærea, and, although adscititious, becomes the main spring of the whole action.

† *Good heav'ns! &c.*] This is the only scene in Terence, which I remember, that can be charged with being superfluous.

Thraso

I met with an old countryman; a man
Of my own place and order; like myſelf,
No ſcurvy fellow; who, like me, had ſpent
In mirth and jollity his whole eſtate.
Seeing him in a wretched trim; his looks
Lean, ſick, and dirty; and his cloaths, all rags;
" How now!" cry'd I, "what means this figure, friend?"
" Alas," ſays he, " my patrimony's gone.
" ---Ah, how am I reduc'd! my old acquaintance
" And friends all ſhun me."---Hearing this, how cheap
I held him in compariſon with Me!
" Why, how now? wretch, ſaid I, moſt idle wretch!
" Have you ſpent all, nor left ev'n hope behind?
" What! have you loſt your ſenſe with your eſtate?
" Me!---look on Me---come from the ſame condition!
" How ſleek! how neat! how clad! in what good caſe?
" I've ev'ry thing, though nothing; nought poſſeſs,
" Yet nought I ever want."---" Ah, Sir! but I
" Have an unhappy temper, and can't bear
" To be the butt of others, or to take
" A beating now and then."---" How then! d'ye think
" Thoſe are the means of thriving? No, my friend!

Thraſo has made a preſent to Thais of a young girl. Gnatho is to carry her. Going along with her, he amuſes himſelf with giving the ſpectator a moſt agreeable eulogium on his profeſſion. But was that the time for it? Let Gnatho pay due attention on the ſtage to the young woman whom he is charged with, and let him ſay what he will to himſelf, I conſent to it. DIDEROT.

" Such

" Such formerly indeed might drive a trade:
" *But mine's a new profeſſion; I the firſt
" That ever ſtruck into this road. There are
" A kind of men, who wiſh to be the head
" Of every thing; but are not. Theſe I follow;
" Not for their ſport and laughter, but for gain
" To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts:
" Whate'er they ſay, I praiſe it; if again

* *But mine's a new profeſſion, &c.*] Though the Vain Man and the Flatterer were characters in great meaſure dependant on each other, and therefore commonly ſhewn together, yet it is moſt probable, that in the Colax of Menander, from whence Gnatho and Thraſo were taken by our author, the Paraſite was the chief character, as in the Αλαζων, or the Boaſter, the Greek Comedy, from which Plautus took his Miles Glorioſus, the Braggadochio Captain was moſt probably the principal. But this I think is not all: for in the preſent inſtance the Poet ſeems to have intended to introduce a new ſort of Paraſite, never ſeen upon the ſtage before; maſter of a more delicate manner of adulation than ordinary flatterers, and ſupporting his conſequence with his patron at the ſame time that he lives upon him, and laughs at him. *Comedendo & deridendo.* Gnatho's acquaintance deſcribes the old ſchool of Paraſites, which gives him occaſion to ſhew, in his turn, the ſuperior excellence of the new ſect, of which he is himſelf the founder. The firſt of theſe, as Madam Dacier obſerves juſtly, was the exact definition of a Paraſite, who is deſcribed on almoſt every occaſion by Plautus, as a fellow beaten, kicked, and cuffed at pleaſure.

Et hic quidem, hercle, niſi qui colaphos perpeti
Potis, Paraſitus, frangique aulas in caput,
Vel ire extra portam trigeminam ad ſaccum licet.

CAPTEIVEI, Act. 1.

And here the Paraſite, unleſs he can
Bear blows, and have pots broken on his ſconce,
Without the city-gate may beg his bread.

Gnatho,

" They contradict, I praiſe *that* too: Does any
" Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too
" Affirm: and in a word I've brought myſelf
" To ſay, unſay, ſwear, and forſwear, at pleaſure:
" And that is now the beſt of all profeſſions."

Par. A ſpecial fellow this! who drives fools mad.

Gnat. Deep in this converſation, we at length
Come to the Market, where the ſev'ral tradeſmen,
Butchers, cooks, grocers, poult'rers, fiſhmongers,
(Who, while my means were ample, profited,
And, tho' now waſted, profit by me ſtill,)
All run with joy to me, ſalute, invite,
And bid me welcome. He, poor half-ſtarv'd wretch,
Soon as he ſaw me thus careſt, and found
I got my bread ſo eaſily, deſir'd
He might have leave to learn that art of me.
I bad him follow me, if poſſible:
And, as the Schools of the Philoſophers

Gnatho, on the contrary, by his artful adulation, contrives to be careſſed inſtead of ill-treated. Had the Colax of Plautus at leaſt remained to us, we ſhould perhaps have ſeen the ſpecifick difference between Him and other Paraſites more at large. In the Eunuch Gnatho is but epiſodical; but if this manner of conſidering his character be not too refined, it accounts for the long ſpeech, ſo obnoxious to Diderot, with which he introduces himſelf to the audience; throws a new light on all he ſays and does; and is a ſtrong proof of the excellence of Menander in drawing characters. However this may be, it is certain that Gnatho is one of the moſt agreeable Paraſites in any play, antient or modern, except the incomparable Falſtaff.

Have ta'en from the Philoſophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all Paraſites
Be call'd from me Gnathonicks!

Par. Mark, what eaſe,
And being kept at other's coſt produces!

Gnat. But hold, I muſt convey this girl to Thais,
And bid her forth to ſup.---Ha, Parmeno!
Our rival's ſlave, ſtanding at Thais' door!
---How melancholy he appears! All's ſafe:
Theſe poor rogues find but a cold welcome here.
I'll play upon this knave. [*aſide.*

Par. Theſe fellows think
This preſent will make Thais all their own. [*aſide.*

Gnat. To Parmeno, his lov'd and honour'd friend,
Gnatho ſends greeting. [*ironically.*] What are you upon?*

Par. My legs.

Gnat. I ſee it.---Is there nothing here
Diſpleaſing to you?

Par. You.

Gnat. I do believe it.
But prithee, is there nothing elſe?

Par. Wherefore?

Gnat. Becauſe you're melancholy.

* *What are you upon?—My Legs.*] *Quid agitur?—Statur.* A mere play upon words, which is alſo in the Pſeudolus of Plautus. There is much the ſame kind of conceit with the preſent in the Merry Wives of Windſor.

Falſtaff. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am About.
Piſtol. Two Yards and more.

Par.

Par. Not at all.

Gnat. Well, do not be ſo!---Pray, now, what d'ye think

Of this young handmaid?

Par. Troth, ſhe's not amiſs.

Gnat. I plague the raſcal. [*half-aſide.*

Par. How the knave's deceiv'd! [*half-aſide.*

Gnat. Will not this gift be very acceptable

To Thais, think you?

Par. You'd inſinuate

That we're ſhut out.---There is, alas, a change

In all things.

Gnat. For theſe ſix months, Parmeno,

For ſix whole months at leaſt, I'll make you eaſy;

You ſhan't run up and down, and watch till day-light;

Come, don't I make you happy?

Par. Very happy.

Gnat. 'Tis my way with my friends.

Par. You're very good.

Gnat. But I detain you: you, perhaps, was going

Somewhere elſe.

Par. No where.

Gnat. May I beg you then

To uſe your int'reſt here, and introduce me

To Thais?

Par. Hence! away! theſe doors

Fly open now, becauſe you carry Her.

[*pointing to* Pamphila.

Gnat.

Gnat. Wou'd you have any one call'd forth? [*Exit.*

Par. Well! well!

Paſs but two days; and you, ſo welcome now,
That the doors open with your little finger,
Shall kick againſt them then, I warrant you,
Till your heels ache again.

Re-Enter GNATHO.

Gnat. Ha! Parmeno!

Are you here ſtill! What! are you left a ſpy,
Leſt any go-between ſhould run by ſtealth
To Thais from the Captain? [*Exit.*

Par. Very ſmart!

No wonder ſuch a wit delights the Captain!
But hold! I ſee my maſter's younger ſon
Coming this way. I wonder much he ſhould
Deſert Piræus,* where he's plac'd on guard.
'Tis not for nothing. All in haſte he comes,
And ſeems to look about.

SCENE IV.

Enter CHÆREA. PARMENO *behind.*

Chær. Undone! Undone!

The Girl is loſt: I know not where ſhe is,

* *Deſert Piræus.*] Piræus, as well as Sunium, was a maritime town of Attica, with a port, where the Athenian youth were placed on guard to watch againſt the incurſions of pirates, or other enemies. DONATUS.

Nor where I am: Ah, whither ſhall I trace?
Where ſeek? of whom enquire? or which way turn?
I'm all uncertain; but have one hope ſtill:
Where'er ſhe is, ſhe cannot long lie hid.
O charming face! all others from my memory
Hence I blot out. *Away with common beauties!

Par. So, here's the other! and he mutters too
I know not what of love.---Ah, poor old father!
As for this ſtripling, if he once begin,
His brother's is but jeſt and children's play
To his mad fury.

Chær. Twice ten thouſand curſes
Seize the old wretch, who kept me back to-day;
And me for ſtaying! with a fellow too
I did not care a farthing for!---But ſee!
Yonder ſtands Parmeno.---Good day!

Par. How now?
Wherefore ſo ſad? and why this hurry, Chærea?
Whence come you?

Chær. I? I cannot tell, i'faith,
Whence I am come, or whither I am going,
I've ſo entirely loſt myſelf.

** Away with common beauties!*] *Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.* It is impoſſible to tranſlate this paſſage without loſing much of its elegance, which conſiſts in the three words ending in *arum*, which are admirably adapted to expreſs diſguſt, and make us even feel that ſenſation. DACIER.

Par.

Par. And why?

Chær. I am in love.

Par. Oh brave!

Chær. Now, Parmeno,
Now you may ſhew what kind of man you are.
You know you've often told me; "Chærea,
"Find ſomething out to ſet your heart upon,
"And mark how I will ſerve you!"---yes, you know
You've often ſaid ſo, when I ſcrap'd together
All the proviſions for you at my father's.

Par. Away, you trifler!

Chær. Nay, in faith, 'tis true:
Now make your promiſe good! and in a cauſe
Worthy the utmoſt reachings of your ſoul:
A girl, my Parmeno! not like our miſſes,
Whoſe mothers try to keep their ſhoulders down,
And bind their boſoms, that their ſhapes may ſeem
Genteel and ſlim. Is a girl rather plump?
*They call her Nurſe, and ſtint her in her food.
Thus art, in ſpite of nature, makes them all
Mere bulruſhes: and therefore they're belov'd.

Par. And what's this girl of your's?

Chær. A miracle.

Par. Oh, to be ſure!

* *They call her Nurſe.*] *Pugilem eſſe aiunt.* Literally, *they call her Boxer.* The learned, I hope, will pardon, and the Ladies approve my ſoftening this paſſage.

Chær. True, natural red and white;
Her body firm, and full of precious ſtuff!

Par. Her age?

Chær. About ſixteen.

Par. The very prime!

Chær. This girl, by force, by ſtealth, or by intreaty,
Procure me! how I care not, ſo I have her.

Par. Well, whom does ſhe belong to?

Chær. I don't know.

Par. Whence comes ſhe?

Chær. I can't tell.

Par. Where does ſhe live?

Chær. I can't tell neither.

Par. Where was it you ſaw her?

Chær. Here in the ſtreet.

Par. And how was it you loſt her?

Chær. Why, it was that, which I ſo fum'd about,
As I came hither! nor was ever man
So jilted by good fortune, as myſelf.

Par. What miſchief now?

Chær. Confounded luck!

Par. How ſo?

Chær. How ſo! d'ye know one Archidemides,
My father's kinſman, and about his age?

Par. Full well.

Chær. As I was in purſuit of her
He met me.

Par. Rather inconveniently.

Chær.

Chær. Oh moſt unhappily! for lighter ills
May paſs for *inconvenient*, Parmeno.
Nay, I could ſwear, with a ſafe conſcience too,
For ſix, or ſeven months, I had not ſeen him,
Till now, when leaſt I wiſh'd and moſt would ſhun it.
Is not this monſtrous? Eh!

Par. Oh! very monſtrous.

Chær. Soon as from far he ſaw me, inſtantly,
Bent, trembling, drop-jaw'd, gaſping, out of breath,
He hobbled up to me.---" Holo! ho! Chærea!"—
I ſtopt.----D'ye know what I want with you?"----
" What?"
---" I have a cauſe to-morrow."---" Well! what
" then?"——
---" Fail not to tell your father, he remember
" To go up with me, as an Advocate *."---
His prating took ſome time.---" Aught elſe?" ſaid I.
" Nothing," ſaid he.---Away flew I, and ſaw
The girl that inſtant turn into this ſtreet.

Par. Sure he muſt mean the virgin, juſt now brought
To Thais for a preſent.

Chær. When I reach'd
This place, the girl was vaniſh'd.

* *As an Advocate.*] The word Advocate, *Advocatus*, did not bear the ſame ſenſe then as it does with us at preſent. The Advocates, *Advocati*, were friends that accompanied thoſe who had cauſes, either to do them honour, or to appear as witneſſes, or to render them ſome other ſervice. DACIER

Par. Had your lady
Any attendants?
Chær. Yes; a paraſite,
With a maid-ſervant.
Par. 'Tis the very ſame:
Away! have done! all's over *,
Chær. What d'ye mean?
Par. The Girl I mean.
Chær. D'ye know then who ſhe is?
Tell me!---or have you ſeen her?
Par. Yes, I've ſeen her;
I know her; and can tell you where ſhe is.
Chær. How, my dear Parmeno! D'ye know her?
Par. Yes.
Chær. And where ſhe is, d'ye know?
Par. Yes,---there ſhe is; [*pointing.*
Carried to Madam Thais for a preſent.
Chær. What monarch could beſtow a gift ſo precious?
Par. The mighty Captain Thraſo, Phædria's rival.
Chær. Alas, poor brother!
Par. Ay, and if you knew
The gift he ſends to be compar'd with this,
You'd cry Alas, indeed!
Chær. What is his gift? †

* *All's over.*] *Jam conclamatum eſt.* A metaphor taken from the Funeral Ceremonies of the Ancients.

† *What is his gift.*] Obſerve with what addreſs Terence proceeds to the main part of his argument: the Eunuch being caſually

Par. An Eunuch.

Chær. What! that old and ugly ſlave,
That he bought yeſterday?

Par. The very ſame.

Chær. Why, ſurely, he'll be trundled out o'doors
He and his gift together.---But till now
I never knew this Thais was our neighbour.

Par. She came but lately.

Chær. Ev'ry way unlucky!
Ne'er to have ſeen her neither!---Prithee, tell me,
Is ſhe ſo handſome, as ſhe's ſaid to be? *

Par. Yes faith!

Chær. But nothing to compare to mine.

Par. Oh, quite another thing.

Chær. But Parmeno!
Contrive that I may have her.

Par. Well, I will.
Depend on my aſſiſtance:---have you any
Further commands? [*as if going.*

Chær. Where are you going?

Par. Home;

caſually mentioned, ſuggeſts, as it were of courſe, the ſtratagem of impoſing Chærea upon the family of Thais for him. DONAT.

* *Is ſhe ſo handſome, as ſhe's ſaid to be?*] Another inſtance of the art of Terence, in preſerving the probability of Chærea's being received for the Eunuch. He was ſuch a ſtranger to the family, that he himſelf did not even know the perſon of Thais. It is added further, that ſhe has not lived long in the neighbourhood, and the young fellow has been chiefly at Piræus. DONATUS.

To bring, according to your brother's order,
The ſlaves to Thais.

Chær. Oh, that happy Eunuch!
To be convey'd into that houſe!

Par. Why ſo?

Chær. Why ſo! why, he ſhall have that charming Girl
His fellow-ſervant, ſee her all day long,
Converſe with her, dwell under the ſame roof,
And ſometimes eat, and ſometimes ſleep by her.

Par. And what if You ſhould be ſo happy?

Chær. How?
Tell me, dear Parmeno!

Par. Aſſume his dreſs.

Chær. His dreſs! what then?

Par. I'll carry you for him.

Chær. I hear you.

Par. I will ſay that you are he.

Chær. I underſtand you.

Par. So ſhall you enjoy
Thoſe bleſſings, which but now you envied him:
Eat with her, be with her, touch, toy with her,
And ſleep by her: ſince none of Thais' maids
Know you, or dream of what you are. Beſides
Your figure, and your age are ſuch, that you
May well paſs for an Eunuch.

Chær. Oh, well ſaid!

I ne'er

I ne'er heard better counſel. Come, let's in!
Dreſs me, and carry me! Away, make haſte!
Par. What are you at? I did but jeſt.
Chær. You trifle.
Par. I'm ruin'd: Fool, what have I done?----
Nay whither
D'ye puſh me thus? you'll throw me down. Nay, ſtay!
Chær. Away.
Par. Nay prithee!
Chær. I'm reſolv'd.
Par. Conſider;
You carry this too far.
Chær. No, not at all.
Give way!
Par. And Parmeno muſt pay for all.*
Ah, we do wrong!
Chær. Is it then wrong, for me†
To be convey'd into a houſe of harlots,
And turn thoſe very arts on Them, with which
They hamper Us, and turn our youth to ſcorn?

* *And Parmeno muſt pay for all.*] *Iſtæc in me cudetur faba.* Literally, *the Bean will be threſhed on me.* A Proverb taken from the countrymen's threſhing Beans; or from the cooks dreſſing them, who when they had not moiſtened them enough, but left them hard and tough, were ſure to have them thrown at their heads. DONATUS.

The commentators give us ſeveral other interpretations of this proverb; but all concur concerning the import of it.

† *Is it then wrong.*] Here Terence obliquely defends the ſubject of the piece. DONATUS.

Can it be wrong for Me too, in my turn,
To deceive Them, by whom we're all deceiv'd?
No, rather let it be! 'tis juſt to play
This trick upon them: which, if greybeards know,
They'll blame indeed, but all will think well done.

Par. Well, if you muſt, you muſt; but do not then,
After all's over, throw the blame on Me.

Chær. No, no!

Par. But do you order me?

Chær. I do:
Order, command, compel you; nor will e'er
Deny, or diſavow my putting-on.

Par. Come on then: follow me!

Chær. Heav'n grant ſucceſs!

ACT III. SCENE I.

THRASO, *and* GNATHO.

Thraſo. AND Thais then returns me many thanks?
Gnat. Ten thouſand.
Thra. Say, is ſhe delighted with it?
Gnat. Not for the preſent's ſake ſo much, as that
From you it was preſented: But therein
She truly triumphs.

Enter PARMENO *behind.*

Par. I'm upon the watch,
To mark a proper opportunity
To bring my preſents. But behold the Captain?
Thra. It is, indeed, ſomething, I know not how,
Peculiar to me, do whate'er I pleaſe,
It will appear agreeable.
Gnat. In truth
I always have obſerv'd it.
Thra. Ev'n the King *

* *Ev'n the King.*] This may be underſtood of Darius the Third, who reigned in the time of Menander. But as Pyrrhus is mentioned in this very play, Madam Dacier thinks it ought rather to be underſtood of Seleucus, King of Aſia. PATRICK.

Held

Held himſelf much oblig'd, whate'er I did;
Not ſo to others.

Gnat. Men of wit, like You,
The glory, got by other's care and toil,
Often transfer unto themſelves.

Thra. You've hit it.*

Gnat. The king then held you——

Thra. Certainly.

Gnat. Moſt dear.

Thra. Moſt near. He truſted his whole army to me,
His counſels.———

Gnat. Wonderful!

Thra. And then, whene'er
Satiety of company, or hate
Of buſineſs ſeiz'd him—when he would repoſe—
As if——you underſtand me.

Gnat. Perfectly.
When he wou'd—in a manner---clear his ſtomach
Of all uneaſineſs.

Thra. The very thing.
On ſuch occaſions he choſe none but me.

Gnat. Hui! there's a king indeed! a king of taſte!

* THRASO. *You've hit it.*] That Shakeſpeare was familiarly acquainted with this comedy is evident from the following paſſage.

"*Holofernes. Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and THRASONICAL."

Love's Labour Loſt.

Thra.

Thra. No general man, I promiſe you. *

Gnat. Oh no!

He muſt have been particular indeed,
If he convers'd with You.

Thra. The courtiers all
Began to envy me, and rail'd in ſecret:
I car'd not; whence their ſpleen increas'd the more.
One in particular, who had the charge
Of th' elephants from India, grew at laſt
So very troubleſome, "I prithee, Strato,
"Are you ſo ſavage, and ſo fierce, (ſays I)
"Becauſe you're governor of the wild beaſts?"

Gnat. Oh, finely ſaid! and ſhrewdly! Excellent!
Too hard upon him!-- what ſaid He to't?

Thra. Nothing.

Gnat. And how the devil ſhould he?

* *No general man.*] *Homo perpaucorum hominum.* That is, one who admits but few into a familiarity with him. Horace uſes the ſame phraſe, in the ſame ſenſe, ſpeaking of Mæcenas. *Paucorum hominum, et mentis bene ſanæ.* In like manner, Cicero tells us in his book *de fato*, that Scipio having engaged two or three friends to ſup with him upon ſturgeon, and ſeeming inclined to detain ſome others who dropt in upon him. Pontius whiſpered him, "Take care, Scipio! *Acipenſer* "*iſte* paucorum hominum *eſt.* "The ſturgeon does not love "much company."

This paſſage of Cicero, quoted by the Commentators both on Horace and Terence, puts the meaning of the phraſe out of all doubt; and indeed in this ſenſe the ſpeech of Thraſo more properly follows up the ſpeech immediately preceding, and without the leaſt violence to the natural flow of the dialogue takes off the awkwardneſs of an *aſide* from the reply of Gnatho, and leaves him that eaſy raillery, which diſtinguiſhes him in moſt parts of the play.

Par.

Par. Gracious heav'n!
The ſtupid coxcomb!---and that raſcal too! [*aſide.*

Thra. Ay! but the ſtory of the Rhodian, Gnatho!
How ſmart I was upon him at a feaſt---
Did I ne'er tell you?

Gnat. Never: but pray do!
---I've heard it o'er and o'er a thouſand times. [*aſide.*

Thra. We were by chance together at a feaſt---
This Rhodian, that I told you of, and I.---
I, as it happen'd, had a wench: The ſpark
Began to toy with Her, and laugh at Me.
" Why how now, Impudence! (ſaid I) are You *
" A *hare* yourſelf, and yet would hunt for *game?*"

Gnat. Ha! ha! ha!

Thra. What's the matter?

Gnat. Ha! ha! ha!
Witty! ſmart! excellent! incomparable!
Is it your own? I ſwear I thought 'twas old.

Thra. Why did you ever hear it?

Gnat. Very often;
And reckon'd admirable.

* *Are you a hare, &c.*] *Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.* A proverbial expreſſion in uſe at that time. The proper meaning of it, ſtript of the figure, is, " You are little more than " a woman yourſelf, and do " you want a miſtreſs?" We learn from Donatus and Vopiſcus, that Livius Andronicus had inſerted it in his plays before Terence. Commentators, who enter into a minute explication of it, offer many conjectures, rather curious than ſolid, and of a nature not fit to be mentioned here. PATRICK.

Thra.

Thra. 'Tis my own.

Gnat. And yet 'twas pity to be ſo ſevere
On a young fellow, and a gentleman.

Par. Ah! devil take you! [*aſide.*

Gnat. What became of him?

Thra. It did for him. The company were all
Ready to die with laughing:---in a word,
They dreaded me.

Gnat. No wonder.

Thra. Harkye, Gnatho!
Thais, you know, ſuſpects I love this Girl.
Shall I acquit myſelf?

Gnat. On no account.
Rather increaſe her jealouſy.

Thra. And why?

Gnat. Why?---do you aſk?---as if you didn't know!---
Whene'er ſhe mentions Phædria, or whene'er
She praiſes him, to vex you ———

Thra. I perceive.

Gnat. To hinder that, you've only this reſource.
When She names Phædria, name You Pamphila.
If She ſhould ſay, "Come! let's have Phædria
"To dinner with us!"---"ay, and Pamphila
"To ſing to us!"---if She praiſe Phædria's perſon,
Praiſe You the Girl's! ſo give her tit for tat,
And gall Her in her turn.

Thra.

Thra. Suppoſe ſhe lov'd me, *
This might avail me, Gnatho!

Gnat. While ſhe loves
The preſents which you give, expecting more,
So long ſhe loves you; and ſo long you may
Have pow'r to vex her. She will always fear
To make you angry, leſt ſome other reap
The harveſt, which ſhe now enjoys alone.

Thra. You're right: and yet I never thought of it.

Gnat. Ridiculous! becauſe you did not turn
Your thoughts to't; or how much more readily
Wou'd you have hit on this device yourſelf!

†SCENE II.

Enter THAIS, *and* PYTHIAS.

Thais. I thought I heard the Captain's voice: and ſee!
Good-day, my Thraſo!

Thra. Oh my Thais, welcome!

* *Suppoſe ſhe lov'd me, &c.*] I am at a loſs to determine, whether it was in order to ſhew the abſurdity of the Captain, or from inadvertence in the Poet, that Terence here makes Thraſo and Gnatho ſpeak in contradiction to the idea of Thais's wonderful veneration for Thraſo, with which they opened the ſcene.

† *Scene ſecond.*] Several perſons of the play are concerned in this ſcene, and yet, by the art and excellence of the Poet, there ariſes no confuſion of dialogue; each ſpeech being admirably adapted to the character to which it is appropriated. DONATUS.

How

How does my ſweeting?---are you fond of me
For ſending you that muſick-girl?

Par. Oh brave!
He ſets out nobly!

Thais. For your worth I love you.

Gnat. Come, let's to ſupper! why do you delay?

Par. Mark t'other! he's a chip of the old block.*

Thais. I'm ready when you pleaſe.

Par. I'll up to her,
And ſeem as if but now come forth.—Ha! Thais,
Where are you gadding?

Thais. Well met, Parmeno!
I was juſt going———

Par. Whither?

Thais. Don't you ſee
The Captain?

Par. Yes, I ſee him—to my ſorrow.
The preſents from my maſter wait your pleaſure.

* *A Chip of the old Block.*] *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.* There has been much diſpute about the meaning of theſe words. The old familiar expreſſion, which I have made uſe of, is, I think, agreeable to the obvious and natural meaning of them. That Dryden underſtood them in this ſenſe is evident from the following paſſage.

"In the New Comedy of the Græcians, the Poets ſought indeed to expreſs the ἦθος, as in their Tragedies the πάθος, of mankind. But this contained only the general characters of men and manners; that is, one old man or father, one lover, one courtezan, ſo like another as if the firſt of them had begot the reſt of every ſort. *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.*"

Eſſay of Dramatick Poeſie.

Thra. Why do we ſtop thus? wherefore go not hence? [*angrily.*

Par. Beſeech you, Captain, let us, with your leave,
Produce our preſents, * treat, and parley with her!

Thra. Fine gifts, I warrant you, compar'd with mine!

Par. They'll anſwer for themſelves.---Ho, there! within!
Order the ſlaves, I told you, to come forth.

Enter a Black Girl.

This way! do You ſtand forward!---This girl, ma'am,
Comes quite from Æthiopia.

Thra. Worth three Minæ.†

Gnat. Scarce.

Par. Ho! where are you, Dorus?---oh, come hither!

Enter Chærea *in the Eunuch's habit.*

An Eunuch, Madam!---of a liberal air,
And in his prime!

Thais. Now as I live, he's handſome!

Par. What ſay You, Gnatho? Is he deſpicable?
Or, Captain, what ſay You?-----Dumb?-----Praiſe ſufficient!

* *Treat, and parley with her.*] *Convenire & colloqui.* Military terms; uſed by Parmeno to ſneer at Thraſo. DONATUS.

† *Minæ.*] A Mina was equal to 3*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* COOKE.

Try

Try him in letters, exerciſes, muſick:
In all the arts a gentleman ſhould know,
I'll warrant him accompliſh'd.*

Thra. Troth, that Eunuch
Is well enough.

Par. And he, who ſends theſe preſents,
Requires you not to live for *him* alone,
And for *his* ſake to ſhut out all mankind:
Nor does he tell his battles, ſhew his wounds,
Or ſhackle your free will, as ſome folks do.
[*looking at* Thraſo.
But when 'twill not be troubleſome, or when
You've leiſure, in due ſeaſon, he's content
If *then* he is admitted.

Thra. This poor wretch
Seems to belong to a poor wretched maſter.

Gnat. Beyond all doubt; for who that could obtain
Another, would endure a ſlave like this?

* *I'll warrant him accompliſh'd.*] From the following paſſage in Twelfth Night, concerning the diſguiſe of Viola, one might be almoſt tempted to imagine that Shakeſpeare had the Eunuch of Terence in his eye.

> Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
> For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
> The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke;
> Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him:
> It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
> And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
> That will allow me very worth his ſervice.

Par. Peace, wretch, that art below the meaneſt ſlave!

You, that could bring your mind ſo very low,
As to cry Ay and No at yon fool's bidding,
I'm ſure, might get your bread out o' the fire.*

Thra. Why don't we go? [*impatiently.*

Thais. Let me but introduce
Theſe firſt, and give ſome orders in the houſe,
And I'll attend you. [*Exit with* Chærea, *and the Æthiopian.*

Thra. I'll depart from hence.
Gnatho, wait you for her!

Par. It ill beſeems
The dignity of a renown'd commander,
T'eſcort his miſtreſs in the ſtreet.

Thra. Away,
Slave! you're beneath my notice---like your maſter.
[*Exit* Par.

Gnat. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Thra. What moves your laughter, Gnatho?

Gnat. Your ſpeech but now: and then the Rhodian came
Acroſs my mind.---But Thais comes.

Thra. Go, run,

* *Get your bread out of the fire.*] *E flammâ petere cibum.* A proverb to expreſs the loweſt degree of meanneſs and infamy: taken from a cuſtom among the Antients of throwing victuals into the fire, at the time of burning their dead; to eat which was looked on as an act of the greateſt indignity. Cooke.

And ſee that ev'ry thing's prepar'd at home!

Gnat. It ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Thais. [*entering with* Pythias.] Take care now, Pythias, *

Great care, if Chremes come, to preſs him ſtay;
Or, if that's inconvenient, to return:
If that's impoſſible, then bring him to me!

Pyth. I'll do ſo.

Thais. Hold! what elſe had I to ſay?
Take care, be ſure, of yonder virgin! ſee,
You keep at home!

Thra. Let's go!

Thais. Girls, follow me!

[*Exit, attended by Servants and* Thraſo.

SCENE III.

CHREMES *alone.*

In truth, the more and more I think, the more
I am convinc'd that Thais means me ill:
So plain I ſee her arts to draw me in.
Ev'n when ſhe firſt invited me, (and when
Had any aſk'd, *What buſineſs have you there?*
The queſtion would have ſtagger'd me) ſhe fram'd
Sev'ral excuſes to detain me there.

* *Take care, now Pythias, &c.*] An artful preparation for the enſuing difference between her and Thraſo. DONATUS.

Said ſhe had * made a ſacrifice, and had
Affairs of conſequence to ſettle with me.
—Oho! thought I immediately, I ſmell
A trick upon me!—down ſhe ſat, behav'd
Familiarly, and tried to beat about
For converſation; being at a loſs,
She aſk'd, how long my parents had been dead?
---I told her, long time ſince:---on which ſhe aſk'd,
Whether I had a country-houſe at Sunium?
---And how far from the ſea?---I half believe
She likes my villa, and would wheedle me
To give it her.---Her final queſtions were,
If I ne'er loſt a little ſiſter thence?
---Who was miſs'd with her---what ſhe had, when loſt?
---If there was any body capable
Of recollecting her?---Why all theſe queſtions?
Unleſs perhaps ſhe means,---a ſaucy baggage!---
To play the counterfeit, and feign herſelf
That ſiſter, who was loſt ſo long ago?
But ſhe, if living, is about ſixteen;
Not more: and Thais older than myſelf.
She ſent beſide to preſs me earneſtly
To viſit her again.---Or, let her ſay
What ſhe would have; or trouble me no more!
I'll not return a third time.---Ho! who's there?
Here am I! Chremes!

* *Made a ſacrifice.*] The Antients uſed to offer a ſacrifice, before they entered on any affair of importance. COOKE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Pyth. Oh, ſweet, charming, Sir!
Chre. A coaxing huſſy! did not I foreſee
A trick upon me?
Pyth. Thais begs and prays
You'd come again to-morrow.
Chre. I am going
Into the country.
Pyth. Nay, now, prithee come!
Chre. I can't, I tell you.
Pyth. Walk in then, and ſtay
Till ſhe returns herſelf.
Chre. Not I.
Pyth. And why,
Dear Chremes? [*taking hold of him.*
Chre. Off, you ſaucy ſlut!
Pyth. Well, Sir,
Since you're ſo poſitive, ſhall I intreat you
To go to Her?
Chre. I will.
Pyth. Here, Dorias! [*a maid-ſervant enters.*
Conduct this gentleman to Captain Thraſo's.
[Pythias *re-enters.*---Chremes *goes out another way with* Dorias.

SCENE V.

ANTIPHO *alone.*

But yeſterday a knot of us young fellows
Aſſembled at Piræus, and agreed
To club together for a feaſt to-day.
Chærea had charge of all; the rings were given,*
And time, and place appointed.---The time's paſt;
No entertainment's at the place; and Chærea
Is no where to be met with.---For my part,
I'm quite to ſeek in this; and what to ſay,
Or gueſs, I know not.---Yet the company
Have all commiſſion'd me to find him out.
I'll ſee if he's at home;---but who comes here
From Thais?---Is it He, or no?---'Tis He.---
---What manner of man's here?---what habit's that?
---What miſchief is the meaning of all this?
---I'm all aſtoniſhment, and cannot gueſs.
But I'll withdraw awhile, and try to learn. [*retires.*

* *Rings were given.*] It was uſual to depoſit their rings, as pledges of obſerving their appointment.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter CHÆREA *in the Eunuch's Habit.*

Chær. [*looking about.*] Is any body here?---No, nobody.
Does any follow me?---No, nobody.
May I then let my extacy break forth?
*Oh, Jupiter! 'tis now the very time,
When I could ſuffer to be put to death,
Leſt, not another tranſport, like to this,
Remain in life to come.---But is there not
Some curious impertinent to come
Acroſs me now, and murder me with queſtions?
---To aſk, why I'm ſo flutter'd? why ſo joyful?
Whither I'm going? whence I came? from whence
I got this habit? what I'm looking after?
Whether I'm in my ſenſes? or ſtark mad?

* *Oh, Jupiter! 'tis now the very time.*] *Proh Jupiter! Nunc eſt profecto, cum interfici perpeti me poſſum, Ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita ægritudine aliquâ.* The paſſage from Shakeſpeare referred to in a note on the laſt act of the Andrian, contains exactly the ſame ſentiment, and almoſt in the ſame words with this of Terence.

— — — — — If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate. OTHELLO.

Anti.

Anti. I'll go myſelf, and do that kindneſs to him.
Chærea, [*advancing*] what's all this flutter? what's this dreſs?
What is't tranſports you? what d'ye want? art mad?
Why do you ſtare at me? and why not ſpeak?

Chær. O happy, happy day!---You're welcome, friend!
There's not a man on earth I'd rather ſee
This moment than yourſelf.

Anti. Come, tell me all!

Chær. Tell you! I will beſeech you give me hearing.
D'ye know my brother's miſtreſs here?

Anti. I do:
Thais, I think.

Chær. The ſame.

Anti. I recollect.

Chær. To-day a girl was ſent a preſent to her.
Why need I ſpeak or praiſe her beauty now
To You, that know me, and my taſte ſo well?
She ſet me all on fire.

Anti. Is ſhe ſo handſome?

Chær. Moſt exquiſite: Oh, had you but once ſeen her,
You would pronounce her, I'm confident,
The firſt of woman-kind.---But in a word,
I fell in love with her.---By great good luck
There was at home an Eunuch, which my brother
Had bought for Thais, but not yet ſent thither.
---I had a gentle hint from Parmeno,

Which

Which I ſeiz'd greedily.

Anti. And what was that?

Chær. Peace, and I'll tell you.---To change dreſſes with him,

And order Parmeno to carry me

Inſtead of him.

Anti. How? for an Eunuch, You?

Chær. E'en ſo.

Anti. What good could you derive from that?

Chær. What good!---why, ſee, and hear, and be with her

I languiſh'd for, my Antipho!---was That

An idle reaſon, or a trivial good?

—To Thais I'm deliver'd; ſhe receives me,

And carries me with joy into her houſe;

Commits the charming girl———

Anti. To whom?---to You?

Chær. To Me.

Anti. In ſpecial hands, I muſt confeſs.

Chær.---Injoins me, to permit no man come near her;

Nor to depart, myſelf, one inſtant from her;

*But in an inner chamber to remain

Alone with her alone. I nod, and look

* *But in an inner chamber, &c.*] In Greece the women always occupied the interior apartments, where nobody was permitted to come to them, but relations, and the ſlaves that waited upon them. DACIER.

Baſh-

Baſhfully on the ground.

Anti. Poor ſimple ſoul!

Chær. I am bid forth, ſays ſhe; and carries off
All her maid-ſervants with her, ſave ſome few
Raw novices, who ſtraight prepar'd the bath.
I bad them haſte; and while it was preparing,
In a retiring-room the Virgin ſat;
*Viewing a picture, where the tale was drawn
Of Jove's deſcending in a golden ſhow'r
To Danae's boſom.---I beheld it too,
And becauſe He of old the like game play'd,
I felt my mind exult the more within me,
That Jove ſhould change himſelf into a man,
And ſteal in ſecret thro' a ſtranger-roof,
With a mere woman to intrigue.---Great Jove,
Who ſhakes the higheſt heav'ns with his thunder!†
And I, poor mortal man, not do the ſame!---
I did it, and with all my heart I did it.
---While thoughts, like theſe, poſſeſt my ſoul, they call'd

* *Viewing a picture, where the Tale, &c.*] A very proper piece of furniture for the houſe of a courtezan, giving an example of looſe and mercenary love; calculated to excite wanton thoughts, and at the ſame time hinting to the young lover that he muſt make his way to the boſom of his miſtreſs, like Jupiter to Danae, in a ſhower of gold. Oh the avarice of harlots! DONATUS.

† *Who ſhakes the higheſt heavens with his thunder.*] *Qui templa cæli ſumma ſonitu concutit.* A parody on a paſſage in Ennius. DONATUS.

The

The girl to bathe. She goes, bathes, then returns:
Which done, the ſervants put her into bed.
I ſtand to wait their orders. Up comes one,
" Here, harkye, Dorus! take this fan, and mark
" You cool her gently thus, while we go bathe.
" When we have bath'd, You, if you pleaſe,
" bathe too."
I, with a ſober air, receive the fan.
Anti. Then would I fain have ſeen your ſimple face!
I ſhould have been delighted to behold
How like an aſs you look'd, and held the fan.
Chær. Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when all ruſh'd out o'doors;
Away they go to bathe; grow full of noiſe,
As ſervants uſe, when maſters are abroad.
Meanwhile ſleep ſeiz'd the virgin: I, by ſtealth,
Peep'd thro' the fanſticks thus; then looking round,
And ſeeing all was ſafe, made faſt the door.
Anti. What then?
Chær. What then, fool!
Anti. I confeſs.
Chær. D'ye think,
Bleſt with an opportunity like this,
*So ſhort, ſo wiſh'd for, yet ſo unexpected,

* *An opportunity ſo ſhort.*] Short indeed, conſidering the number of incidents, which, according to Chærea's relation, are crouded into it. All the time, allowed for this adventure,

I'd let it ſlip? No. Then I'd been, indeed,
The thing I counterfeited.

Anti. Very true.

But what's become of our club-ſupper?

Chær. Ready.

Anti. An honeſt fellow! where? at your own houſe?

Chær. At Freeman Diſcus's.

Anti. A great way off.

Chær. Then we muſt make more haſte.

Anti. But change your dreſs.

Chær. Where can I change it? I'm diſtreſt. From home
I muſt play truant, leſt I meet my brother.
My father too, perhaps, is come to town. †

Anti. Come to my houſe then! that's the neareſt place
Where you may ſhift.

Chær. With all my heart; let's go!
And at the ſame time, I'll conſult with you

ture, is the ſhort ſpace between the departure of Thais and Thraſo and the entrance of Chærea; ſo that all this variety of buſineſs of ſleeping, bathing, raviſhing, &c. is diſpatched during the two ſoliloquies of Antipho and Chremes, and the ſhort ſcene between Chremes and Pythias. The truth is, that a very ſtrict and religious adherence to the Unities often drives the Poet into as great abſurdities as the profeſt violation of them.

† *My father too perhaps is come to Town.*] Preparation for the arrival of the father. DONATUS.

How to ſecure this dear girl.

Anti. Be it ſo.*

* Inſtead of this ſcene, Fontaine, in his Eunuch, has ſubſtituted one between Chærea and Pamphila, whom he brings on the ſtage, as Baron does Glycerium in the Andrian. Chærea profeſſes honourable love, leaves her in the houſe of Thais, and applies to his father, by whoſe conſent he at laſt obtains her in marriage. Fontaine was moſt probably right in his conjecture, that the plot of the Eunuch, exactly as it lies in Terence, was not conformable to the ſeverity of the French, or, perhaps, the Engliſh ſtage. It would certainly therefore have been adviſable, in order to adapt it for repreſentation before a modern audience, to change ſome circumſtances, and the introduction of Pamphila might perhaps have been hazarded not without ſucceſs: But by departing ſo eſſentially, as Fontaine has done from Menander and Terence, the very foundations of the fable are undermined, and it loſes moſt part of that vivacity and intereſt ſo remarkable in the Play before us.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter DORIAS, *with a Caſket* *.

DORIAS.

NOW, as I hope for mercy, I'm afraid,
From what I've ſeen, leſt yonder ſwaggerer
Make ſome diſturbance, or do violence

* *Enter* Dorias.] 'Tis true, the Ancients have kept the continuity of ſcenes ſomewhat better than the Moderns. Two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two ſucceed them, and do the ſame throughout the act, which the Engliſh call by the name of ſingle ſcenes; but the reaſon is, becauſe they have ſeldom above two or three ſcenes, properly ſo called, in every act; for it is to be accounted a new ſcene, not only every time the ſtage is empty, but every perſon who enters, though to others, makes it ſo; becauſe he introduces a new buſineſs. Now the plots of their plays being narrow, and the perſons few, one of their acts is written in a leſs compaſs than one of our well-wrought ſcenes; and yet they are often deficient even in this. To go no farther than Terence, you find, in the Eunuch, Antipho entering ſingle in the midſt of the third Act, after Chremes and Pythias were gone off: in the ſame play you have likewiſe Dorias beginning the fourth act alone; and after ſhe has made a relation of what was done at the Soldier's entertainment, (which by the way was very inartificial, becauſe ſhe was preſumed to ſpeak directly to the audience; and to acquaint them with what was neceſſary to be known, but yet ſhould have been ſo contrived by the Poet, as to have been told by perſons of the Drama

To Thais. For, as ſoon as Chremes came,
(Chremes, the youth that's brother to the virgin)
She beg'd of Thraſo, he might be admitted.
This piqu'd him; yet he durſt not well refuſe.
She, fearing Chremes ſhould not be detain'd,
Till ſhe had time and opportunity
To tell him all ſhe wiſh'd about his ſiſter,
Urg'd Thraſo more and more to aſk him in.
The Captain coldly aſks him; down he ſat;
And Thais enter'd into chat with him.
The Captain, fancying a rival brought
Before his face, reſolv'd to vex Her too:
" Here, boy," ſaid he, " let Pamphila be call'd
" To entertain us!"—" Pamphila!" cries Thais
" She at a banquet!—No, it muſt not be."—
Thraſo inſiſting on't, a broil enſued:
On which my Miſtreſs ſlyly ſlipping off
Her jewels,* gave them me to bear away;

Drama to one another, and ſo by them to have come to the knowledge of the people) ſhe quits the ſtage, and Phædria enters next, alone likewiſe: He alſo gives you an account of himſelf, and of his returning from the country in monologue, to which unnatural way of narration Terence is ſubject in all his plays. In his Adelphi, or Brothers, Syrus and Demea enter, after the ſcene is broken by the departure of Soſtrata, Geta, and Canthara; and indeed you can ſcarce look into any of his comedies, where you will not preſently diſcover the ſame interruption.

DRYDEN's *Eſſay of Dramatick Poeſie.*

* *Slipping off her jewels.*] Becauſe courtezans were not allowed to wear gold or jewels in the ſtreet. DACIER.

Which is, I know, a certain ſign, ſhe will,
As ſoon as poſſible, ſneak off herſelf. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter PHÆDRIA.*

Phæd. Going into the country, I began
(As happens when the mind is ill at eaſe)
To ponder with myſelf upon the road,
Toſſing from thought to thought, and viewing all
In the worſt light. While thus I ruminate,
I paſs'd unconſciouſly my country-houſe,
And journied far beyond, ere I perceiv'd it.
I turn'd about, but with a heavy heart;
And ſoon as to the very ſpot I came
Where the roads part, I ſtopt. Then paus'd awhile:
" Alas! thought I, and muſt I here remain
" Two days? alone? without her?—Well! what then?
" That's nothing.—What, is't nothing?—If I've not
" The privilege to touch her, ſhall I not
" Behold her neither?---If *one* may not be,
" At leaſt the *other* ſhall.---And certainly

* *Enter* Phædria.] Here the Poet artfully finds a reaſon to bring Phædria back again; as he at firſt with equal art ſent him out of the way, to give probability to thoſe incidents neceſſary to happen in his abſence. DONATUS.

" Love

" *Love, in its laſt degree, is ſomething ſtill."
—Then I, on purpoſe, paſt the houſe.—But ſee!
Pythias breaks forth affrighted.—What means this?

SCENE III.

Enter PYTHIAS *and* DORIAS; PHÆDRIA *at a diſtance.*

Pyth. Where ſhall I find, unhappy that I am,
Where ſeek this raſcal-ſlave?—this ſlave, that durſt
Attempt a deed like this? Undone! undone!
Phæd. What this may be, I dread.
Pyth. And then the villain,
After he had abus'd the virgin, tore
The poor girl's cloaths, and dragg'd her by the hair.
Phæd. How's this?
Pyth. Oh, were he but within my reach,
How could I fly upon the vagabond,
And tear the villain's eyes out with my nails!
Phæd. What tumult's this, ariſen in my abſence?
I'll go and aſk her.—[*going up.*]—What's the matter,
Pythias?
Why thus diſturb'd? and whom is it you ſeek?
Pyth. Whom do I ſeek? Away, Sir Phædria!

* *Love, in its laſt degree, &c.*] *Extremâ lineâ amare, haud nihil eſt.* Suppoſed to be a metaphor taken from the lines drawn in the chariot races.

You and your gifts together!

Phæd. What's the matter?

Pyth. The matter, Sir! The Eunuch, that you ſent us,

Has made fine work here! the young Virgin, whom
The Captain gave my miſtreſs, he has raviſh'd.

Phæd. Raviſh'd? How ſay you?

Pyth. Ruin'd and undone!

Phæd. You're drunk.

Pyth. Would thoſe, who wiſh me ill, were ſo!

Dori. Ah, Pythias! what ſtrange prodigy is this?

Phæd. You're mad: how could an Eunuch---

Pyth. I don't know

Or who, or what he was.---What he has done,
The thing itſelf declares.---The Virgin weeps;
Nor, when you aſk what ails her, dare ſhe tell.
But he, good man, is no where to be found:
And I fear too, that when he ſtole away,
He carried ſomething off.

Phæd. I can't conceive

Whither the raſcal can have flown, unleſs
He to our houſe, perhaps, ſlunk back again.

Pyth. See now, I pray you, if he has.

Phæd. I will. [*Exit.*

Dori. Good lack! ſo ſtrange a thing I never heard.

Pyth. I've heard, that they lov'd women mightily,

But

But could do nothing; yet I never thought on't:*
For if I had, I'd have confin'd him close
In some bye place, nor trusted the girl to him.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter PHÆDRIA, *with* DORUS *the Eunuch, in* Chærea's *cloaths.*

Phæd. Out, rascal, out!----What are you resty, sirrah?
Out, thou vile bargain!
Dor. Dear Sir! [*crying.*
Phæd. See the wretch!
What a wry mouth he makes!---Inform me, rascal,
What means this coming back, and change of dress?
What answer, sirrah?---If I had delay'd
A minute longer, Pythias, I had miss'd him,
He was equipp'd so bravely for his flight.
Pyth. What, have you got the rogue?
Phæd. I warrant you.
Pyth. Well done! well done!
Dori. Ay, marry, very well,

* *Yet I never thought on't.*] *Verum miseræ non in mentem venerat.* This must either be taken absolutely that she never apprehended any such accident, or refer to what is said in the preceding verse, *Amatores mulierum esse audieram eos maximos,* "I've heard that they lov'd women mightily." PATRICK.

Pyth. Where is he?

Phæd. Don't you ſee him?

Pyth. See him? whom?

Phæd. This fellow, to be ſure.

Pyth. This man! who is he?

Phæd. He that was carried to your houſe to-day.

Pyth. None of our people ever laid their eyes
Upon this fellow, Phædria!

Phæd. Never ſaw him?

Pyth. Why, did you think this fellow had been
brought
To Us?

Phæd. Yes, ſurely; for I had no other.

Pyth. Oh dear! this fellow's not to be compar'd
To t'other.---He was elegant, and handſome.

Phæd. Ay, ſo he might appear awhile ago,
Becauſe he had gay cloaths on: now he ſeems
Ugly, becauſe he's ſtript.

Pyth. Nay, prithee, peace!
As if the diff'rence was ſo very ſmall!——
The youth conducted to our houſe to-day,
'Twou'd do you good to caſt your eyes on, Phædria:
This is a drowſy, wither'd, weazel-fac'd,*
Old fellow.

* *Weazel-fac'd, old fellow.*] Menander's words, as preſerved by Donatus, are theſe, αυλος εϛι γαλεωτης γερων, which he charges Terence with having miſunderſtood. Γαλη, he ſays is a Weazel, and γαλεωτης a Lizard. But Terence is very likely

Phæd. How ?---you drive me to that paſs,
That I ſcarce know what I have done myſelf.
---Did not I buy you, raſcal ? [*to* Dorus.
Dor. Yes, Sir.
Pyth. Order him
To anſwer Me.
Phæd. Well, queſtion him.
Pyth. to Dorus.] Was You
Brought here to-day ? [*ſhakes his head.*] See there ! Not He. It was
Another, a young lad, about ſixteen,
Whom Parmeno brought with him.
Phæd. to Dorus.] Speak to Me !
Firſt tell me, whence had you that coat ? What dumb ?
I'll make you ſpeak, you villain ? [*beating him.*
Dor. Chærea came——— [*crying.*
Phæd. My brother ?
Dor. Yes, Sir !
Phæd. When ?
Dor. To-day.
Phæd. How long ſince ?

likely to have made Pythias expreſs her diſlike of the Eunuch, by comparing him to a Weazel, whoſe ſkin has much of the tawny in it. As to the paſſage from Menander, there is nothing of the colour of the animal expreſſed in it. A Lizard being a thin animal, Menander probably intended a ſimilitude in the lankneſs. Γαλεωτης γερων may therefore be conſtrued a thin, half-ſtarv'd fellow. COOKE.

Dor. Juſt now.

Phæd. With whom?

Dor. With Parmeno.

Phæd. Did you
Know him before?

Dor. No, Sir; nor e'er heard of him.

Phæd. How did you know he was my brother then?

Dor. Parmeno told me ſo, and Chærea
Gave me theſe cloaths—

Phæd. Confuſion! [*aſide.*

Dor. Put on mine;
And then they both went out o'doors together.

Pyth. Now, Sir, do you believe that I am ſober?
Now do you think, I've told no lie? And now
Are you convinc'd the Girl has been abus'd!

Phæd. Away, fool! d'ye believe what this wretch ſays?

Pyth. What ſignifies belief?---It ſpeaks itſelf.

Phæd. apart to Dorus.] Come this way---harke ye! ---further ſtill.---Enough.
Tell me once more.---Did Chærea ſtrip you?

Dor. Yes.

Phæd. And put your cloaths on?

Dor. Yes, Sir!

Phæd. And was brought,
In your ſtead, hither?

Dor. Yes.

Phæd. Great Jupiter!

[*pretending to be in a paſſion with him.*

What a moſt wicked ſcoundrel's this?

Pyth. Alas!

Don't you believe, then, we've been vilely us'd?

Phæd. No wonder if *you* credit what he ſays?

I don't know what to do. [*aſide.*] Here, harkye, ſirrah!

Deny it all again. [*apart to Dorus.*]---What! can't I beat

The truth out of you, raſcal?---have you ſeen

My brother Chærea? [*aloud and beating him.*

Dor. No, Sir! [*crying.*

Phæd. So! I ſee

He won't confeſs without a beating.——This way! [*apart.*]—Now

He owns it; now denies it.---Aſk my pardon! [*apart.*

Dor. Beſeech you, Sir, forgive me!

Phæd. Get you gone. [*kicking him.*

Dor. Oh me! oh dear! [*Exit howling.*

Phæd. aſide. I had no other way

To come off handſomely.---We're all undone.

---D'ye think to play your tricks on me, you raſcal?

[*Aloud, and Exit after* Dorus.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Manent PYTHIAS *and* DORIAS.

Pyth. As ſure as I'm alive, this is a trick
Of Parmeno.
Dori. No doubt on't.
Pyth. *I'll deviſe
Some means to-day to fit him for't.---But now,
What would you have me do?
Dori. About the Girl?
Phæd. Ay; ſhall I tell? or keep the matter ſecret?
Dori. Troth, if you're wiſe, you know not what you know,
Nor of the Eunuch, nor the raviſhment:
So ſhall you clear yourſelf of all this trouble,
And do a kindneſs to our miſtreſs too.
Say nothing, but that Dorus is gone off.
Pyth. I'll do ſo.
Dori. Prithee is not Chremes yonder?
Thais will ſoon be here.
Pyth. How ſo?
Dori. Becauſe
When I came thence, a quarrel was abroach

* *I'll deviſe ſome means to-day, &c.*] The revenge of Pythias on Parmeno is very artfully made productive of the cataſtrophe. DON.

Amongſt

Amongſt them.

Pyth. Carry in the jewels, Dorias!
Meanwhile I'll learn of Chremes what has happen'd.

[*Exit* Dorias.

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES *tipſey.*

Chrem. So! ſo!---I'm in for't---and the wine I've drank
Has made me reel again.---Yet while I ſat,
How ſober I ſuppos'd myſelf!---But I
No ſooner roſe, than neither foot, nor head,
Knew their own buſineſs!

Pyth. Chremes!

Chrem. Who's that?---Ha!
Pythias!---How much more handſome you ſeem now,
Than you appear'd a little while ago!

Pyth. I'm ſure you ſeem a good deal merrier.

Chrem. I'faith 'tis an old ſaying, and a true one,
*"Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus."
---But, pray, has Thais been here long before me?

Pyth. Has ſhe yet left the Captain's?

Chrem. Long time ſince:

* *Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus.*] *Sine Cerere & Libero friget Venus.* A proverb, ſignifying that love is cold without good eating and drinking.

An

An age ago. They've had a bloody quarrel.

Pyth. Did not ſhe bid you follow her?

Chrem. Not ſhe:

Only ſhe made a ſign to me at parting.

Pyth. Well, wasn't that enough?

Chrem. No, faith! I never

At all conceiv'd her meaning, till the Captain

Gave me the hint, and kick'd me out o'doors.

---But here ſhe is! I wonder how it was

I overtook her!

SCENE VII.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. I am apt to think

The Captain will ſoon follow me, to take

The Virgin from me: Well then, let him come!

But if he does but lay a finger on her,

We'll tear his eyes out.---His impertinence,

And big words, while *mere* words, I can endure;

But if he comes to action, woe be to him!

Chrem. Thais, I have been here ſome time.

Thais. My Chremes!

The very man I wanted!---Do you know

That You have been th' occaſion of this quarrel?

And that this whole affair relates to You?

Chrem.

Chrem. To Me! how ſo?

Thais. Becauſe, while I endeavour,
And ſtudy to reſtore your ſiſter to you,
This and much more I've ſuffer'd.

Chrem. Where's my ſiſter?

Thais. Within, at my houſe.

Chrem. Ha! [*with concern.*

Thais. Be not alarm'd:
She has been well brought up, and in a manner
Worthy herſelf and you.

Chrem. Indeed?

Thais. 'Tis true:
And now moſt freely I reſtore her to you,
Demanding nothing of you in return.

Chrem. I feel your goodneſs, Thais, and ſhall ever
Remain much bounden to you.

Thais. Ay, but now
Take heed, my Chremes, leſt you loſe your ſiſter,
Ere you receive her from me! for 'tis She,
Whom now the Captain comes to take by ſtorm.
---Pythias, go, fetch the caſket with the proofs!*

Chrem. D'ye ſee him, Thais? [*looking out.*

Pyth. Where does the caſket ſtand?

Thais. Upon the cabinet.---D'ye loiter, huſſy?
[*Exit* Pythias.

* *With the proofs.*] *Cum monumentis.* Alluding to the cuſtom of the antients of attaching ſome valuable token to their children, by which they might be recognized, if expoſed, or ſtolen in their infancy.

Chrem.

Chrem. What force the Captain brings with him againſt you!

Good heav'n!

Thais. Are you afraid, young gentleman?

Chrem. Away!---who? I? afraid?---No mortal leſs.

Thais. Nay, you had need be ſtout at preſent, Chremes.

Chrem. What kind of man d'ye take me for?

Thais. Conſider,

He, whom you've now to cope with, is a ſtranger,
Leſs powerful than you, leſs known, and leſs
Befriended here than you!

Chrem. I know all that:
But why, like fools, admit, what we may ſhun?
Better prevent a wrong, than afterwards
Revenge it, when receiv'd.---Do You ſtep in,
And bolt the door, while *I* run to the Forum,
And call ſome advocates to our aſſiſtance. [*going.*

Thais. Stay! [*holding him.*

Chrem. 'Twill be better.

Thais. Hold!

Chrem. Nay, let me go!
I'll ſoon be back.

Thais. We do not want them, Chremes.
Say, only, that this maiden is your ſiſter,
And that you loſt her when a child, and now
Know her again for your's.

Enter

Enter PYTHIAS.

Thais to Pyth.] Produce the proofs.

Pyth. Here they are.

Thais. Take them, Chremes!---If the Captain
Attempts to do you any violence,
Lead him before a magiſtrate. D'ye mark me?

Chrem. I do.

Thais. Be ſure now ſpeak with a good courage!

Chrem. I will.

Thais. Come, gather up your cloak.---Undone!
My champion wants a champion for himſelf.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter THRASO, GNATHO, SANGA, *&c.*

Thraſo. Shall I put up with an affront ſo groſs,
So monſtrous, Gnatho?---No, I'd rather die.
Simalio, Donax, Syrus, follow me!
Firſt, I will ſtorm their caſtle.

Gnat. Excellent!

Thra. Next carry off the Virgin.

Gnat. Admirable!

Thra. Then puniſh Thais herſelf.

Gnat. Incomparable!

Thra. Here, in the centre, Donax, with your club!

Do

Do you, Simalio, charge on the left wing!
You, Syrus, on the right!---Bring up the reſt!
Where's the Centurion Sanga,* and his band
Of raſcal runaways?

San. Here, Sir!

Thra. How now?
Think'ſt thou to combat with a diſhclout, ſlave!
That thus thou bring'ſt it here?

San. Ah, Sir! I knew
The valour of the gen'ral, and his troops;
And ſeeing this affair muſt end in blood,
I brought a clout to wipe the wounds withall.

Thra. Where are the reſt?

San. Reſt! Plague, whom d'ye mean?
There's nobody, but Sannio, left at home.

Thra. Lead you the van; [*to Gnatho*] and I'll bring up the rear:
Thence give the word to all.

Gnat. What wiſdom is!
Now he has drawn up theſe in rank and file,
His poſt behind ſecures him a retreat.

Thra. Juſt ſo his line of battle † Pyrrhus form'd.

* *The Centurion Sanga.*] The Centurion was an officer, who had the command of an hundred men, commonly thought to be of much the ſame rank as our Captains.

† *Pyrrhus.*] King of Epirus, and one of the greateſt generals of antiquity.

Chremes *and* Thais *appear above at a window.*

Chrem. D'ye ſee, my Thais, what he is about?
To bar and bolt the doors was good advice.
Thais. Tut, man! yon fool, that ſeems ſo mighty brave,
Is a mere coward. Do not be afraid!
Thra. What were beſt? [*to* Gnatho.
Gnat. Troth, I wiſh you had a ſling:
That you from far in ambuſh might attack them!
They'd ſoon fly then, I warrant you.
Thra. But ſee!
Thais appears.
Gnat. Let's charge them then! Come on!
Thra. Halt!---'Tis the part of a wiſe general
To try all methods, e'er he come to arms.
How do you know, but Thais may obey
My orders without force?
Gnat. Oh, gracious heavens!
Of what advantage is it to be wiſe!
I ne'er approach but I go wiſer from you.
Thra. Thais, firſt anſwer this! Did you, or no,
When I preſented you the Virgin, promiſe
To give yourſelf ſome days to me alone?
Thais. What then?
Thra. Is that a queſtion, when you brought
Your lover to affront me to my face?---
Thais. What buſineſs have you with him?

Thra. ——And ſtole off
In company with him?

Thais. It was my pleaſure.

Thra. Therefore, reſtore me Pamphila; unleſs
You chuſe to ſee her carried off by force.

Chrem. She reſtore Pamphila to you? Or You
Attempt to touch her, raſcal?

Gnat. Ah, beware!
Peace, peace, young gentleman!

Thra. to Chrem.] What is't you mean?
Shall I not touch my own?

Chrem. Your own, you ſcoundrel?

Gnat. Take heed! you know not whom you rail at thus.

Chrem. Won't you be gone?---here, hark ye, Sir!--d'ye know
How matters ſtand with you?---if you attempt,
To raiſe a riot in this place to-day,
I'll anſwer for it, that you ſhall remember
This place, to-day, and me, your whole life long.

Gnat. I pity you: to make ſo great a man
Your enemy!

Chrem. Hence! or I'll break your head.

Gnat. How's that, you hang-dog? Are you for that ſport?

Thra. Who are You, fellow?---what d'ye mean?---and what

Have

Have you to do with Pamphila?

Chrem. I'll tell you.

Firſt, I declare, that ſhe's a free-born woman.

Thra. How?

Chrem. And a citizen of Athens.

Thra. Hui!

Chrem. My ſiſter.

Thra. Impudence!

Chrem. So, Captain, now

I give you warning, offer her no force!

---Thais, I'll now to Sophrona, the Nurſe,

And bring her hither to inſpect the proofs.

Thra. And you prohibit me to touch my own?

Chrem. Yes, I prohibit you.

Gnat. D'ye hear? he owns

The robbery himſelf. Isn't that ſufficient?

Thra. And, Thais, you maintain the ſame?

Thais. Aſk thoſe,

Who care to anſwer. [*Shuts down the window.*

Manent THRASO, *and* GNATHO, *&c.*

Thra. What ſhall we do now?

Gnat. Why----e'en go back again!----This harlot here

Will ſoon be with you to requeſt forgiveneſs.

Thra. D'ye think ſo?

Gnat. Ay, moſt certainly. I know

The ways of women.---When you will, they won't.
And when you won't, they're dying for you.

Thra. True.

Gnat. Shall I disband the army?

Thra. When you will.

Gnat. *Sanga, as well becomes a brave militia,
Take to your houses and fire-sides again.

Sang. My mind has been a sop i'th' pan long since.

Gnat. Good fellow!

Sang. To the right about there! march!

[*Exit with* Gnatho *and* Thraso *at the head of the troops.*

* *Sanga, as well becomes, &c.*] Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have had their thoughts on this scene in their draught of the Mob-Regiment in Philaster. The old Captain disembodies his Militia much in the same manner with Gnatho.—"Fall "off again, my sweet Youths; "come, and every man trace "to his house again, and hang "his pewter up."

ACT V. SCENE I.

THAIS *and* PYTHIAS.

THAIS.

STILL, ſtill, you baggage, will you ſhuffle with me?
---" I know---I don't know----he's gone off---
I've heard——
" I was not preſent."---Be it what it may,
Can't you inform me openly?---The Virgin,
Her cloaths all torn, in ſullen ſilence weeps.
The Eunuch's run away.--Why?---what has happen'd?
Still ſilent? Won't you anſwer me?

Pyth. Alas!
What can I anſwer you?---He was, they ſay,
No Eunuch.

Thais. What then?

Pyth. Chærea.

Thais. Chærea!
What Chærea?

Pyth. Phædria's younger brother.

Thais. How!
What's that, hag?

Pyth. I've diſcover'd it: I'm ſure on't.

Thais. Why, what had Chærea to do here? or why
Was he brought hither?

Pyth. Who can tell? unleſs,
As I ſuppoſe, for love of Pamphila.

Thais. Alas! I am undone; undone, indeed,
If that, which you have told me now, be true.
Is't that the Girl bemoans thus?

Pyth. I believe ſo.

Thais. How, careleſs wretch! was that the charge
I gave you
At my departure?

Pyth. What could *I* do? She
Was truſted, as you bad, to him alone.

Thais. Oh, jade, you ſet the wolf to keep the ſheep.
---I'm quite aſham'd to 've been ſo poorly bubbled.

Pyth. Who comes here?---Hiſt! peace, madam, I
beſeech you!
We're ſafe: we have the very man.
[*Seeing* Chærea *at a diſtance.*

Thais. Where is he?

Pyth. Here, on the left; d'ye ſee him, ma'am?

Thais. I ſee him.

Pyth. Let him be ſeiz'd immediately!

Thais. And what
Can we do to him, fool?

Pyth. Do to him, ſay you?

—See,

---See, what a ſaucy face the rogue has got!
Ha'nt he?---and then how ſettled an aſſurance!

SCENE II.

Enter CHÆREA.

Chær. *At Antipho's, as if for ſpite, there were
His father and his mother both at home,
So that I could by no means enter, but
They muſt have ſeen me. Meanwhile, as I ſtood
Before the door, came by an old acquaintance,
At ſight of whom, I flew, with all my ſpeed,
Into a narrow unfrequented alley;
And thence into another, and another,
Frighten'd and flurried as I ſcampered on,
Leſt any one ſhould know me in this habit.
But is that Thais? She. I'm all aground.
What ſhall I do?---Pſhaw! what have I to care?
What can ſhe do to me?

Thais. Let's up to him.
Oh, Dorus! Good ſir, welcome!---And ſo, ſirrah,
You ran away.

* *At Antipho's, &c.*] Chærea aſſigns very natural reaſons for not having changed his dreſs: in which it is worth while to obſerve the art of Terence, ſince the ſequel of the fable made it abſolutely neceſſary that Chærea ſhould appear again before Thais in the habit which he wore while in the houſe. DACIER.

Chær. Yes, madam!

Thais. And you think
It was a clever trick, I warrant you?

Chær. No, madam!

Thais. Can you believe that you ſhall go unpuniſh'd?

Chær. Forgive me this one fault! If I commit
Another, kill me!

Thais. Do you dread my cruelty?

Chær. No, ma'am!

Thais. What then?

Chær. I only was afraid,
She might accuſe me to you. [*pointing to* Pythias.

Thais. Of what crime?

Chær. A little matter.

Pyth. Rogue! a little matter?
Is it ſo little, think you, to abuſe
A virgin, and a citizen?

Chær. I thought
She was my fellow-ſervant.

Pyth. Fellow-ſervant!
I can ſcarce hold from flying at his hair.
Monſtrous! he's come to make his ſport of us.

Thais. Away! you rave.

Pyth. Not I. If I had done't,
I ſhould have ſtill been in the monſter's debt;
Particularly, as he owns himſelf
Your ſervant.

Pyth. Well---no more of this.---Oh, Chærea,
You've

You've done a deed unworthy of yourſelf:
For granting, I perhaps might well deſerve
This injury, it was not honourable
In You to do it.—As I live, I know not
What counſel to perſue about this girl;
You've ſo deſtroy'd my meaſures, that I cannot
Reſtore her, without bluſhing, to her friends,
Nor ſo deliver her, as I propos'd,
To make them thank me for my kindneſs, Chærea.

Chær. Henceforth, I hope, eternal peace ſhall be
Betwixt us, Thais! Oft from things like theſe,
And bad beginnings, warmeſt friendſhips riſe.
What if ſome God hath order'd this?

Thais. Indeed,
I'll ſo interpret it, and wiſh it ſo.

Chær. I prithee do!—and be aſſur'd of this,
That nought I did in ſcorn, but all in love.

Thais. I do believe it; and, on that account,
More readily forgive you: for oh, Chærea,
I am not form'd of an ungentle nature,
Nor am I now to learn the pow'r of love.

Chær. Now, Thais, by my life, I love Thee too.

Pyth. Then, by my troth, you muſt take care of him.

Chær. I durſt not——

Pyth. I don't mind a word you ſay.

Thais. Have done!

Chær.

Chær. But now, in this one circumſtance,
Let me beſeech you to aſſiſt me, Thais!
I truſt myſelf intirely to your care:
Invoke you, as my patroneſs; implore you.
Perdition ſeize me, but I'll marry her!

Thais. But if your father———

Chær. What of Him? I know
He'll ſoon conſent, provided it appears
That ſhe's a citizen.

Thais. If you'll but wait
A little while, her brother will be here:
He's gone to fetch the nurſe, that brought her up;
And You ſhall witneſs the diſcovery.

Chær. I will remain then.

Thais. But, in the mean time,
Had you not rather wait within, than here
Before the door?

Chær. Much rather.

Pyth. What the plague
Are you about?

Thais. What now?

Pyth. What now, indeed?
Will you let Him within your doors again?

Thais. Why not?

Pyth. Remember that I prophecy,
He'll make ſome freſh diſturbance.

Thais. Prithee, peace!

Pyth.

Pyth. It ſeems, you have not had ſufficient proof
Of his aſſurance.

Chær. I'll do no harm, Pythias!

Pyth. I'll not believe it, till I ſee it, Chærea.

Chær. But you ſhall keep me, Pythias!

Pyth. No, not I.
For, by my troth, I would truſt nothing with you,
Neither to keep, nor be kept by you.—Hence!
Away!

Thais. Oh brave! the brother's here. [*looking out.*

Chær. Confuſion!
Let's in, dear Thais! I'd not have him ſee me
Here in this dreſs.

Thais. Why ſo? Are you aſham'd?

Chær. I am indeed.

Pyth. Indeed! aſham'd! oh dear!
Think of the girl!

Thais. Go in! I'll follow you.
* Pythias, do you ſtay here to bring in Chremes.

[*Exeunt* Thais *and* Chærea.

* *Pythias, do you ſtay here.*] Pythias is left on the ſtage, in order to bring on the cataſtrophe, by frightening Parmeno, and inducing him to divulge the whole affair to Chærea's father. DONATUS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

PYTHIAS, CHREMES, SOPHRONA.

Pyth. What can I think of? what can I deviſe?
Some trick now to be even with that rogue
Who palm'd this young ſpark on us.
Chrem. leading the nurſe.] Nay but ſtir
Your ſtumps a little faſter, nurſe!
Soph. I come.
Chrem. Ay, marry; but you don't *come on* a jot.
Pyth. Well! have you ſhewn the tokens to the nurſe?
Chrem. I have.
Pyth. And pray what ſays ſhe? Did ſhe know them?
Chrem. At firſt ſight.
Pyth. Oh brave news! I'm glad to hear it;
For I've a kindneſs for the Girl. Go in;
My miſtreſs is impatient for your coming.
[*Exeunt* Chremes *and* Sophrona.
See, yonder's my good maſter Parmeno,
Marching this way: How unconcern'd, forſooth,
He ſtalks along!—But I've devis'd, I hope,
The means to vex him ſorely.---Firſt I'll in,
To know the truth of this diſcovery,
And then return to terrify this raſcal. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PARMENO.

Par. I'm come to ſee what Chærea has been doing:
Who, if he has but manag'd matters well,
Good heav'ns, how much, and what ſincere applauſe
Shall Parmeno acquire!---For not to mention,
In an intrigue ſo difficult as this,
Of ſo much probable expence at leaſt,
Since with a griping harlot he'd have bargain'd,
That I've procur'd for him the girl he lov'd,
Without coſt, charge, or trouble; t'other point,
That, *that* I hold my maſter-piece, *there* think
I've gain'd the prize, in ſhewing a young ſpark
The diſpoſitions and the ways of harlots;
Which having early learnt, he'll ever ſhun.
[*Enter* Pythias *behind.*
When they're abroad, forſooth, there's none ſo clean,
Nothing ſo trim, ſo elegant, as they;
Nor, when they ſup with a gallant, ſo nice!
To ſee theſe very creatures' gluttony,
Filth, poverty, and meanneſs, when at home;
So eager after food, that they devour
From yeſterday's ſtale broth the coarſe black bread:---
All this to know is ſafety to young men.

SCENE

SCENE V.

PYTHIAS, PARMENO.

Pyth. behind.] 'Faith, ſirrah, I'll be handſomely reveng'd
For all you've done and ſaid. You ſhall not boaſt
Your tricks on us without due puniſhment.
[*aloud, coming forward.*
Oh heav'ns! oh dreadful deed! oh hapleſs youth!
Oh wicked Parmeno, that brought him here!

Par. What now?

Pyth. It mov'd me ſo, I could not bear
To ſee it: therefore I flew out o'doors.
What an example will they make of him!

Par. Oh Jupiter! what tumult can this be?
Am I undone, or no?---I'll e'en enquire.
Pythias, [*going up*] What now? what is't you rave about?
Who's to be made this terrible example?

Pyth. Who? moſt audacious monſter! while you meant
To play your tricks on Us, you have deſtroy'd
The youth, whom you brought hither for the Eunuch.

Par. How ſo? and what has happen'd? Prithee tell me!

Pyth.

Pyth. Tell you? D'ye know the virgin, that was
ſent
To-day to Thais, is a citizen?
Her brother too a man of the firſt rank?
Par. I did not know it?
Pyth. Ay, but ſo it ſeems.
The poor young ſpark abus'd the girl; a thing
No ſooner known, than he, the furious brother——
Par. Did what?
Pyth. Firſt bound him hand and foot——
Par. How! bound him!
Pyth. And now, though Thais begg'd him not to
do it——
Par. How! what!
Pyth. Moreover threatens, he will ſerve him
After the manner of adulterers;
A thing I ne'er ſaw done, and ne'er deſire.
Par. How durſt he offer at an act ſo monſtrous?
Pyth. And why ſo monſtrous?
Par. Is it not moſt monſtrous?
Who ever ſaw a young man ſeiz'd by force,
And puniſh'd for adultery in a brothel?
Pyth. I don't know.
Par. Ay; but you muſt all know this.
I tell you, and foretell you, that young ſpark
Is my old maſter's ſon.
Pyth. Indeed! is he?

Par. And let not Thais ſuffer any one
To do him any violence !---But why
Don't I ruſh in myſelf ?

Pyth. Ah ! have a care
What you're about ; leſt you do him no good,
And hurt yourſelf : for they imagine You,
Whatever has been done, the cauſe of all.

Par. What ſhall I do then ? what reſolve ? Confuſion !
---Oh ! yonder's my old maſter, juſt return'd
To town. Shall I tell *Him* of it, or no ?
I'll tell him, tho' I am well convinc'd, the blame
Will light on me, and heavily : And yet
It muſt be done to help poor Chærea.

Pyth. Right.
I'll in again ; and You, in the mean while,
Tell the old gentleman the whole affair. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

*Enter LACHES.

Laches. I've this convenience from my neighb'ring villa ;
I'm never tir'd of country, or of town.

* *Enter Laches.*] Here the Poet introduces Laches, as he did Parmeno juſt before, in a ſtate of perfect tranquillity ; that the ſudden turn of their ſtate of mind might be more entertaining to the ſpectators. DONATUS.

For as diſguſt comes on, I change my place.
---But is not that our Parmeno? 'Tis he.
Parmeno, who is it you're waiting for
Before that door?

Par. Who's that? oh, Sir! you're welcome:
I'm glad to ſee you ſafe return'd to town.

Laches. Whom do you wait for?

Par. I'm undone: my tongue
Cleaves to my mouth thro' fear. [*apart.*

Laches. Ha! what's the matter?
Why do you tremble ſo? Is all right? Speak!

Par. Firſt be perſuaded, Sir,---for that's the caſe,
Whatever has befallen, has not befallen
Through any fault of mine.

Laches. What is't?

Par. That's true.
Your pardon, Sir, I ſhould have told that firſt.
---Phædria lately bought a certain Eunuch
By way of preſent to this gentlewoman.

Laches. What gentlewoman, ſirrah?

Par. Madam Thais.

Laches. Bought? I'm undone! at what price?

Par. Twenty Minæ.

Laches. I'm ruin'd.

Par. And then Chærea's fall'n in love
With a young muſick-girl.

Laches. How! what! in love!

Knows He, already, what a harlot is?
Is He in town? misfortune on misfortune!

Par. Nay, Sir! don't look on me! it was not done
By my advice.

Laches. Leave prating of yourself.
As for you, rascal, if I live---But first,
Whatever has befallen, tell me, quick!

Par. Chærea was carried thither for the Eunuch:

Laches. He for the Eunuch?

Par. Yes: since when, it seems,
They've seiz'd and bound him for a ravisher.

Laches. Confusion?

Par. See the impudence of harlots!

Laches. Is there aught else of evil or misfortune,
You have not told me yet?

Par. You know the whole.

Laches. Then why do I delay to rush in on them?

[*Exit.**

* *Exit.*] The terror of Laches accounts for his sudden consent to the union of Chærea and Pamphila: for though he could not settle the matter entirely with credit, yet he was glad to find his son had made an unequal match, rather than endangered his life. DONATUS.

I think Chærea apologizes still better for this arrangement in the scene with Thais at the opening of this act, where he says, he is confident of obtaining his father's consent, provided Pamphila proves to be a citizen; and indeed the match between them is rather a reparation of an injury done to her, than a degradation of himself.

Par. There is no doubt but I ſhall ſmart for this.
But ſince I was oblig'd to't, I rejoice
That I ſhall make theſe ſtrumpets ſuffer too:
For our old gentleman has long deſir'd *
Some cauſe to puniſh them; and now he has it.

SCENE VII.

Enter PYTHIAS, PARMENO *at a diſtance.*

Pyth. I ſwear, that I was never better pleas'd,
Than when I ſaw th' old man come blund'ring in.
I had the jeſt alone; for I alone
Knew what he was afraid of.

Par. Hey! what now?

Pyth. I'm now come forth t'encounter Parmeno.
Where is he?

Par. She ſeeks me.

Pyth. Oh, there he is.
I'll go up to him.

Par. Well, fool, what's the matter? [Pyth. *laughs.*
What wou'd you? what d'ye laugh at? Hey! what ſtill?

Pyth. Oh, I ſhall die: I'm horribly fatigu'd

* *Has long deſir'd ſome cauſe to puniſh them.*] Donatus tells us that Menander was more explicit concerning the reſentment of Laches againſt Thais, on account of her having corrupted Phædria.

With laughing at you. [*laughing heartily.*

Par. For what cauſe?

Pyth. What cauſe? [*laughing.*

I ne'er ſaw, ne'er ſhall ſee, a greater fool.
Oh, 'tis impoſſible to tell what ſport*
You've made within.—I ſwear, I always thought
That you had been a ſhrewd, ſharp, cunning fellow.
What! to believe directly what I told you!
†Or was not you contented with the crime

* *What ſport you've made within.*] There is a great error, in regard to the Unity of Time, in Terence's Eunuch, when Laches, the old Man, enters by miſtake into the houſe of Thais, where betwixt his Exit, and the Entrance of Pythias, who comes to give ample relation of the diſorders he has raiſed within, Parmeno, who was left upon the ſtage, has not above five lines to ſpeak. *C'eſt bien employer un temps ſi court.*

DRYDEN's *Eſſay of Dramatick Poeſie.*

Beſides the abſurdity here taken notice of by Dryden, in regard to Time, there is alſo another inconvenience, in the preſent inſtance, ariſing from too ſtrict an adherence to the Unity of Place. What a figure would this narration of Pythias have made, if thrown into action! The circumſtances are in themſelves as truly comick as thoſe of any ſcene in this excellent play; and it would be well worth while to follow Laches into the houſe, to be preſent at the ridiculous diſtreſs and confuſion which his preſence muſt occaſion.

There is, however, much more to be commended, and even imitated, than cenſured, in the conſtruction of this laſt act. All that paſſes between Pythias, Parmeno, and Laches, is truly admirable.

† *Was not you contented.*] *An pœnitebat.* This, as Patrick obſerves, is not to be explained *did you repent?* But *was not you contented?* Donatus gives the ſame interpretation, and confirms it by citations from our Author and Plautus, as well as Patrick by quotations from Cicero.

You urg'd the youth to perpetrate, unleſs
You afterwards betray'd him to his father?
How d'ye ſuppoſe he felt, when old Grey-beard
Surpriz'd him in that habit?—What! you find
That you're undone. [*laughing heartily.*

Par. What's this, Impertinence?
Was it a lie, you told me? D'ye laugh ſtill?
Is't ſuch a jeſt to make fools of us, hag?

Pyth. Delightful! [*laughing.*

Par. If you don't pay dearly for it!—

Pyth. Perhaps ſo. [*laughing.*

Par. I'll return it.

Pyth. Oh, no doubt on't. [*laughing.*

But what you threaten Parmeno, is diſtant:
You'll be truſs'd up to-day; who firſt draw in
A raw young lad to ſin, and then betray him.
They'll both conſpire to make you an example.
[*laughing.*

Par. I'm done for.

Pyth. Take this, ſlave, as a reward
For the fine gift you ſent us; ſo, farewell!
[*Exit* Pythias.

Par. I've been a fool indeed; and like a rat,
Betray'd myſelf to-day by my own ſqueaking.

SCENE VIII.

* *Enter* THRASO, GNATHO, [Parmeno *behind.*

Gnat. What now? with what hope, or design, advance we?

What's your intention, Thraso?

Thra. My intention?

To Thais to surrender at discretion.

Gnat. How say you?

* *Enter Thraso and Gnatho.*] With the entrance of Laches into the house of Thais, and in consequence of it, his consent to the marriage of Chærea with Pamphila, the Fable of the Eunuch is certainly concluded: and all that follows, like the last scene of the Andrian, is but the lame completion of an episode, limping after the main action. In the four first acts the adventures of Thraso are so artfully interwoven with the other business of the play, that they are fairly blended and incorporated with the fable of the Eunuch: but here we perceive, that though our Author has got rid of one of Menander's pieces, the other, the Colax, still hangs heavy on his hands. Were an author to form his play on twenty different pieces, if he could melt them all down into one action, there would be no impropriety: but if he borrows only from Two, whenever the episode ceases to act as one of the necessary springs of the main action, it becomes redundant; and the Unity of the Action (perhaps the only Unity, which ought never to be violated) is destroyed. Thraso, says Donatus, is brought back again, in order to be admitted to some share in the good graces of Thais, that he may not be made unhappy at the end of the play: but surely it is an essential part of the Poetical Justice of Comedy to expose coxcombs to ridicule, and to punish them, though without any shocking severity, for their follies.

Thra.

Thra. Even ſo. Why ſhould not I,
As well as Hercules to Omphale?

Gnat. A fit example.---Oh, that I could ſee her
*Combing your empty noddle with her ſlipper! [*aſide.*

But her door opens.

Thraſo. Death! what miſchief now?
I ne'er ſo much as ſaw this face before.
Why burſts he forth with ſuch alacrity?

SCENE IX.

Enter CHÆREA *at another part of the Stage.*

Chær. Lives there, my countrymen, a happier man
To-day than I?—Not one.—For on my head
The Gods have plainly emptied all their ſtore,
On whom they've pour'd a flood of bliſs at once.

Par. What's he ſo pleas'd at?

† *Combing your empty noddle with her ſlipper.*] *Utinam tibi* commitigari *videam ſandalio caput.* It is ſomewhat extraordinary that Donatus, who has analized almoſt every word of our author's text, ſhould omit taking notice of the irony conveyed by the word *commitigari*, which in Ainſworth's Dictionary is well explained by *demulceri*.

Omphale was a queen of Lydia, with whom Hercules falling in love, ſhe impoſed on him the taſk of ſpinning wool; and Gnatho, according to Madam Dacier, here alludes to ſome old comedy on this ſubject, in which the hero was repreſented with a diſtaff by the ſide of his miſtreſs, who broke his head with her ſlipper.

Chær. seeing him.] Oh my Parmeno!
Inventor, undertaker, perfecter
Of all my pleasures, know'st thou my good fortunes?
Know'st thou my Pamphila's a citizen?

Par. I've heard so.

Chær. Know'st thou, she's betroth'd my wife?

Par. Good news, by heaven!

Gnat. Hear you, what he says? [*to* Thraso.

Chær. Then I rejoice, my brother Phædria's love
Is quietly secur'd to him for ever:
We're now one family: and Thais has
Found favour with my father, and resign'd
Herself to Us for patronage and care.

Par. She's then entirely Phædria's?

Chær. Ay entirely.

Par. Another cause of joy: the Captain routed!

Chær. See, Parmeno, my brother (whereso'er
He be) know this, as soon as possible!

Par. I'll see if he's at home. [*Exit.*

Thraso. Hast any doubt,
But I'm entirely ruin'd, Gnatho?

Gnat. None.

Chær. What shall I mention first? whom praise the most?
Him that advis'd this action? or myself
That durst to undertake it?---or extol

Fortune,

Fortune, the governeſs of all, who deign'd,
Events ſo many, of ſuch moment too,
So happily to cloſe within one day?
Or ſhall I praiſe my father's frank good-humour,
And gay feſtivity?---Oh, Jupiter,
Make but theſe bleſſings permanent!

SCENE X.

Enter PHÆDRIA.

Phæd. Good heavens!
What wond'rous things has Parmeno juſt told me!
But where's my brother?
Chær. Here.
Phæd. I'm quite tranſported.
Chær. I dare believe you are; and truſt me, brother,
None can be worthier of your love than Thais:
Our family are all much bounden to her.
Phæd. So! you'd need ſing her praiſe to me!
Thraſo. Confuſion!
As my hope dies, my paſſion gathers ſtrength.
Gnatho, your help! my only hope's in you.
Gnat. What would you have me do?
Thraſo. Accompliſh this;
By pray'r, by purchaſe, that I ſtill may have

Some

Some little ſhare in Thais.

Gnat. A hard taſk!

Thraſo. Do but incline to do't, you can, I know.
Effect it, and demand whatever gift,
Whate'er reward you pleaſe, it ſhall be your's.

Gnat. Indeed?

Thraſo. Indeed.

Gnat. If I accompliſh this,
I claim, that you agree to throw your doors,
Preſent or abſent, always open to me;
A welcome uninvited gueſt for ever.

Thraſo. I pawn my honour as the pledge.

Gnat. I'll try.

Phæd. What voice is that? Oh, Thraſo!

Thraſo. Gentlemen,
Good day!

Phæd. Perhaps you're not acquainted yet,
With what has happen'd here?

Thraſo. I am.

Phæd. Why then
Do I behold you in theſe territories?

Thraſo. Depending on———

Phæd. Depend on nought but this!
Captain, I give you warning, if, henceforth,
I ever find you in this ſtreet, although
You tell me, "*I was looking for another,*
"*I was but paſſing through,*" expect no quarter.

Gnat.

Gnat. Oh fie! that is not handſome.

Phæd. I have ſaid it.

Gnat. You cannot be ſo rude.

Phæd. It ſhall be ſo.

Gnat. Firſt grant me a ſhort hearing: if you like
What I propoſe, agree to't.

Phæd. Let us hear!

Gnat. Do you retire a moment, Thraſo! [Thraſo *retires.*] Firſt
I muſt beſeech you both, moſt firmly think,
That I, whate'er I do in this affair,
For my own ſake I do it: But if that
Likewiſe advantage You, not to agree
In you were folly.

Phæd. What are your propoſals?

Gnat. I think, 'twere not imprudent to admit
The Captain, as your rival.

Phæd. How!
Admit him, ſay you?

Gnat. Nay reflect a little.
Phædria, you live at a high rate with Thais,
Revel, and feaſt, and ſtick at no expence.
Yet what you give's but little, and you know
'Tis needful Thais ſhould receive much more.
Now to ſupply your love without your coſt,
A fitter perſon, one more form'd, can't be
Than Thraſo is: Firſt, he has wherewithal

To

To give, and gives moſt largely: A fool too,
A dolt, a block, that ſnores out night and day;
Nor can you fear ſhe'll e'er grow fond of him;
And you may drive him out whene'er you pleaſe.
Phæd. What ſhall we do? [*to* Chærea.
Gnat. Moreover this; the which
I hold no trifle, no man entertains
More nobly or more freely.
Phæd. I begin
To think we've need of ſuch a fool.
Chær. And I.
Gnat. Well judg'd! and let me beg one favour more;
Admit me into your fraternity!
I've roll'd this ſtone too long.*
Phæd. We do admit you.
Chær. With all our hearts.
Gnat. And you, ſirs, in return,
†Shall pledge me in the Captain; eat him; drink him:
And laugh at him,
Chær. A bargain!
Phæd. ‡'Tis his due.

* *Roll'd this ſtone.*] Pleaſant alluſion to the fable of Siſyphus. DONATUS.

† *Shall pledge me in the Captain, &c.*] Facetiouſly ſaid in the character of the Paraſite, who diſcourſes in convivial terms. DONATUS.

‡ *'Tis his due.*] I cannot think that this play, excellent as it is in almoſt all other reſpects, concludes conſiſtently with

Gnat. Thraſo, whene'er you pleaſe, come forward!

Thraſo. Well!

How ſtands the caſe?

Gnat. Alas! they knew you not:

But when I drew your character, and prais'd

Your worth, according to your deeds and virtues,

I gain'd my point.

Thraſo. 'Tis well: I'm much oblig'd.

I ne'er was any where, in all my life,

But all folks lov'd me moſt exceedingly.

Gnat. There! Did not I aſſure you, gentlemen,

That he had all the Attick Elegance?

Phæd. He is the very character you drew.

Gnat. Retire then.---Ye, [*to the audience*] farewell, and clap your hands!

with the manners of Gentlemen: there is a meanneſs in Phædria and Chærea conſenting to take Thraſo into their ſociety with a view of fleecing him, which the Poet ſhould have avoided. COOKE.

The conſent of Laches to the continuance of his Son's connection with Thais is alſo ſo repugnant to modern manners, that Fontaine found himſelf obliged to change that circumſtance in his imitation of this Comedy.

Self-Tormentor.

THE

SELF-TORMENTOR.

TO THE HONOURABLE

HARRY PULTENEY,

General of His Majesty's Forces,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE,
MENEDEMUS,
CHREMES,
CLINIA,
CLITIPHO,
SYRUS,
DROMO,

SOSTRATA,
ANTIPHILA,
BACCHIS,
NURSE,
PHRYGIA, *and other servants of* Bacchis,

SCENE, *a Village near* ATHENS.

THE

SELF-TORMENTOR,

Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES.

L. Cornelius Lentulus, and L. Valerius Flaccus, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Musick composed by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: Taken from the Greek of Menander: Acted the first time with unequal flutes, afterwards with two right-handed ones: It was acted a third time. Published, M. Juventius, and M. Sempronius, Consuls*.

* *Juventius and Sempronius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 590, and 163 years before Christ.

PROLOGUE.

LEST any of you wonder, why the Bard
To an old actor hath assigned the part
*Sustain'd of old by young performers; †That
I'll first explain: then say what brings me here.
To-day, a whole play, wholly from the Greek,
We mean to represent:---The Self-Tormentor:‡
Wrought from a single to a double plot. ‖

* *Sustain'd of old by young performers.*] It appears from this passage that the Prologue was usually spoken by young men. DACIER.

† *That I'll first explain: then say what brings me here.* Terence has been accused by some criticks of being worse than his word here; for, say they, he does not first explain why he has chosen an old performer. But this accusation is unjust, for it is the first thing which he does: what he says before is merely to make the piece known, which business he dispatches in two words, and that too in a parenthesis. DACIER.

This passage is also vindicated by Scaliger in his Poeticks, chap. 3. book 6.

‡ *The Self-Tormentor.*] The Latin title of this play, Heautontimorumenos, is of Greek derivation, being a compound of two words in that language, ἑαυτὸν τιμωρημενος, literally signifying a Self-Tormentor.

‖ *Wrought from a single to a double plot.*] *Duplex quæ ex argumento facta est simplici.* This passage has greatly perplexed the Commentators. Julius Scaliger was of opinion that Terence called this Comedy *Duplex*, double, because it was acted at two different times: the *two first Acts* at the close of the evening, and the remaining *three* on the following morning; and that it therefore served as two distinct pieces. But this conjecture is not admissible: Terence only meant to say that he had doubled the characters; instead of *one old man, one young gallant, one mistress*, as in Menander, he had *two old men*, &c. he therefore adds very properly,

Now therefore that our Comedy is new, *
And what it is, I've ſhewn: who wrote it too,
And whoſe in Greek it is, were I not ſure
† Moſt of you knew already, would I tell.
But, wherefore I have ta'en this part upon me,
In brief I will deliver: for the Bard
Has ſent me here as Pleader, not as Prologue:
You he declares his Judges, me his Counſel:
And yet as Counſel nothing can I ſpeak
More than the Author teaches me to ſay,
Who wrote th' oration which I now recite.

As to reports, which envious men have ſpread,
That he has ranſack'd many Grecian plays,
While he compoſes ſome few Latin ones,

novam eſſe oſtendi,—That our Comedy is NEW,—which certainly could not have been implied, had the characters been the ſame in the Greek poet. DACIER.

* *That our Comedy is* new, &c.] Terence pretends, that having doubled the ſubject of the Self-Tormentor, his piece is new. I allow it; but whether it is better on that account, is quite another queſtion. DIDEROT.

It is impoſſible not to regret that there are not above ten lines of the Self-Tormentor preſerved among the Fragments of Menander. We are ſo deeply intereſted by what we ſee of that character in Terence, that one cannot but be curious to enquire in what manner the Greek Poet ſuſtained it through five acts. The Roman Author, though he has adopted the title of the Greek Play, has ſo altered the fable, that Menedemus is ſoon thrown into the back-ground, and Chremes is brought forward as the principal object: or, to vary the alluſion a little, the Menedemus of Terence ſeems to be a drawing in miniature copied from a full length, as large as the life, by Menander.

† *Moſt of you know already.*] This is a remarkable proof how careful the Romans were in the ſtudy of the Greek Poets. S.

That

That he denies not, he has done; nor does
Repent he did it; means to do it ſtill;
Safe in the warrant and authority
Of greater bards, who did long ſince the ſame.
Then for the charge, that his Arch-Enemy*
Maliciouſly reproaches him withal,
That he but lately hath applied himſelf
†To muſick, with the genius of his friends,
Rather than natural talents, fraught; how true,
Your judgment, your opinion, muſt decide.
I would intreat you, therefore, not to lean
To tales of ſlander, rather than of candour.
Be favourable; nurſe with growing hopes
The bards, who give you pleaſing novelties;
Pleaſing I ſay, not ſuch as *His* I mean,
‡Who lately introduc'd a breathleſs ſlave,
Making the croud give way:---But wherefore trace
A dunce's faults? which ſhall be ſhewn at large,
When more he writes, unleſs he ceaſe to rail.

* *His Arch-Enemy.*] Luſcius Lavinius, the ſame Poet who is mentioned in the Prologues to the Andrian and Eunuch.

† *To Muſick.*] The Antients called that Muſick, which we now term the *Belles Lettres.* Ariſtophanes more than once calls the art of dramatick writing, Muſick. DACIER.

‡ *Who lately introduc'd a breathleſs ſlave, &c.*] It muſt have been a wretched piece, if this was the moſt beautiful paſſage in it. Yet ſuch an incident is often neceſſary, as may be ſeen in the Amphitryon of Plautus, where Mercury runs in crying,

Concedite atque abſcedite, omnes de viâ decedite.

Attend impartially! and let me once
Without annoyance act an easy part;*
Lest your old servant be o'er-labour'd still

Terence therefore only blames those authors, who, like Lusci-us, made it the capital circum-stance in their plays. DACIER.

Had Madam Dacier quoted the whole passage in the Am-phitryon, I think it would have been evident that Plautus also meant to ridicule the like prac-tice.

Concedite atque abscedite, omnes de viâ decedite,
Nec quisquam tam audax fuat homo, qui obviam insistat mihi!
Nam mihi quidem, hercle, qui minus liceat Deo minitarier
Populo, si decedat mihi, quam servulo in Comœdiis?

Plaut. Amph. *Act.* 2. *Sc.* 4.

Give place, make room, stand by, and clear the way,
Nor any be so bold to stop my speed!
For shall not I, who am a Deity,
Menace the croud, unless they yield to me,
As well as Slaves in Comedy?

* *Act an easy part.*] *Statariam agere.* The word *Statariam* has not been thoroughly under-stood; in order more fully to explain it, we must have re-course to its original meaning. The Greek Poets divided their choruses into two different sorts of verse, the στασιμα μελη, *sta-tarios versus*, so called, because the actor who repeated them never moved from his place; and into the πυρρδικα μελη, *mo-torios versus*, because the per-former skipped and danced a-bout while he was repeating his part. This has been per-fectly well explained by the Scholiasts upon Æschylus and Aristophanes. The Romans made the same distinctions, and called those Pieces *Stataria* which were grave and compos'd, and required little or no action. The *Motoriæ* on the contrary were lively and full of busines and action. This Play is of the former kind.—Some Commen-tators imagine Terence means one character only by *Statariam*, as if *personam* were to be under-stood; but though the Antients did call the actors *stationarios et mo-torios*, according to the different parts they were engaged in, I am convinced that it is not in this place at all applicable to them, but to the whole comedy: how else are we to explain the 45th verse?

Sin levis est, ad alium mox defertur gregem.

To

With toilſome characters, the running ſlave,
The eating paraſite, enrag'd old man,
The bold-fac'd ſharper, covetous procurer;
Parts, that aſk pow'rs of voice, and iron ſides.
Deign then, for my ſake, to accept this plea,
And grant me ſome remiſſion from my labour.
For they, who now produce new comedies,
Spare not my age: If there is aught laborious,
They run to me; but if of little weight,
Away to others. In our piece to-day
*The ſtile is pure: Now try my talents then
In either character. If I for gain,

To apply it to any one of the other actors of the company, would be overſtraining the ſenſe of the text. DACIER.

Being entirely of a different opinion from Madam Dacier, concerning the ſenſe of the words *Statariam agere*, I have tranſlated them as referring merely to the character, which the Prologue-Speaker was to play, (which I apprehend to have been Menedemus) and not to the whole comedy: and the lines immediately ſubſequent, I think, confirm this interpretation, as they contain a deſcription of the laborious characters he uſually repreſented, *Clamore ſummo, cum labore maxumo*; which he urges as a plea for his being allowed to act an eaſier part at preſent.

—— —— —— *date poteſtatem, mihi*
Statariam agere, ut liceat per ſilentium.

As to the difficulty ſtarted by Madam Dacier concerning the line,

Sin levis eſt, ad alium mox
defertur gregem,

it is a difficulty, which I muſt own I cannot very well comprehend; nor do I ſee the leaſt neceſſity of applying that verſe to any one of the other actors of the company, in order to warrant this interpretation.

* *The ſtile is pure.*] Terence with great propriety commends this

Never o'er-rated my abilities;
If I have held it ſtill my chief reward
To be ſubſervient to your pleaſure; fix
In me a fair example, that our youth
May ſeek to pleaſe You, rather than Themſelves.

this play for the purity of its ſtile; he knew it to be very deficient in point of action, and therefore determined to repair that defect by the vivacity and purity of the language; and he has perfectly ſucceeded. DACIER.

With all due deference to Madam Dacier, the play is, in my mind, far from being deſtitute of action: the plot being as artfully conſtructed, and containing as many unexpected turns and variety of incidents, as any of our Author's pieces, as may perhaps appear in the courſe of theſe notes.

THE

THE SELF-TORMENTOR*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CHREMES, MENEDEMUS.

CHREMES.

THOUGH our acquaintance is as yet but young,
Since you have bought this farm that neighbours mine,
And little other commerce is betwixt us;

* *The Self-Tormentor.*] There is, perhaps, no play of Terence, wherein the Author has pointed out the place and time of action with more exactneſs than in the preſent: and yet the ſettling thoſe two points has occaſioned a moſt furious controverſy between two learned Frenchmen, Hedelin and Menage. Madam Dacier, in her remarks, has endeavoured to moderate between them, ſometimes inclining to one ſide, and ſometimes to the other. I, perhaps, in my turn, ſhall occaſionally differ from all three, not doubting but I ſhall become equally liable to the reprehenſions of future criticks. I ſhall, however, endeavour to found my remarks on an accurate examination of the piece itſelf, and to draw my arguments from within, rather than from without. The principal cauſe of the different errors of Hedelin and Menage, ſeems to me to have been an idle parade of learning, foreign to the purpoſe; together with an obſtinate adherence to their ſeveral ſyſtems, which having once adopted, they were reſolved to ſquare all their arguments to the ſupport of their opinions, rather than to

Yet or your virtue, or good neighbourhood,
(Which is in my opinion kin to friendſhip)
Urge me to tell you, fairly, openly,
That you appear to me to labour more
Than your age warrants, or affairs require.
For in the name of heav'n and earth, what wou'd you?
What do you drive at? Threeſcore years of age,
Or older, as I gueſs; with an eſtate,
Better than which, more profitable, none
In theſe parts hold; maſter of many ſlaves;
As if you had not one at your command,
You labour in their offices yourſelf.
I ne'er go out ſo ſoon, return ſo late,
Morning or evening, but I ſee you ſtill

to direct them towards the inveſtigation of truth. The matters in diſpute between them, though drawn out to a great length of controverſy, lie in a very narrow compaſs. But there being in both an apparent jealouſy of their characters, as ſcholars, both were induced to multiply quotations and illuſtrations from other authors, inſtead of turning their attention ſufficiently to the text, and making the poet a comment on himſelf; which every writer, eſpecially thoſe who attempt the Drama, ought to be. Each were in ſome inſtances wrong; and even when they were in the right, having condeſcended to maintain their opinion with falſe arguments, each in their turn afforded the opponent an opportunity of cavilling with ſome appearance of juſtice. Many examples of this will, I think, appear in the courſe of theſe notes, from which it may be concluded, that there is no point whatever, that lies ſo plain and level to the underſtanding, but it may be rendered obſcure and intricate by learned and ingenious diſputants, who chuſe it as a ſubject for the exerciſe of their talents and a diſplay of their erudition.

At

At labour on your acres,* digging, ploughing,
Or carrying ſome burden: in a word,
You ne'er remit your toil, nor ſpare yourſelf.

* *Digging, ploughing or carrying ſome burden.*] *Fodere, aut arare, aut aliquid ferre.* This paſſage is of much greater conſequence than is generally imagined, towards the underſtanding the true intent and management of this play; for it is material to know what Menedemus is about when Chremes firſt accoſts him; whether he is at work in the field, or is returning home loaded with his tools. Two very learned men engaged in a very elaborate diſputation upon this ſubject. If Menedemus is ſtill at work when Chremes firſt meets him, Terence would certainly have been guilty of a very groſs impropriety in the conduct of his comedy; for, as the ſcene never changes, Menedemus muſt neceſſarily be ever preſent. Terence could never be ſo abſurd as not to guard againſt falling into ſo groſs an error. He not only takes care to acquaint us with the ſituation of Menedemus, but alſo with the hour of the day, at which the piece commences; which is plainly marked out by theſe words, *aut aliquid ferre*, which decides the whole point in queſtion. Menedemus having been at work all day, and being unable to ſee any longer, takes his tools on his back, and is making the beſt of his way home; Chremes at that very inſtant meets him near his own door, where the ſcene lies: the beginning of this play therefore is evidently towards the cloſe of the day, when Menedemus had quitted his work. DACIER.

There is certainly a great want of accuracy in this way of reaſoning, with which Madam Dacier eſpouſes Hedelin's argument: for why, as Menage juſtly ſays, ſhould the words *aut aliquid ferre* refer to the manner in which Menedemus was then actually employed, more than the other words, *fodere, aut arare?* or if they were ſo interpreted, ſtill they muſt be applied to his carrying burdens in the courſe of his laborious occupations, while at work in the fields. One word of marginal direction, ſetting down the *Pantomime* of the ſcene, according to Diderot's plan, would have ſolved all our doubts on this head. On the whole, Menage, I think, fails in his proofs that Menedemus is actually at work, though he labours that point exceedingly: and Hedelin is mani-

This, I am certain, is not done for pleaſure.
---You'll ſay, perhaps, it vexes you to ſee
Your work go on ſo ſlowly;---do but give
The time you ſpend in labouring yourſelf
To ſet your ſlaves to work, 'twill profit more.

manifeſtly wrong in maintaining that the ſcene lies within the city of Athens. One of the principal objections urged by Hedelin (and referred to by Madam Dacier in the above note) to the Poet's having intended to exhibit Menedemus actually at work, when Chremes accoſts him, is, that the ſcene evidently lies between both their houſes. Were the ſcene laid in town, as Hedelin contends, indeed it could not be: but if in the country adjacent, as Dacier agrees with Menage, why might not Menedemus be at work on a piece of ground lying between the two houſes? It is natural enough that the ſight of Menedemus thus employed, might urge Chremes to preſume, under the privilege of good neighbourhood, to ſpeak to him.—There is a brevity and ſullenneſs alſo in the anſwers of Menedemus, that ſeems in character for a man employed, and unwilling to be interrupted, though he relents by degrees, and reluctantly ſuffers Chremes to force his tools from him.—His being at work too forms a kind of theatrical picture on the opening of the piece.—Theſe, I think, are the ſtrongeſt arguments, deduced from the ſcene itſelf, which can be urged in behalf of the notion of Menedemus being exhibited as at work on his farm; and ſome of them, I think, appear weighty and plauſible: but a further examination, with an attention to the conduct of the reſt of the piece, determined me to the contrary opinion.—At the end of the ſcene, it is evident that Menedemus quits the ſtage, and enters his own houſe. It cannot be ſaid, that he is prevailed on to deſiſt from his labour by the arguments of Chremes; ſince he will not even accept the invitation to ſupper, leſt it ſhould afford him a reſpite from his miſery. It is plain therefore, I think, that Terence meant to open the firſt act with the cloſe of the day, together with the labours of Menedemus; as he begins the third act with the break of day and the coming forth of Menedemus, to return to his toils and ſelf-puniſhment.

The

Mene. Have you ſuch leiſure from your own affairs
To think of thoſe, that don't concern you, Chremes?
Chremes. I am a man, and feel for all mankind.*
Think, I adviſe, or aſk for information:

The length of this, and ſome other controverſial notes on this comedy, will, I hope, be excuſed, when it is conſidered that this diſpute has filled whole volumes. I thought it incumbent on me to clear up theſe points to the beſt of my abilities; ſince none can be ſo juſtly reproved for having omitted to explain an author's meaning, as thoſe who have attempted to tranſlate him.

* *I am a man, &c.*] *Homo ſum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.* It is ſaid that at the delivery of this ſentiment, the whole theatre, *though full of fooliſh and ignorant people*, reſounded with applauſe. ST. AUGUSTINE.

It is ſaid this ſentence was received with an univerſal applauſe. There cannot be a greater argument of *the general good underſtanding of a people*, than a ſudden conſent to give their approbation of a ſentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were ſpoken with never ſo great ſkill in the actor, the manner of uttering that ſentence could have nothing in it which could ſtrike any *but people of the greateſt humanity, nay, people elegant and ſkilful in obſervations upon it.* It is poſſible he might have laid his hand on his breaſt, and with a winning inſinuation in his countenance, expreſſed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his caſe his own: yet I'll engage, a player in Covent-Garden might hit ſuch an attitude a thouſand times before he would have been regarded. STEELE'S SPECTATOR, No. 502.

We are not to take this, as hath conſtantly been done, for a ſentiment of *pure humanity* and the natural ebullition of *benevolence*. We may obſerve in it a deſigned ſtroke of ſatirical reſentment. The Self-Tormentor, as we ſaw, had ridiculed Chremes' *curioſity* by a ſevere reproof. Chremes, to be even with him, reflects upon the inhumanity of his temper. "You, ſays he [or "rather he *implies*] ſeem ſuch a "foe to humanity, that you "ſpare it not *in yourſelf*; I, on "the other hand, am affected "when I ſee it ſuffer *in another*." HURD's *Diſſertation on the Provinces of the Drama.*

I cannot diſmiſs this long note without expreſſing my concurrence

If right, that I may do the ſame; if wrong,
To turn you from it.

Mene. I have need to do thus;
Do you as you think fit.

Chremes. Need any man
Torment himſelf?

Mene. I need.*

currence with the laſt cited critick in his explanation of this paſſage: but I cannot agree with Sir Richard Steele that ſentiments of humanity are ſuffered to paſs unnoticed on our Theatres, any more than I can conclude with the pious St. Auguſtine, that the Roman theatre was filled with fooliſh and ignorant people. A modern audience ſeems to be on the catch for ſentiment; and perhaps often injudiciouſly: for nothing can be more oppoſite to the genius of the Drama, whether in Tragedy or Comedy, than a forced detail of ſentiments, unleſs, like this before us, they grow out of the circumſtances of the play, and fall naturally from the character that delivers them. The original contains a play of words between *homo* and *humani*, and a retort of the word *alienum*, which makes it rather difficult to be given with its full force in a tranſlation. My verſion, I am conſcious, does not comprehend *every word*; but I hope it will be found to include the *whole meaning* of the ſentiment. It is eaſy to open it ſtill further by a more diffuſed expreſſion; but I thought that conciſeneſs made it more round, and full, and forcible. If there are any readers of a different opinion, let them ſubſtitute the two following lines; though I muſt own I prefer that in the text.

I am a man; and all calamities,
That touch humanity, come home to me.

* *I need.*] Comedy relates to the whole ſpecies, Tragedy to individuals. What I mean is this, the heroe of a Tragedy is ſuch or ſuch a man; Regulus, or Brutus, or Cato, and no other perſon. The principal character of a Comedy, ſhould on the contrary repreſent a great number of men. If by chance the Poet ſhould give him ſo peculiar a phyſiognomy, that there were

Chremes. If you're unhappy, *
I'm ſorry for it. But what evil's this?
What is th' offence ſo grievous to your nature,

were in ſociety but one individual who reſembled him, Comedy would relapſe into its childhood, and degenerate into ſatire.

Terence ſeems to me to have fallen once into this error. His Self-Tormentor is a father afflicted at the extremities to which he has driven his ſon by an exceſs of ſeverity; for which he puniſhes himſelf by rags, hard fare, avoiding company, putting away his ſervants, and condemning himſelf to labour the earth with his own hands. One may venture to pronounce ſuch a father to be out of nature. A great city would ſcarce in an age furniſh one example of ſo whimſical a diſtreſs.

Horace, whoſe taſte was of a ſingular delicacy, appears to me to have perceived this fault, and to have glanced at it in the following paſſage.

Hic? vix credere poſſis
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terenti
Fabula quem miſerum nato vixiſſe fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejus cruciaverit atque hic.

No—'tis amazing, that this man of pelf
Hath yet ſo little friendſhip for himſelf,
That ev'n the Self-Tormentor in the play,
Cruel, who drove his much-lov'd ſon away,
Amidſt the willing tortures of deſpair,
Could not, with wretchedneſs like his, compare.
FRANCIS.

Nothing is more in the manner of this poet, than to have given two ſenſes to *pejus*, one of which is aimed at Terence, while the other falls on Fufidius, the immediate object of his ſatire. DIDEROT.

Perhaps the reader will imagine the latter part of the above note, relative to Horace, is rather a refinement of the ingenious critick, than the real intention of the ſatiriſt.

* *If you're unhappy, I'm ſorry for it.*] *Si quid laboris eſt, nollem.* This ſhort ſentence in the original has employed all the commentators. The firſt clauſe, *ſi quid laboris eſt*, has, I think, been very properly explained by Madam Dacier to ſignify, *if*

That aſks ſuch cruel vengeance on yourſelf?

Mene. Alas! alas! [*in tears.*

Chremes. Nay, weep not; but inform me.
Be not reſerv'd: fear nothing: prithee, truſt me:
By conſolation, counſel, or aſſiſtance,
I poſſibly may ſerve you.

Mene. Would you know it?

Chremes. Ay, for the very reaſon I have mention'd.

Mene. I will inform you.

Chremes. But meanwhile lay down
Thoſe rakes: don't tire yourſelf.

Mene. It muſt not be.

Chremes. What mean you?

Mene. Give me leave: that I may take
No reſpite from my toil.

Chremes. I'll not allow it. [*taking away the rakes.*

Mene. Ah, you do wrong.

Chremes. What, and ſo heavy too!
[*weighing them in his hand.*

Mene. Such my deſert.

Chremes. Now ſpeak. [*laying down the rakes.*

Mene. One only ſon
I have.—*Have* did I ſay?—*Had* I mean, Chremes.
Have I or no, is now uncertain.

you have any cauſe of uneaſineſs; but I prefer the ſenſe given by Weſterhovius to the word *nollem*, *I wiſh it were not ſo.* The word *vellem*, in a directly oppoſite ſenſe, frequently occurs in our author.

Chremes.

Chremes. Wherefore?

Mene. That you ſhall know. An old Corinthian woman
Now ſojourns here, a ſtranger in theſe parts,
And very poor. It happen'd, of her daughter
My ſon became diſtractedly enamour'd;
E'en to the brink of marriage; and all this
Unknown to me: which I no ſooner learnt
Than I began to deal ſeverely with him,
Not as a young and love-ſick mind requir'd,
But in the rough and uſual way of fathers.
Daily I chid him; crying, "How now, Sir!*
"Think you that you ſhall hold theſe courſes long,
"And I your father living?---Keep a miſtreſs,
"As if ſhe were your wife!---You are deceiv'd,
"If you think that, and do not know me, Clinia.
"While you act worthily, you're mine; if not,
"I ſhall act towards you worthy of myſelf.
"All this ariſes from mere idleneſs.
"I, at your age, ne'er thought of love; but went
"To ſeek my fortune in the wars in Aſia,
"And there acquir'd in arms both wealth and glory."
---In ſhort, things came to ſuch a paſs, the youth,
O'ercome with hearing ſtill the ſelf-ſame thing,

* *How now, Sir! &c.*] There is a very natural, as well as truly comick deſcription, of a father taking his ſon to taſk, after the ſame manner, in the Prologue to the Mercator of Plautus.

And wearied out with my reproaches; thinking,
Age and experience had enabled me
To judge his intereſt better than himſelf,
Went off to ſerve the king in Aſia, Chremes.

Chremes. How ſay you?

Mene. Stole away three months ago,
Without my knowledge.

Chremes. Both have been to blame:
And yet this enterprize beſpeaks a mind,
Modeſt and manly.

Mene. Having heard of this
From ſome of his familiars, home I came
Mournful, half-mad, and almoſt wild with grief.
I ſit me down; my ſervants run to me;
Some draw my ſandals off; while others haſte
*To ſpread the couches, and prepare the ſupper:
Each in his way, I mark, does all he can
To mitigate my ſorrow. Noting this,
" How!" ſaid I to myſelf, " ſo many then
" Anxious for me alone? to pleaſure me?
" So many ſlaves to dreſs me?† All this coſt

* *To ſpread the couches.*] It will not be improper to ſay ſomething here of the antient manner of eating among the Greeks and Romans: they ſat, or rather lay, in an accumbent poſture: the beds or couches, on which they lay, were round the table, which was raiſed but a little from the ground. COOKE.

† *So many ſlaves to dreſs me?*] The better ſort of people had eating dreſſes, which are here alluded to. Theſe dreſſes were light

" For me alone?---Meanwhile, my only ſon,
" For whom all theſe were fit, as well as me,
" ---Nay rather more, ſince he is of an age
" More proper for their uſe---Him, him, poor boy,
" Has my unkindneſs driven forth to ſorrow.
" Oh I were worthy of the heavieſt curſe,
" Could I brook That!---No; long as he ſhall lead
" A life of penury abroad, an exile
" Through my unjuſt ſeverity, ſo long
" Will I revenge his wrongs upon myſelf,
" Labouring, ſcraping, ſparing, ſlaving for him."
---In ſhort, I did ſo; in the houſe I left
Nor * cloaths, nor moveables; I ſcrap'd up all.

light garments to put on as ſoon as they had bathed. They commonly bathed before eating; and the chief meal was in the evening. COOKE.

* *Cloaths, moveables,—Slaves, male and female.*] *Nec vas, nec veſtimentum,—ancillas, &c.* Among the fragments of Menander's Heautontimorumenos, is a line much to this purpoſe.

Λυτρον, θεραπαινας, αργυρωμαλα.
The bath, maid-ſervants, ſilver-utenſils.

There are alſo two other lines, which ſeem to be deſcriptive of the miſeries of being driven into exile.

Οικοι μενειν, και μενειν ελευθερον,
Η μηκετ' ειναι, τον καλως ευδαιμονα.
Let him remain at home, and free remain,
Or ceaſe to be, who wou'd be truly bleſt!

May we not conjecture from theſe paſſages, that this firſt ſcene is a pretty cloſe tranſlation from Menander; eſpecially as it contains no part of the fable, but what is merely relative to the Self-Tormentor, which, we know, occupied the whole play in the Greek poet?

My ſlaves, both male and female, except thoſe
Who more than earn'd their bread in country-work,
I ſold: Then ſet my houſe to ſale:* In all
I got together about fifteen talents;† .
Purchas'd this farm; and here fatigue myſelf;
Thinking I do my ſon leſs injury,
‡While I'm in miſery too; nor is it juſt
For Me, I think, to taſte of pleaſure here,

* *Then ſet my houſe to ſale.*] *Inſcripſi illicò ædes.*—It appears by this, that the Greeks and Romans uſed to fix bills on their doors, as we do now.—*Ædes vendundæ, ædes locandæ, a houſe to be ſold, a houſe to be let.* PATRICK.

† *Fifteen talents.*] A talent, according to Cooke, was equal to 193 l. 15 s. Engliſh money.

‡ *While I'm in miſery too.*] There is much reſemblance between this character of Menedemus, and that of Laertes in the Odyſſey. Laertes, unhappy and afflicted at the abſence of his ſon, is under the ſame trouble and anxiety.

Thy Sire in ſolitude foments his care:
The Court is joyleſs, for thou art not there, &c.
Pope's Odyſſey, Book XI. ver. 226.

Laertes lives, the miſerable Sire,
Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay
The burden down, and wiſhes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life, &c.
Book XV. ver. 375.

But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee loſt———————
The mournful hour that tore his ſon away
Sent the ſad Sire in ſolitude to ſtray;
Yet buſied with his ſlaves, to eaſe his woe,
He dreſt the vine, and bad the garden blow, &c.
Book XVI. ver. 145.

Till

Till He return in ſafety to partake on't.

Chremes. You I believe a tender parent, Him
A duteous ſon, if govern'd prudently.
But you were unacquainted with his nature,
And he with your's: ſad life, where things are ſo!
You ne'er betray'd your tenderneſs to Him;
Nor durſt he place that confidence in You,
Which well becomes the boſom of a father.
Had that been done, this had not happen'd to you.

Mene. True, I confeſs: but I was moſt in fault.

Chremes. All, Menedemus, will, I hope, be well,
And truſt, your ſon will ſoon return in ſafety.

Mene. Grant it, good Gods!

Chremes. They will. Now, therefore, ſince
*The Dionyſia are held here to-day,

* *The Dionyſia.*] The Athenians celebrated ſeveral feaſts in honour of Bacchus, but there were two principal ones; one kept in the Spring, the other in the Autumn ſeaſon. The Abbé d'Aubignac [Hedelin] has been very minute in his account of theſe feaſts, and yet after all has unhappily pitched upon the wrong one; for he thinks the feaſt Terence is now ſpeaking of, was that held in the Spring ſeaſon, called by the antients *Anthefteria*, where he alſo places that called the *Pythoigia*, becauſe they then broached the wine caſks; and he grounds his opinion upon line the 50th, of the firſt ſcene in the third act.

Relevi omnia dolia, omnes feriae.

I have pierc'd ev'ry veſſel, ev'ry caſk,

But this manner of reaſoning is by no means concluſive; for, could they not have done juſt the ſelf-ſame thing at any other time of the year? And in fact they did ſo upon all their grand feſtivals, in order to entertain their gueſts with the beſt wine their cellar afforded.—Beſides, we may here obſerve that the

If 'tis convenient, come, and feaſt with me.

Mene. Impoſſible.

Chremes. Why ſo?---Nay, prithee now,
Indulge yourſelf a while: your abſent ſon,
I'm ſure, would have it ſo.

Mene. It is not meet,
That I, who drove him forth to miſery,
Should fly it now myſelf.

Chremes. You are reſolv'd?

Mene. Moſt conſtantly.

broaching all the veſſels was not in compliance with cuſtom, but that Chremes was forced into it by the importunities of Bacchis; neither does he mention it to Menedemus, but with an intent to let him ſee to what a monſtrous expence he is going to expoſe himſelf: This miſtake is of greater conſequence than it may at firſt appear to be; for it is productive of many more, and led the Abbé to place the ſcene of this comedy erroneouſly. The feaſt in queſtion was that celebrated in the Autumn ſeaſon, and was called *Dionyſia in agris*, the Dionyſia in the fields. Neither is the ſcene in Athens, as Mr. d'Aubignac ſuppoſed, but in a ſmall village where Chremes and Menedemus had each of them a houſe. The only difficulty remaining, is to account why Chremes ſays *Dionyſia* hic *ſunt*, *the Dionyſia are held here to-day*. The reaſon is obvious. This feaſt continued for many days, but not in the ſame boroughs or villages at one and the ſame time; to-day it was here, to-morrow there, &c. that they might aſſemble the more company together. DACIER.

Menage obſerves, that it is not clear on what authority Madam Dacier pronounces ſo abſolutely, concerning the fluctuating manner of celebrating this feaſt, to-day here, to-morrow there, &c. and though he differs with Hedelin about the place in which the ſcene lies, yet he defends the Abbé's opinion concerning the *Pythoigia*, in oppoſition to Madam Dacier. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.*

Chremes.

Chremes. Farewel then!

Mene. Fare you well! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CHREMES *alone.*

He draws tears from me.---How I pity him!
---But 'tis high time, as the day goes, to warn
My neighbour Phania to come forth to ſupper.
I'll go, and ſee if he's at home.
[*goes to* Phania's *door, and returns.*
There was,
It ſeems, no need of warning; for, they tell me,
He went to his appointment ſome time ſince.
'Tis I myſelf that keep my gueſts in waiting.
I'll in immediately.---But what's the meaning
That my door opens?---Who's this?---I'll retire.
[*retires.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLITIPHO, *ſpeaking to* Clinia *within.*

As yet, my Clinia, you've no cauſe to fear:
They are not long: and ſhe, I'm confident,
Will be here ſhortly with the meſſenger.
Prithee, away then with theſe idle cares,
Which

Which thus torment you!

Chremes, behind.] Whom does my ſon ſpeak to?

Clit. My father as I wiſh'd.---Good Sir, well met.

Chremes. What now?

Clit. D'ye know our neighbour Menedemus?

Chremes. Ay, very well.

Clit. D'ye know he has a ſon?

Chremes. I've heard he is in Aſia.

Clit. No ſuch thing:

He's at our houſe, Sir.

Chremes. How!

Clit. But juſt arriv'd:

Ev'n at his landing I fell in with him,
And brought him here to ſupper: for, from boys,
We have been friends and intimates.

Chremes. Good news!

Now do I wiſh the more that Menedemus,
Whom I invited, were my gueſt to-day,
That I, and under my own roof, might be
The firſt to have ſurpris'd him with this joy!
And I may yet. [*going.*

Clit. Take heed! it were not good.

Chremes. How ſo?

Clit. Becauſe the youth is yet in doubt:
Newly arriv'd; in fear of ev'ry thing;
He dreads his father's anger, and ſuſpects
The diſpoſition of his miſtreſs tow'rds him;
Her, whom he doats upon; on whoſe account,

This difference and departure came about.

Chremes. I know it.

Clit. He has juſt diſpatch'd his boy*
Into the city to her, and our Syrus
I ſent along with him.

Chremes. What ſays the ſon?

Clit. Says? that he's miſerable.

Chremes. Miſerable!
Who need be leſs ſo? for what earthly good
Can man poſſeſs, which he may not enjoy?
Parents, a proſp'rous country, friends, birth, riches.
Yet theſe all take their value from the mind
Of the poſſeſſor: He that knows their uſe,
To him they're bleſſings; he that knows it not,
To him miſuſe converts them into curſes.

Clit. Nay, but he ever was a croſs old man:
And now there's nothing that I dread ſo much,
As leſt he be tranſported in his rage
To ſome groſs outrages againſt his ſon.

Chremes. He!---He?---But I'll contain myſelf. 'Tis good

* *He has juſt diſpatch'd his boy into the city to her.*] *Servolum ad eam in* urbem *miſit*. This plainly marks the ſcene to be in the country; though M. d'Aubignac treats this argument with ridicule. But it is in vain for him to aſſert that there is not one comedy of Plautus, or Terence, where one may not meet with this expreſſion taken in his own ſenſe of it. He will perſuade none to think ſo, except thoſe who have not read them. For my part I do not recollect one inſtance of it, and I will venture to ſay it is impoſſible to find one. DACIER.

For

For Menedemus that his ſon ſhou'd fear. [*aſide.*

Clit. What ſay you, Sir, within yourſelf?

[*overhearing.*

Chremes. I ſay,

Be't as it might, the ſon ſhou'd have remain'd.
Grant that the father bore too ſtrict a hand
Upon his looſe deſires; he ſhou'd have born it.
Whom would he bear withal, if not a parent?
Was't fitting that the father ſhou'd conform
To the ſon's humour, or the ſon to his?
And for the rigour that he murmurs at,
'Tis nothing: The ſeverities of fathers,
Unleſs perchance a hard one here and there,
Are much the ſame: they reprimand their ſons
For riotous exceſſes, wenching, drinking;
And ſtarve their pleaſures by a ſcant allowance.
Yet this all tends to good: But when the mind
Is once enſlav'd to vicious appetites,
It needs muſt follow vicious meaſures too.
Remember then this maxim, Clitipho,
A wiſe one 'tis, to draw from others' faults,
A profitable leſſon for yourſelf.

Clit. I do believe it.

Chremes. Well, I'll in, and ſee
What is provided for our ſupper: You,
As the day wears, ſee that you're not far hence. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CLITIPHO *alone.*

What partial judges of all ſons are fathers!
Who aſk grey wiſdom from our greener years,
And think our minds ſhou'd bear no touch of youth;
Governing by their paſſions, now kill'd in them,
And not by thoſe that formerly rebell'd.
If ever I've a ſon, I promiſe him
He ſhall find Me an eaſy father; fit
To know, and apt to pardon his offences:
Not ſuch as mine, who, ſpeaking of another,
Shews how he'd act in ſuch a caſe himſelf:
Yet when he takes a cup or two too much,
Oh, what mad pranks he tells me of his own!
But warns me now, "to draw from others' faults
"A profitable leſſon for myſelf."
Cunning old gentleman! he little knows,
He pours his proverbs in a deaf man's ear.
The words of Bacchis, *Give me*, *Bring me*, now
Have greater weight with me: to whoſe commands,
Alas! I've nothing to reply withall;
Nor is there man more wretched than myſelf.
For Clinia here, (though he, I muſt confeſs,

Has

Has cares enough) has got a miſtreſs, modeſt,
Well-bred, and ſtranger to all harlot arts:
Mine is a ſelf-will'd, wanton, haughty madam,
Gay, and extravagant; and let her aſk
Whate'er ſhe will, ſhe muſt not be denied;
Since poverty I durſt not make my plea.
This is a plague I have but newly found,
Nor is my father yet appriz'd of it.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CLINIA.

Clin. HAD my affairs in love been proſperous,
They had, I know, been here long ſince: but, ah,
I fear ſhe's fall'n from virtue in my abſence:
So many things concur to prove it ſo,
My mind miſgives me; opportunity,
The place, her age, an infamous old mother,
Under whoſe governance ſhe lives, to whom
Nought but gain's precious.

To him CLITIPHO.

Clit. Clinia!
Clin. Woe is me! [*to himſelf.*
Clit. Take heed, leſt ſome one iſſue from your father's,
And chance to ſee you here.
Clin. I will: but yet
My mind forebodes I know not what of ill.

Clit.

Clit. What, ſtill foreboding, ere you know the truth?

Clin. Had there been no untoward circumſtance,
They had return'd already.

Clit. Patience, Clinia!
They'll be here preſently.

Clin. Preſently! but when?

Clit. *Conſider, 'tis a long way off: And then
You know the ways of women; to ſet off,
And trick their perſons out, requires an age.

Clin. Oh Clitipho, I fear———

Clit. Take courage; ſee,
Dromo and Syrus!

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS *and* DROMO, *converſing at a diſtance.*

Syrus. Say you?

Dromo. Even ſo.

Syrus. But while we chat, the girls are left behind.

Clit. liſtening.] Girls, Clinia! do you hear?

Clin. I hear, I ſee,
And now, at laſt, I'm happy, Clitipho.

Dromo to Syrus.] Left behind! troth, no wonder:
ſo encumber'd;

* *Conſider, 'tis a long way off.*] *Non cogitas hinc longule eſſe?* This paſſage, as well as the circumſtances of the next ſcene, are a further confirmation of the ſcene's lying in the country.

A troop

A troop of waiting-women at their heels!

Clinia, liſtening.] Confuſion! whence ſhould ſhe have waiting-women?

Clit. How can *I* tell?

Syrus to Dromo.] We ought not to have dropp'd them.

They bring a world of baggage!

Clinia, liſtening.] Death!

Syrus. Gold, cloaths!

It grows late too, and they may miſs their way.

We've been too blame: Dromo, run back, and meet them.

Away! quick, quick! don't loiter. [*Exit* Dromo.

Clin. What a wretch!

All my fair hopes quite blaſted!

Clit. What's the matter?

What is it troubles you?

Clin. What troubles me?

D'ye hear? She waiting-women, gold, and cloaths!

She, whom I left with one poor ſervant-girl!

Whence come they, think you?

Clit. Oh, I take you now.

Syrus to himſelf.] Gods, what a croud! our houſe will hardly hold them.

What eating, and what drinking will there be!

How miſerable our old gentleman!

But here are thoſe I wiſh'd to ſee!

[*ſeeing* Clit. *and* Clinia.

Clin. Oh Jove!
Where then are truth, and faith, and honour fled?
While I a fugitive, for love of you,
Quit my dear country, You, Antiphila,
For ſordid gain deſert me in diſtreſs:
You, for whoſe ſake I courted infamy,
And caſt off my obedience to my father.
He, I remember now with grief and ſhame,
Oft warn'd me of theſe women's ways; oft tried
In vain by ſage advice to wean me from her.
But now I bid farewell to her for ever;
Though, when 'twere good and wholeſome, I was froward.
No wretch more curſt than I!

Syrus. He has miſconſtrued
All our diſcourſe, I find.---You fancy, Clinia,
Your miſtreſs other than ſhe is. Her life,
As far as we from circumſtance could learn,
Her diſpoſition tow'rd you, are the ſame.

Clin. How! tell me all: for there is nought on earth
I'd rather know than that my fears are falſe.

Syrus. Firſt then, that you may be appriz'd of all,
Th' old woman, thought her mother, was not ſo:
That beldam alſo is deceas'd; for this
I overheard her, as we came along,
Telling the other.

Clit. Other! who? what other?

Syrus. Let me but finiſh what I have begun,
And I ſhall come to that.

Clit. Diſpatch then.

Syrus. Firſt,
Having arriv'd, Dromo knocks at the door:
Which an old woman had no ſooner open'd,
But in goes Dromo, and I after him.
Th' old woman bolts the door, and ſpins again.
And now, or never, Clinia, might be known,
Coming thus unexpectedly upon her,
Antiphila's employments in your abſence:
For ſuch, as then we ſaw, we might preſume
Her daily practice, which, of all things elſe,
Betrays the mind and diſpoſition moſt.
Buſily plying of the web we found her,*
Decently clad in mourning,---I ſuppoſe,
For the deceas'd old woman.---She had on
No gold, or trinkets, but was plain and neat,
And dreſt like thoſe who dreſs but for themſelves.
No female varniſh to ſet off her beauty:
Her hair diſhevel'd, long, and flowing looſe
About her ſhoulders.——Peace! [*to* Clinia.

Clin. Nay, prithee, Syrus.

* *Buſily plying of the web we found her.*] *Texentem telam ſtudioſe ipſam offendimus.* This line of our author agrees almoſt literally with the following Greek one preſerved by Le Clerc among the fragments of Menander.

Εξ ιςαριȣ εκρεμαλο φιλοπονως πανυ.

Do not tranſport me thus without a cauſe.

Syrus. Th' old woman ſpun the woof; one ſervant-girl,
A tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her. *

Clit. Clinia, if this be true, as ſure it is,
Who is more fortunate than you? D'ye mark
The ragged dirty girl that he deſcrib'd?
A ſign the miſtreſs leads a blameleſs life,
When ſhe maintains no flaunting go-between:
For 'tis a rule with thoſe gallants, who wiſh
To win the miſtreſs, firſt to bribe the maid.

Clin. Go on, I beg you, Syrus; and take heed
You fill me not with idle joy.---What ſaid ſhe
When you nam'd Me?

Syrus. As ſoon as we inform'd her
You were return'd, and begg'd her to come to you,

* *One ſervant girl, a tatter'd dirty, dowdy, weaving by her.*] *Præterea una ancillula erat: ea texebat unâ, pannis obſita, neglecta, immunda illuvie.* This paſſage is equally cloſe to the ſenſe of the following, taken from the ſame book.

——— και θεραπαινις ην μια,
Αυτη συνηφαινεν βραδεως δικκειμενη.

Le Clerc took theſe Greek lines from Victorius; and Victorius copied them from a book of Politian, who had written them in the margin, not (as it ſhould ſeem) of his own compoſition, but from a fragment, which he had ſomewhere met with, of Menander.

Suppoſing the lines in queſtion to be genuine, may we not fairly conclude that all this fine narration is a very cloſe imitation of Menander, as well as that other beautiful one, which opens the firſt Act?

She

She left her work immediately, and burſt
Into a flood of tears, which one might ſee
Were ſhed for love of you.*

Clin. By all the Gods,
I know not where I am for very joy.
Oh, how I trembled!

Clit. Without cauſe, I knew.
†But come; now, Syrus, tell us, who's that other?

Syrus. Your miſtreſs, Bacchis.

Clit. How! what! Bacchis?
Where d'ye propoſe to carry Her, rogue?

Syrus. Where?
To our houſe certainly.

Clit. My father's?

Syrus. Ay.

Clit. Oh monſtrous impudence!

Syrus. Conſider, Sir;

* *Were ſhed for love of you.*] Terence's Comedy of the Self-Tormentor is written as if he hoped to pleaſe none but ſuch as had as good a taſte as himſelf. I could not but reflect upon the natural deſcription of the innocent young woman made by the ſervant to his maſter. *When I came to the houſe, &c.*— He muſt be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this ſpeech, though ſo full of nature and good ſenſe.

STEELE's *Spectator*, No. 502.

† *But come; now, Syrus, &c.*] Here we enter upon the other part of the fable, which the poet has moſt artfully complicated with the main ſubject, by making Syrus bring Clitipho's miſtreſs along with Antiphila. This part of the ſtory, we know, was not in Menander.

More danger, the more honour.

Clit. Look ye, ſirrah,
You mean to purchaſe praiſe at my expence,
Where the leaſt ſlip of yours would ruin me.
What is't you drive at?

Syrus. But ——

Clit. But what?

Syrus. I'll tell you;
Give me but leave!

Clin. Permit him.

Clit. Well, I do.

Syrus. This buſineſs—now—is juſt as if——
[*drawling.*

Clit. Confuſion!
What a long round-about beginning!

Clin. True.
To the point, Syrus!

Syrus. I've no patience with you.
You uſe me ill, Sir, and I can't endure it.

Clin. Hear him: peace, Clitipho! [*to* Clitipho.

Syrus. You'd be in love;
Poſſeſs your miſtreſs; and have wherewithal
To make her preſents: but to gain all this
You'd riſque no danger. By my troth, you're wiſe,
If it be wiſe to wiſh for what can't be.
Take good and bad together; both, or none;
Chuſe which you will; no miſtreſs, or no danger.
And yet the ſcheme I've laid is fair and ſafe;

Your

Your miſtreſs may be with you at your father's
Without detection; by the ſelf-ſame means
I ſhall procure the ſum you've promis'd her,
Which you have rung ſo often in my ears,
You've almoſt deafen'd them.---What wou'd you more?

Clit. If it may be ſo——

Syrus. If! the proof ſhall ſhew.

Clit. Well, well then, what's this ſcheme?

Syrus. We will pretend
That Bacchis is his miſtreſs.

Clit. Mighty fine!
What ſhall become then of his own? Shall She
Paſs for his too, becauſe one's not enough
To anſwer for?

Syrus. No. She ſhall to your mother.

Clit. How ſo?

Syrus. 'Twere tedious, Clitipho, to tell:
Let it ſuffice, I've reaſon for it.

Clit. Nonſenſe!
I ſee no ground to make me hazard this.

Syrus. Well; if you dread this, I've another way,
Which you ſhall both own has no danger in't.

Clit. Ay, prithee, find that out.

Syrus. With all my heart.
I'll run and meet the women on the road,
And order them to go ſtraight home again.

Clit. How! what!

Syrus. I mean to eaſe you of your fear,
That you may ſleep in peace on either ſide.* [*going.*

* *That you may ſleep in peace on either* SIDE.] *In* AUREM *utramvis, otiosè ut dormias.* Literally, *on either* EAR. A Latin proverb uſed by Plautus as well as our author, and borrowed from the Greek. We have an inſtance of it among the fragments of the ΠΛΟΚΙΟΝ; or Necklace, of Menander. The ſubject of that comedy, if we may judge from the ſmall, though precious remains of it, was much the ſame as that of the George Dandin of Moliere, the marriage of a poor man to a rich heireſs. An extract or two may, perhaps, not be diſagreeable to the reader, and ſerve to relieve the dryneſs of the controverſial notes to this comedy. The very firſt line contains the proverb.

Επ' αμφοτερα νυ χ' ἡ 'πικληρος ϋατα
Μελλει καθευδησειν, κατεργασασα μεγα
Και περιϐοητον εργον' εκ της οικιας
Εξεϐαλε την λυπϋσαν ην εϐϋλετο,
Ιν' επιϐλεπωσι παντες εις το Κρεωϐυλης
Προσωπον, η δ' ευγνωςος ἡ γ' εμη γυνη,
Δεσποινα δια την οψιν ἡν εκτησατο.
Ονος εν πιθηκοις εςι δη το λεγομενον.
Τϋτ' ϋ σιωπαν εςι γαρ, ει και βϋλομαι.
Βδεδυττομαι την νυκτα πολλων μοι κακων
Αρχηγον' οιμοι Κρεωϐυλην λαϐειν εμε, και
Ταλαντα δεκα, γυναιον ϋσαν πηκεως.
Ειτ' εςι το φρυαγμα πως αν υποςατον;
Μα τοντ' Ολυμπιον και Αθηναν, ϋδαμως,
Παιδισκαριον θεραπευτικον, και λογϋ
Ταχιον, απηγαγ', ιν' αλλην αντεισαγοι.

Now may our Heireſs ſleep on either ear,
Having perform'd a great and mighty feat,
And ſatisfied the longings of her ſoul.
Her, whom ſhe hated moſt, ſhe has caſt forth,
That all the world may henceforth look upon
The viſage of Creobyla, and thence
May know my wife for miſtreſs, by the print
Of ſtern authority upon her brow.
She is indeed, as the old ſaying goes,
(a) An Aſs among the Apes.—This can't be kept

(a) A proverb to ſignify thoſe, who are proud among thoſe, who laugh at them.

In

Clit. What ſhall I do?

Clin. E'en profit of his ſcheme.

In ſilence, even tho' I wiſh'd it ſo.
Curſe on the night, the ſource of all my ills!
Ah me, that I ſhou'd wed Creobyla!
—Ten Talents, and a wife of half-a-yard!
And then who is there can endure her pride?
By Jove, by Pallas, 'tis intolerable.
A maid moſt diligent, and quick as thought,
She has caſt forth, to introduce another.

There is another paſſage extant, containing part of a dialogue between the huſband and an old neighbour, on the ſame ſubject; but, for the ſake of variety, I ſhall ſubjoin an extract from the ſame comedy of a different colour.

Ω τρις κακοδαιμων, οστις αν πενης γαμει.
Και παιδοποιειται· ως αλογιστος ες' ανηρ,
Ος μητε φυλακην των αναγκαιων εχει,
Μητ' αν ατυχησας εις τα κοινα τυ βιυ,
Επαμφιεσθαι τυτο δυναιτο χρημασιν.
Αλλ' εν ακαλυπ̃ω, και παλαιπωρω βιω
Χειμαζομενος ζη, των μεν ανιαρων εχων
Παντων μερος τι, των δ' αγαθων υ δυναμενος.

Thrice wretched he, that's poor and takes a wife,
And doth engender children!—Oh fool, fool!
Who undefended, bare of neceſſaries,
Soon as ill fortune comes, that comes to all,
Can't wrap his miſeries in affluence;
But in a naked, wretched, poverty
Freezes, like winter; miſery his portion
Too amply dealt, and every good denied.

What Menander has in the above paſſage conſidered metaphorically, our own Shakeſpeare has very finely realized:

Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? KING LEAR.

Clit.

Clit. But, Syrus, tell me then——

Syrus. Away, away!

This day, too late, you'll wish for her in vain. [*going.*

Clin. This is your time: enjoy it, while you may:

Who knows, if you may have the like again?

Clit. Syrus, I say.

Syrus. Call as you please, I'll on.

Clit. Clinia, you're right.—Ho, Syrus! Syrus, ho!

Syrus, I say.

Syrus. So, he grows hot at last. [*to himself.*

What would you, Sir? [*turning about.*

Clit. Come back, come back!

Syrus. I'm here. [*returns.*

Your pleasure, Sir!—What, will not this content you?

Clit. Yes, Syrus; me, my passion, and my fame

I render up to you: dispose of all!

But see you're not to blame.

Syrus. Ridiculous!

Spare your advice, good Clitipho! you know

Success is my concern still more than your's:

For if perchance we fail in our attempt,

You shall have words; but I, alas, dry blows.

Be sure then of my diligence; and beg

Your friend to join, and countenance our scheme.

Clin. Depend on me: I see it must be so.

Clit. Thanks, my best Clinia!

Clin. But take heed she trip not.

Syrus.

Syrus. Oh, ſhe is well inſtructed.

Clit. Still I wonder
How you prevail'd ſo eaſily upon her;
Her, who's ſo ſcornfull.

Syrus. I came juſt in time,
Time, that in moſt affairs is all in all:
For there I found a certain wretched captain,
Begging her favours. *She, an artful baggage,
Denied him, to enflame his mind the more,

* *She, an artful baggage, &c.*] *Hæc arte tractabat virum, ut illius animum cupidum inopiâ accenderet.* There is the ſame ſentiment, and much of the ſame turn of expreſſion, in Shakeſpeare's All's Well that Ends Well.

She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy.

This ſentiment is alſo finely touched upon by Ben Jonſon in his Every Man in his Humour. The occaſion on which it is employed by Shakeſpeare, is almoſt parallel to that in Terence, but in Ben Jonſon's play it is applied to the education of youth.

I am reſolv'd I will not ſtop his journey,
Nor practice any violent means to ſtay
Th' unbridled courſe of youth in him; for that
Reſtrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne'er ſo little from his game with-held,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
Every Man in his Humour, Act I.

I do not ſay that the above fine lines were ſtruck out from this paſſage in Terence; but it is plain that the remainder of Knowell's ſpeech, as the late ingenious editor of Jonſon has juſtly obſerved, was borrowed from another part of our author's works, which ſhall be pointed out in the notes on the next comedy.

And

And make her court to you.—But hark ye, Sir,
Be cautious of your conduct! no imprudence!
You know how ſhrewd and keen your father is;
And I know your intemperance too well.
No double meanings, glances, leers, ſighs, hems,
Coughing, or titt'ring, I beſeech you, Sir!

Clit. I'll play my part——

Syrus. Look to't!

Clit. To your content.

Syrus. But ſee, the women! they're ſoon after us.
[*looking out.*

Clit. Where are they?—[*Syrus ſtops him.*] Why d'ye hold me?

Syrus. She is not
Your miſtreſs now.

Clit. True: not before my father.
But now, meanwhile——

Syrus. Nor now, meanwhile.

Clit. Allow me!

Syrus. No.

Clit. But a moment!

Syrus. No.

Clit. A ſingle kiſs!

Syrus. Away, if you are wiſe!

Clit. Well, well, I'm gone.
——What's *He* to do?

Syrus. Stay here.

Clit,

Clit. Oh happy———

Syrus. March! [*puſhes off* Clitipho.

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS, *and* ANTIPHILA *at a diſtance.*

Bacch. Well, I commend you, my Antiphila:
Happy, that you have made it ſtill your care,
That virtue ſhould ſeem fair as beauty in you!
Nor, gracious Heav'n ſo help me, do I wonder
If ev'ry man ſhould wiſh you for his own;
For your diſcourſe beſpeaks a worthy mind.
And when I ponder with myſelf, and weigh
Your courſe of life, and all the reſt of thoſe
Who live not on the common, 'tis not ſtrange,
Your morals ſhould be different from our's.
Virtue's your int'reſt; thoſe, with whom we deal,
Forbid it to be our's: For our gallants,
Charm'd by our beauty, court us but for That;
Which fading, they transfer their love to others.
If then meanwhile we look not to ourſelves,
We live forlorn, deſerted, and diſtreſt.
You, when you've once agreed to paſs your life
Bound to one man, whoſe temper ſuits with your's,
He too attaches his whole heart to you:
Thus mutual friendſhip draws you each to each;

Nothing

Nothing can part you, nothing ſhake your love.

Anti. *I know not others; for myſelf I know,
From his content I ever drew my own.

Clin. overhearing.] Excellent maid! my beſt Antiphila!
Thou too, thy love alone is now the cauſe
That brings me to my native land again.
For when away, all evils elſe were light
Compar'd to wanting thee.

Syrus. I do believe it.

Clin. †O Syrus, 'tis too much: I cannot bear it.
Wretch that I am!—and muſt I be debarr'd
To give a looſe to love, a love like this?

Syrus. And yet if I may judge your father's mind,
He has more troubles yet in ſtore for you.

apart.

Bacch. Who is that youth that eyes us? [*ſeeing* Clin.

Anti. Ha! [*ſeeing him.*]—Support me!

* *I know not others, &c.*] The character of Antiphila is here finely drawn, and repreſents innocence in perfection. There is nothing of conſtraint or emulation in her virtue, nor is ſhe influenced by any conſideration of the miſeries likely to attend looſeneſs or debauchery, but purely by a natural biaſs to virtue. DACIER.

† *Clinia. O Syrus, 'tis too much.*] Madam Dacier, contrary to the authority of all editions and MSS. adopts a conceit of her father's in this place, and places this ſpeech to Clitipho, whom ſhe ſuppoſes to have retired to a hiding-place, where he might over-hear the converſation, and from whence he peeps out to make this ſpeech to Syrus. This ſhe calls an agreeable *jeu de theatre*, and doubts not but all lovers of Terence will be obliged to her father for ſo ingenious a remark: but

Bacch. Bleſs me, what now?

Anti. I faint.

Bacch. Alas, poor ſoul!

What is't ſurprizes you, Antiphila?

Anti. Is't Clinia that I ſee, or no?

Bacch. Whom do you ſee?

Clin. Welcome my ſoul! [*running up to her.*

Anti. My wiſh'd-for Clinia, welcome!

Clin. How fares my love?

Anti. O'erjoy'd at your return.

Clin. And do I hold thee, my Antiphila,

Thou only wiſh, and comfort of my ſoul?

Syrus. In, in, for you have made our good man wait. [*Exeunt.*

but it is to be feared that critical ſagacity will not be ſo laviſh of acknowledgments as filial piety. There does not appear the leaſt foundation for this remark in the ſcene, nor has the Poet given us the leaſt room to doubt of Clitipho being actually departed. To me, inſtead of an agreeable *jeu de theatre*, it appears a moſt abſurd and ridiculous device; particularly vicious in this place, as it moſt injudiciouſly tends to interrupt the courſe of Clinia's more intereſting paſſion, ſo admirably delineated in this little ſcene.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

CHREMES.

'TIS now juſt day-break.*—Why delay I then
To call my neighbour forth, and be the firſt
To tell him of his ſon's return?—The youth,
I underſtand, would fain not have it ſo.

* *'Tis now juſt day-break.*] *Luceſcit hoc jam.* This is ſpoken with the eyes lifted up towards heaven; *hoc* has reference to *cælum*, which is underſtood. Thus Plautus in his Curculio. *Nam hoc quidem edepol haud multò poſt luce lucebit.*

It is beyond all doubt that this play was acted at two different and diſtinct times; the two firſt acts at night, after ſun-ſet; and the three remaining acts the next morning, at break of day: the time between the ſecond and third act was taken up with the carouſal and ſupper given by Chremes. Menander, upon account of the feaſts then celebrating, had a right to divide his comedy in this manner: Terence took the ſame liberty, and with the ſame juſtice, ſince his plays were repreſented at Rome upon the like ſolemn occaſions. Eugraphius, who wrote notes upon this comedy, was of opinion, that this method was without precedent; but he is miſtaken. Ariſtophanes did the very ſame thing; the two firſt acts of his Plutus were performed in the evening, the three laſt early the next morning, and the time between the ſecond and third act is employed by Plutus in paying a viſit to the temple of Æſculapius, where he paſſes the whole night. If we could preciſely tell the hour, at which Ariſtophanes opens his play, we ſhould undoubtedly find he had not tranſgreſſed the unity of time (twelve hours) which is requiſite in dramatick pieces. It is at leaſt certain that Terence has not exceeded it here, and that he is

as

But ſhall I, when I ſee this poor old man
Afflict himſelf ſo grievouſly, by ſilence

as exact in this particular as in every other. The play begins a little after eight at night. The two firſt acts do not laſt above two hours; they then go to ſupper; this makes an interval of ſix or ſeven hours. The third act begins at the break of day, as Terence has taken care to point out, *luceſcit hoc jam*;—*'tis now juſt day-break.*—So that the three acts, which could not laſt three hours, muſt have ended about ſeven in the morning. But what is chiefly remarkable is, that this third interval is interwoven with the ſubject matter of the play, as well as it is in Ariſtophanes. Chremes, during that time, obſerves the freedoms which paſs between Clitipho and Bacchis; and this creates great part of the buſineſs of the third act. The critics were little attentive to this, when they cry out,—*Vaſta & hians & inanis comœdia eſt*;—*there is a void, a gap, an emptineſs in this comedy.*—Which is far, very far from being true; for what they call ſo, has a very material connection with the play, and may be ſaid to be almoſt the very ground-work of it. Had Terence divided it ſo, that this interval had not entered into the ſubject, it would indeed have been ridiculous and inſupportable. Were we to act one of Moliere's plays thus by piecemeal, the beginning to-night, and the end to-morrow morning, every body would laugh at the partition; but Terence and Menander, who were perfect maſters of the drama, attempted it with ſucceſs. And indeed it might even now-a-days be done with propriety, nay, would become neceſſary, provided it could be executed with equal judgment and addreſs. DACIER.

The idea of the above note, as well as of ſeveral others of Madam Dacier, was firſt ſuggeſted by Scaliger, who, in the ſixth book of his Poeticks, firſt broached the notion of this diviſion of the comedy in the repreſentation, in order to vindicate our author from the imputation of having left an unwarrantable chaſm between the ſecond and third acts. And it is ſomething whimſical, that this great critick, after having depreciated our author's merit in the groſs, more than any of his predeceſſors, ſhould take it into his head to juſtify him againſt every objection that had been made to any particular paſſage in his works. But though

Rob him of ſuch an unexpected joy,
When the diſcovery cannot hurt the ſon?

Scaliger was ever dogmatical and poſitive in his opinion, yet that opinion was not always uncontrovertible: In the preſent inſtance I am ſo far from aſſenting with Madam Dacier, that the fact is *beyond all doubt*, that I will venture to ſay there is not the leaſt ground for ſuch an aſſertion. Donatus, who mentions this play in his preface to the Phormio, does not afford the leaſt colour to ſuch an argument; nor do I believe there is any more countenance given to it by the ſcholiaſts on Ariſtophanes: whoſe comedies it would be an extremely difficult taſk to reconcile to an agreement with the Unities.

One of the chief points in diſpute between Hedelin and Menage, about this comedy, relates to this interval; and great part of the controverſy turns upon a very obſcure and uncertain part of literature, *viz.* whether the Athenian month Antheſterion be agreeable to our April or January. Both agree that a night elapſes between the ſecond and third act; but Hedelin, who is followed by Madam Dacier in the above note, contends, that according to the time of year, and circumſtances of the piece, it is an interval of ſix or ſeven hours, which Menage extends to thirteen or fourteen. Each of them lays out a deal of learning on this queſtion, but in my mind to very little purpoſe. It is agreed on all hands, that a whole night certainly paſſes, and the ſpectator has not time to enter into a minute diſquiſition, whether 'tis in June or December: nor indeed could any thing ſo directly tend to make the obſervation of the Unities appear ridiculous, as ſuch a trifling conſideration.—As to what Madam Dacier ſays of this interval's being interwoven with the ſubject; and of the ſuppoſed employments of the characters, in their abſence from the ſtage, being made conducive to the fable, it is perfectly juſt; and every ſkilfull playwright ſhould contrive his intervals with the like art. But to fill up thoſe chaſms by occupying the audience alſo in the ſame manner, is, I think, a more curious device than any in the Rehearſal. Madam Dacier herſelf could not be inſenſible of the difficulty, and confeſſes that a play of Moliere, ſo divided in the repreſentation, would appear very ridiculous; yet is willing to imagine that even a modern

No, I'll not do't; but far as in my pow'r
Aſſiſt the father. As my ſon, I ſee,
Miniſters to th' occaſions of his friend,
Aſſociated in counſels, rank, and age,
So we old men ſhould ſerve each other too.

SCENE II.

Enter MENEDEMUS.*

Mene. to himſelf.] Sure I'm by nature form'd for miſery

modern drama might be thus exhibited with propriety. Let us ſuppoſe therefore that, at the firſt opening of the theatre in the Haymarket, Sir John Vanburgh had written a comedy, in which he had introduced a maſquerade at the end of the ſecond act. The ſpectators aſſemble: two acts are played: then comes the maſquerade; and the ſpectators, in order to fill up the interval, ſlip on their dominos, game, drink, dance, and intrigue till day-light. With what appetite would they return to the repreſentation of the three laſt acts? However ſuch a partition might be received at Rome or Athens, I think it would never go down at Paris or London: and, were it not for the example of Madam Dacier, I ſhould imagine that even the moſt rigid French critick would think it more reaſonable to be wafted from ſhore to ſhore by Shakeſpeare's chorus, than to adopt this extraordinary method of preſerving the Unities.

* *Enter Menedemus.*] Menedemus comes out of his houſe at day-break to return to his work; for he has already declared that he will allow himſelf no reſpite. This is well conducted. DACIER.

Beyond the reſt of humankind, or elſe
'Tis a falſe ſaying, though a common one,
"That time aſſuages grief." For ev'ry day
My ſorrow for the abſence of my ſon
Grows on my mind: the longer he's away,
The more impatiently I wiſh to ſee him,
The more pine after him.

Chremes. But he's come forth. [*ſeeing* Menedemus.
Yonder he ſtands. I'll go and ſpeak with him.
Good morrow, neighbour! I have news for you;
Such news, as you'll be overjoy'd to hear.

Mene. Of my ſon, Chremes?*

Chremes. He's alive and well.

Mene. Where?

Chremes. At my houſe?

Mene. My ſon?

Chremes. Your ſon.

Mene. Come home?

Chremes. Come home.

Mene. My dear boy come? my Clinia?†

Chremes. He.

* *Of my ſon, Chremes?*] Terence diſcovers uncommon judgment in preſerving his characters. Menedemus, when he hears of good news, immediately enquires, if they relate to his ſon, thinking nothing elſe worthy his notice. PATRICK.

† *My dear boy come? my Clinia?*] Theſe repetitions are very natural. There is a paſſage very like this in the fourth act of the Captivi of Plautus.

Mene. Away then! prithee, bring me to him.

Chremes. Hold!

He cares not you ſhould know of his return,
And dreads your ſight becauſe of his late treſpaſs.
He fears, beſides, your old ſeverity
Is now augmented.

Mene. Did not you inform him
The bent of my affections?

Chremes. Not I.

Mene. Wherefore, Chremes?

Chremes. Becauſe 'twould injure both yourſelf and him,
To ſeem of ſuch a poor and broken ſpirit.

Mene. I cannot help it. Too long, much too long,
I've been a cruel father.

Chremes. Ah, my friend,
You run into extremes; too niggardly,
Or, too profuſe; imprudent either way.
Firſt, rather than permit him entertain
A miſtreſs, who was then content with little,
And glad of any thing, you drove him hence:
Whereon the girl was forc'd, againſt her will,
To grow a common gameſter for her bread:
And now ſhe can't be kept without much coſt,
You'd ſquander thouſands. For to let you know

How admirably Madam's train'd to miſchief,*
How finely form'd to ruin her admirers,
She came to my houſe yeſter-night with more
Than half a ſcore of women at her tail,
Laden with cloaths and jewels.—If ſhe had
† A Prince to her gallant, he could not bear
Such wild extravagance: much leſs can You.

Mene. Is She within too?

Chremes. She within? Ay truly.
I've found it to my coſt: for I have given
To her and her companions but one ſupper;
And to give ſuch another would undo me.
For, not to dwell on other circumſtances,
Merely to taſte, and ſmack, and ſpirt about,‡
What quantities of wine has ſhe conſum'd!
This is too rough, ſhe cries; *ſome ſofter, pray!*
I have pierc'd ev'ry veſſel, ev'ry caſk;
Kept ev'ry ſervant running to and fro:
All this ado, and all in one ſhort night!

* *How admirably Madam's, &c.*] Chremes takes Bacchis for Clinia's miſtreſs, and his own ſon is her real gallant. This *jeu de theatre* is admirable. DACIER.

† *A Prince to her gallant.*] Satrapes *ſi ſuet amator. Satrapes* is originally a Hebrew word, but in uſe too among the Perſians, who gave this title to the governors of their provinces; who were generally very rich, and ſo many petty kings in the eaſtern nations. PATRICK.

‡ *Spirt about.*] *Pitiſſando. Pitiſſare* is a word originally Greek, and is, what we call, a verb of imitation, for its ſound very much reſembles the noiſe made by the action of ſpirting wine out of the mouth. PATRICK.

What, Menedemus, muſt become of You,
Whom they will prey upon continually?
Now, afore heaven, thinking upon this,
I pitied you.

Mene. Why, let him have his will; *
Waſte, conſume, ſquander; I'll endure it all,
So I but keep him with me.

Chremes. If reſolv'd
To take that courſe, I hold it of great moment
That he perceive not you allow of this.

Mene. What ſhall I do then?

Chremes. Any thing, much rather
Than what you mean to do: at ſecond hand
Supply him; or permit his ſlave to trick you;
Though I perceive they're on that ſcent already,
And privately contriving how to do't.
There's Syrus, and that little ſlave of your's,
In an eternal whiſper: the young men
Conſulting too together: and it were
Better to loſe a Talent by theſe means,
Than on your plan a Mina: for at preſent
Money is not the queſtion, but the means
To gratify the youth the ſafeſt way.

* *Why, let him have his will, &c.*] Here we have drawn in lively colours, the picture of a man haſty in running from one extreme to another. This gives occaſion to the expedient offered by Chremes, which comes in very naturally, and inſenſibly leads to the remaining part of the plot. PATRICK.

For if he once perceives your turn of mind,
That you had rather throw away your life,
And waſte your whole eſtate, than part with him,
Ah, what a window to debauchery
You'll open, Menedemus! Such a one,
As will embitter even life itſelf;
For too much liberty corrupts us all.
Whatever comes into his head, he'll have;
Nor think, if his demand be right or wrong.
You, on your part, to ſee your wealth and ſon
Both wreck'd, will not be able to endure.
You'll not comply with his demands; whereon
He falls to his old fence immediately,
And knowing where your weak part lies, will threaten
To leave you inſtantly.

Mene. 'Tis very like.

Chremes. Now on my life I have not clos'd my eyes,*
Nor had a ſingle wink of ſleep this night,

* *Have not clos'd my eyes, &c.*] Hedelin obſtinately contends from this paſſage, that neither Chremes, nor any of his family, went to bed the whole night; the contrary of which is evident, as Menage obſerves, from the two next ſcenes. For why ſhould Syrus take notice of his being up ſo early, if he had never retired to reſt? or would Chremes have reproached Clitipho for his behaviour the night before, had the feaſt never been interrupted? Eugraphius's interpretation of theſe words is natural and obvious; who explains them to ſignify that the anxiety of Chremes to reſtore Clinia to Menedemus broke his reſt.

For

For thinking how I might reſtore your ſon.

Mene. Give me your hand: and let me beg you, Chremes,
Continue to aſſiſt me!

Chremes. Willingly.

Mene. D'ye know, what I would have you do at preſent?

Chremes. What?

Mene. Since you have perceiv'd they meditate
Some practice on me, prithee, urge them on
To execute it quickly: for I long
To grant his wiſhes, long to ſee him ſtraight.

Chremes. Let me alone! I muſt lay hold of Syrus,
And give him ſome encouragement.---But ſee!
Some one, I know not who, comes forth: In, in,*
Leſt they perceive that we conſult together!
I have a little buſineſs too in hand.
Simus and Crito, our two neighbours here,
Have a diſpute about their boundaries;†
And they've referr'd it to my arbitration.
I'll go and tell them, 'tis not in my power
To wait on them, as I propos'd, to-day.
I will be with you preſently.

* *In, in, &c.*] Chremes ſeizes this as a very plauſible and neceſſary pretence to engage Menedemus to return home, and not to his labour in the field, as he had at firſt intended. DAC.

† *A diſpute about their boundaries.*] This circumſtance is a further confirmation that the ſcene lies in the country.

Mene.

Mene. Pray do. [*Exit* Chremes.

Gods! that the nature of mankind is ſuch,
To ſee, and judge of the affairs of others,
Much better than their own!* Is't therefore ſo,
Becauſe that, in our own concerns, we feel
The influence of joy or grief too nearly?
How much more wiſely does my neighbour here
Conſult for me, than I do for myſelf!

Chremes returning.] I've diſengag'd myſelf, that I might be
At leiſure to attend on your affairs. [*Exit* Mene.

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the Stage.*

Syrus to himſelf.] One way, or other, money muſt be had,
And the old gentleman impos'd upon.

Chremes overhearing.] Was I deceiv'd, in thinking they were at it?
That ſlave of Clinia, it ſhould ſeem, is dull,
And ſo our Syrus has the part aſſign'd him.

Syrus. Who's there? [*ſeeing* Chremes.] Undone, if he has overheard me. [*aſide.*

* *Much better than their own.*] Theſe reflections have double force, when thrown out to the audience, who are conſcious how applicable they are to Chremes as well as Menedemus.

Chremes.

Chremes. Syrus!

Syrus. Sir!

Chremes. What now?

Syrus. Nothing.---But I wonder
To ſee you up ſo early in the morning,
Who drank ſo freely yeſterday.

Chremes. Not much.

Syrus. Not much? You have, Sir, as the proverb goes,
The old age of an eagle.*

Chremes. Ah!

Syrus. A pleaſant,
Good ſort of girl, this wench of Clinia.

Chremes. Ay, ſo ſhe ſeems.

Syrus. And handſome.

Chremes. Well enough.

Syrus. †Not like the maids of old, but paſſable,
As girls go now: nor am I much amaz'd
That Clinia doats upon her. But he has,
Alas, poor lad! a miſerable, cloſe,

* *The old age of an eagle.*] Moſt probably a proverb, ſignifying a vigorous and luſty old age, like that of the eagle; who, as naturaliſts ſay, never dies of old age, and preſerves its life by perpetual drinking. DACIER. PATRICK.

† *Not like the maids of old, &c.*] *Ita non ut olim, &c.* This is certainly the true meaning of the ſentence. Syrus artfully flatters the vanity of Chremes; old men are generally apt to think every thing they have ſeen or heard in former times, far ſurpaſſes the productions of the preſent. DACIER.

Dry

Dry, covetous, curmudgeon to his father:
Our neighbour here; d'ye know him?---Yet, as if
He did not roll in riches, his poor ſon
Was forc'd to run away for very want.
D'ye know this ſtory?

Chremes. Do I know it? Ay.

A ſcoundrel! ſhould be horſe-whipt.

Syrus. Who?

Chremes. That ſlave
Of Clinia———

Syrus. Troth, I trembled for you, Syrus! [*aſide.*

Chremes. Who ſuffer'd this.

Syrus. Why what ſhould he have done?

Chremes. What?---have deviſ'd ſome ſcheme, ſome ways and means,
To raiſe the caſh for the young gentleman
To make his miſtreſs preſents; and have done
A kindneſs to the old hunks againſt his will.

Syrus. You jeſt.

Chremes. Not I: it was his duty, Syrus.

Syrus. How's this? why prithee then, d'ye praiſe thoſe ſlaves,
Who trick their maſters?

Chremes. Yes, upon occaſion.

Syrus. Mighty fine, truly!

Chremes. Why, it oft prevents
A great deal of uneaſineſs: for inſtance,

My

My neighbour Menedemus, well deceiv'd,
Would ne'er have ſeen his ſon abandon him.
Syrus. I don't know whether he's in jeſt or earneſt,
But it gives me encouragement to trick him. [*aſide.*
Chremes. And now what is't the blockhead waits for, Syrus?
Is't, till his maſter runs away again,
When he perceives himſelf no longer able
To bear with the expences of his miſtreſs?
Has he no plot upon th' old gentleman?
Syrus. He's a poor creature.
Chremes. But it is your part,
For Clinia's ſake, to lend a helping hand.
Syrus. Why that indeed I eaſily can do,
If you command me; for I know which way.
Chremes. I take you at your word.
Syrus. I'll make it good.
Chremes. Do ſo.
Syrus. But hark ye, Sir! remember this,
If ever it hereafter come to paſs,
---As who can anſwer for th' affairs of men?
That your own ſon——
Chremes. I hope 'twill never be.
Syrus. I hope ſo too; nor do I mention this,
From any knowledge or ſuſpicion of him:
But that in caſe---his time of life, you know;
And ſhould there be occaſion, truſt me, Chremes,

But

But I could handle you moſt handſomely.

Chremes. Well, well, we'll think of it, when that time comes.

Now to your preſent taſk! [*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE IV.

SYRUS *alone.*

I never heard
My maſter argue more commodiouſly;
Nor ever was inclin'd to miſchief, when
It might be done with more impunity.
But who's this coming from our houſe?

SCENE V.

Enter CLITIPHO, CHREMES *following.*

Chremes. How now?
What manners are theſe, Clitipho? Does this
Become you?

Clit. What's the matter?

Chremes. Did not I
This very inſtant ſee you put your hand
Into yon wench's boſom?

Syrus. So! all's over:
I am undone. [*aſide.*

Clit.

Clit. Me, Sir?

Chremes. Theſe very eyes
Beheld you: don't deny it.---'Tis baſe in you,
To be ſo flippant with your hands. For what
Affront's more groſs, than to receive a friend
Under your roof, and tamper with his miſtreſs?
And laſt night in your cups too how indecent,
And rudely you behav'd!

Syrus. 'Tis very true.

Chremes. So very troubleſome, ſo help me, heav'n,
I fear'd the conſequence. I know the ways
Of lovers: they oft take offence at things,
You dream not of.

Clit. But my companion, Sir,
Is confident I would not wrong him.

Chremes. Granted.
Yet you ſhould ceaſe to hang for ever on them.
Withdraw, and leave them ſometimes to themſelves.
Love has a thouſand fallies; you reſtrain them.
I can conjecture from myſelf. There's none,
How near ſoever, Clitipho, to whom
I dare lay open all my weakneſſes.
With one my pride forbids it, with another
The very action ſhames me: and believe me,
It is the ſame with Him; and 'tis our place
To mark on what occaſions to indulge him.

Syrus. What ſays *He* now? [*aſide.*

Clit. Confuſion!

Syrus.

Syrus. Clitipho,
Theſe are the very precepts that I gave you:
And how diſcreet and temperate you've been!
Clit. Prithee, peace!
Syrus, Ay, I warrant you.
Chremes. Oh, Syrus,
I'm quite aſham'd of him.
Syrus. I do not doubt it.
Nor without reaſon; for it troubles Me.
Clit. Still, raſcal?
Syrus. Nay, I do but ſpeak the truth.
Clit. May I not then go near them?
Chremes. Prithee, then,
Is there *one* way alone of going near them?
Syrus. Confuſion! he'll betray himſelf, before
I get the money. [*aſide.*]---Chremes, will you once
Hear a fool's counſel?
Chremes. What do you adviſe?
Syrus. Order your ſon about his buſineſs.
Clit. Whither?
Syrus. Whither? where'er you pleaſe. Give place to Them.
Go, take a walk.
Clit. Walk! where?
Syrus. A pretty queſtion!
This, that, or any way.
Chremes. He ſays right. Go!

Clit.

Clit. Now, plague upon you, Syrus! [*going.*
Syrus to Clit. going.] Henceforth, learn
To keep thoſe hands of yours at reſt. [*Exit* Clitipho.

SCENE VI.

CHREMES, SYRUS.

Syrus. D'ye mind?
What think you, Chremes, will become of him,
Unleſs you do your utmoſt to preſerve,
Correct, and counſel him?
Chremes. I'll take due care.
Syrus. But now's your time, Sir, to look after him.
Chremes. It ſhall be done.
Syrus. It muſt be, if you're wiſe:
For ev'ry day he minds Me leſs and leſs.
Chremes. But, Syrus, ſay, what progreſs have you made
In that affair I juſt now mention'd to you?
Have you ſtruck out a ſcheme, that pleaſes you?
Or are you ſtill to ſeek?
Syrus. The plot, you mean,
On Menedemus. I've juſt hit on one.
Chremes. Good fellow! prithee now, what is't?
Syrus. I'll tell you.
But as one thing brings in another——

Chremes. Well?

Syrus. This Bacchis is a ſad jade.

Chremes. So it ſeems.

Syrus. Ay, Sir, if you knew all! nay, even now
She's hatching miſchief.----Dwelling hereabouts,
There was of late an old Corinthian woman,
To whom this Bacchis lent a thouſand pieces.

Chremes. What then?

Syrus. The woman's dead; and left behind
A daughter, very young, whom ſhe bequeath'd,
By way of pledge, to Bacchis for the money.

Chremes. I underſtand.

Syrus. This girl came here with Bacchis,
And now is with your wife.*

Chremes. What then?

Syrus. She begs
Of Clinia to advance the caſh; for which
She'll give the girl as an equivalent.
She wants the thouſand pieces.

Chremes. Does ſhe ſo?

Syrus. No doubt on't.

Chremes. So I thought.—And what do you
Intend to do?

* *And now is with your wife.*] Antiphila is ſhortly to be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes. She is not therefore in company with the other women at the feaſt, who were no other than courtezans, but with the wife of Chremes, and conſequently free from reproach or ſcandal. DACIER.

Syrus. Who? I, Sir? I'll away
To Menedemus preſently; and tell him
This maiden is a rich and noble captive,
Stolen from Caria; and to ranſom her
Will greatly profit him.

Chremes. 'Twill never do.

Syrus. How ſo?

Chremes. I anſwer now for Menedemus.
I will not purchaſe her. What ſay you now?

Syrus. Give a more favourable anſwer!

Chremes. No,
There's no occaſion.*

* *There's no occaſion.*] Chremes is not allowed here to explain himſelf, being prevented by the coming of his wife; nor have any of the commentators given themſelves the trouble to do it for him. What ſeems moſt probable to me is this. He finds that Bacchis makes a demand of ten minæ, and offers Antiphila as a pledge for it; a bargain by which he was ſure to loſe nothing, and wherein Bacchis could not deceive him, the girl being already in his poſſeſſion. It is therefore likely that he intended to advance the money on thoſe conditions himſelf. DACIER.

The above conjecture of Madam Dacier would be a very ingenious way of accounting for a man's conduct in theſe circumſtances in real life; but in a play where the ſource of every action is induſtriouſly laid open by the poet, had this been the intention of Chremes, I ſhould think it would have been expreſt, and the motive, that influenced him to it, alſo aſſigned. The following note on this ſcene gives a much better account of this conference between Chremes and Syrus, and ſhews of how much uſe it is in the enſuing part of the fable.

" Syrus pretends to have con-
" certed this plot againſt Mene-
" demus, in order to trick him
" out of ſome money to be
" given to Clinia's ſuppoſed
" miſtreſs. Chremes, how-
" ever, does not approve of

Syrus. No occaſion?

Chremes. No.

Syrus. I cannot comprehend you.

Chremes. I'll explain.

—But hold! what now? whence comes it, that our door
Opens ſo haſtily?

SCENE VII.

Enter at a diſtance SOSTRATA *with a Ring, and the* Nurſe.

Soſtra. I'm much deceiv'd,
Or this is certainly the very ring;
The ring, with which my daughter was expos'd.

Chremes to Syrus behind.] What can thoſe words mean, Syrus?

Soſtra. Tell me, Nurſe!
Does it appear to You to be the ſame?

Nurſe. Ay, marry: and the very moment that
You ſhew'd it me, I ſaid it was the ſame.

Soſtra. But have you thoroughly examin'd, Nurſe?

Nurſe. Ay, thoroughly.

" this: yet it ſerves to carry " on the plot; for when An- " tiphila proves afterwards to " be the daughter of Chremes, " he neceſſarily becomes the " debtor of Bacchis, and is " obliged to lay down the ſum " for which he imagines his " daughter was pledged." EUGRAPHIUS.

Soſtra.

Soſtra. In then, and let me know
If ſhe has yet done bathing; and meanwhile
I'll wait my huſband here. [*Exit* Nurſe.

Syrus. She wants you, Sir!
Enquire, what ſhe would have. She's very grave.
'Tis not for nothing; and I fear the cauſe.

Chremes. The cauſe? pſhaw! nothing. She'll take mighty pains
To be deliver'd of ſome mighty trifle.

Soſtra. ſeeing them.] Oh huſband!

Chremes. Oh wife!

Soſtra. I was looking for you.

Chremes. Your pleaſure?

Soſtra. Firſt, I muſt intreat you then,
Believe, I would not dare do any thing
Againſt your order.

Chremes. What! muſt I believe
A thing paſt all belief?---I do believe it.

Syrus. This exculpation bodes ſome fault, I'm ſure. [*aſide.*

Soſtra. Do you remember, I was pregnant once,
When you aſſur'd me with much earneſtneſs,
That if I were deliver'd of a girl,
You would not have the child brought up?

Chremes. I know
What you have done. You have brought up the child.

Syrus. Madam, if ſo, my maſter gains a loſs.*

Soſtra. No, I have not: but there was at that time
An old Corinthian woman dwelling here,
To whom I gave the child to be expos'd.

Chremes. Oh Jupiter! was ever ſuch a fool!

Soſtra. Ah, what have I committed?

Chremes. What committed?

Soſtra. If I've offended, Chremes, 'tis a crime
Of ignorance, and nothing of my purpoſe.

Chremes. Own it, or not, I know it well enough,
That ignorantly, and imprudently,
You do and ſay all things: how many faults
In this one action are you guilty of?
For firſt, had you complied with my commands,
The girl had been diſpatch'd;† and not her death

* *Madam, if ſo, my maſter gains a loſs.*] *Si ſic factum eſt, domina, ergo herus* DAMNO AUCTUS *eſt.* The moſt indifferent parts of an author commonly give the moſt trouble. The ſenſe of the original being ſomewhat dark, and the beſt conſtruction not very elegant, ſeveral attempts have been made to amend and alter the text. In this, as in moſt other caſes, I believe the common reading to be the right; and that it contains nothing more than a conceit from the ſlave, founded on the words *damno auctus*, which I have endeavoured to render in the manner of the original, *gains a loſs*. Some think by *his maſter* is meant Clitipho, others Chremes. Eugraphius explains the words to ſignify that Clitipho will be a loſer by a new-found ſiſter, who will be co-heireſs; and others will have them to imply the loſs to be ſuſtained by Chremes in paying Antiphila's portion.

† *The girl had been diſpatch'd.*] One cannot avoid being ſeized with a kind of horror, to think that, in a country ſo polite as Greece, men ſhould be ſo barbarous, as to murder their

Pretended, and hopes given of her life.
But that I do not dwell upon: You'll cry,
" —Pity,---a mother's fondneſs."—I allow it.
But then how rarely you provided for her!
What could you mean? conſider!---for 'tis plain,
You have betray'd your child to that old beldam,
Either for proſtitution or for ſale.
So ſhe but liv'd, it was enough, you thought:
No matter how, or what vile life ſhe led.
—What can one do, or how proceed, with thoſe,
Who know of neither reaſon, right, nor juſtice?
Better or worſe, for or againſt, they ſee
Nothing but what they liſt.

Soſtra. My deareſt Chremes,
I own I have offended: I'm convinc'd.
But ſince you're more experienc'd than myſelf,
I pray you be the more indulgent too,
And let my weakneſs ſhelter in your juſtice.

Chremes. Well, well, I pardon you: but, Soſtrata,
Forgiving you thus eaſily, I do
But teach you to offend again. But come,
Say, wherefore you begun this?

their own children without remorſe, when they imagined it to be for the intereſt of their family. Philoſophy had long before this demonſtrated the horror, not only of theſe murders, but even of expoſing children. But philoſophy is always weak and unavailing, when oppoſed to cuſtoms authorized by long uſage. PATRICK.

Soſtra. As we women
Are generally weak and ſuperſtitious,
When firſt to this Corinthian old woman
I gave the little infant, from my finger
I drew a ring, and charg'd her to expoſe
That with my daughter: that if chance ſhe died,
*She might have part of our poſſeſſions with her.

Chremes. †'Twas right: you thus preſerv'd yourſelf and her.

Soſtra. This is that ring.

Chremes. Where had it you?

Soſtra. The girl
That Bacchis brought with her ———

Syrus. Ha! [*aſide.*

Chremes. What ſays She?

* *She might have part of our poſſeſſions.*] The antients imagined they were guilty of a moſt heinous crime, if they ſuffered their children to die, without having poſſeſſed ſome part of their fortune: the women therefore, who are generally ſuperſtitious, when they expoſed their children, put ſome jewel or other trinket among their cloaths, by this means thinking to diſcharge their claim of inheritance, and to clear their own conſcience. DACIER.

† *'Twas right: you thus preſerv'd, &c.*] The meaning of this paſſage is this. Chremes tells his wife, that by having given this ring, ſhe had done two good acts inſtead of one; ſhe had cleared her conſcience, and preſerved her child; for had there been no ring or other token among the infant's things, the finder would ſcarce have been at the trouble of taking care of her, but might have left her to periſh, never ſuſpecting ſhe would ever be enquired after, or themſelves liberally rewarded for their pains of preſerving her. DACIER.

Soſtra.

Soſtra. Deſir'd I'd keep it while ſhe went to bathe.*
I took no notice on't at firſt; but I
No ſooner look'd on't, than I knew't again,
And ſtraight run out to you.

Chremes. And what d'ye think,
Or know concerning her?

Soſtra. I cannot tell,
Till you enquire of herſelf, and find,
If poſſible, from whence ſhe had the ring.

Syrus. Undone! I ſee more hope than I deſire.† [*aſide.*
She's our's, if this be ſo.

Chremes. Is ſhe alive
To whom you gave the child?

Soſtra. I do not know.

Chremes. What did ſhe tell you formerly?

Soſtra. That ſhe
Had done what I commanded her.

Chremes. Her name;
That we may make enquiry.

Soſtra. Philtere.

* *While ſhe went to bathe.*] Hedelin is groſly miſtaken in ſaying that Antiphila bathed during the fourth act. It is ſo far from true, that, in the beginning of this ſcene, Soſtrata ſends the nurſe to ſee if Antiphila was not already come out of the bath. DACIER.

† *Undone! &c.*] Syrus is alarmed, fearing that, by the diſcovery of Antiphila, their plot on Menedemus would be baffled, and their impoſition on Chremes detected. EUGRAPHIUS.

Syrus.

Syrus. The very ſame! ſhe's found, and I am loſt.
[*aſide.*

Chremes. In with me, Soſtrata!

Soſtra. Beyond my hopes.
How much I fear'd you ſhould continue ſtill
So rigidly inclin'd, as formerly,
When you refus'd to educate her, Chremes!

Chremes. Men cannot always be, as they deſire,*
But muſt be govern'd by their fortunes ſtill.
The times are alter'd with me, and I wiſh
To have a daughter now; then, nothing leſs. †

* *Men cannot always, &c.*] This he ſays by way of palliating the cruelty of his former orders to put the child to death. DACIER.

† *Then, nothing leſs.*] Here ends the act, and, by the diſcovery of Antiphila, to all appearance, the main ſtory of the piece. The following obſervation on the great art of our poet, in continuing it through two acts more, is extremely juſt and ingenious.

"What would become of the "piece which Terence has cal-"led the Self-Tormentor, if "the poet, by an extraordinary "effort of genius, had not "contriv'd to take up the ſtory "of Clinia anew, and to weave "it in with the intrigue of Cli-"tipho?" DIDEROT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SYRUS *alone.*

MY mind miſgives me, my defeat is nigh.*
This unexpected incident has driven
My forces into ſuch a narrow paſs,
I cannot even handſomely retreat
Without ſome feint, to hinder our old man
From ſeeing that this wench is Clitipho's.
As for the money, and the trick I dreamt of,

* *My mind, &c.*] Madam Dacier, and moſt of the later criticks who have implicitly followed her, tell us, that, in the interval between the third and fourth acts, Syrus has been preſent at the interview between Chremes and Antiphila within. The only difficulty in this doctrine is how to reconcile it to the apparent ignorance of Syrus, which he diſcovers at the entrance of Clinia. But this objection, ſays ſhe, is eaſily anſwered. Syrus having partly heard Antiphila's ſtory, and finding things likely to take an unfavourable turn, retires to conſider what is beſt to be done. But ſurely this is a moſt unnatural impatience at ſo critical a juncture: and after all, would it not be better to take up the matter juſt where Terence has left it, and to ſuppoſe that Syrus knew nothing more of the affair than what might be collected from the late converſation between Chremes and Soſtrata, at which we know he was preſent? This at once accounts for his apprehenſions, which he betrayed even during that ſcene, as well as for his imperfect knowledge of the real ſtate of the caſe, till apprized of the whole by Clinia.

Thoſe

Thoſe hopes are flown, and I ſhall hold it triumph,
So I but 'ſcape a ſcouring.---Curſed Fortune,
To have ſo delicate a morſel ſnatch'd
Out of my very jaws!—What ſhall I do?
What new device? for I muſt change my plan.
—Nothing ſo difficult, but may be won
By induſtry.---Suppoſe, I try it thus. [*thinking.*
---'Twill never do.---Or thus?---No better ſtill.
But thus I think.---No, no.---Yes, excellent!
Courage! I have it.---Good!---Good!---Beſt of all!—
---'Faith, I begin to hope to lay faſt hold
Of that ſame ſlipp'ry money after all.

SCENE II.

Enter CLINIA *at another part of the Stage.*

Clin. Henceforward, Fate, do with me what thou wilt!
Such is my joy, ſo full and abſolute,
I cannot know vexation. From this hour
To you, my father, I reſign myſelf,
Content to be more frugal than you wiſh!
Syrus, overhearing.] 'Tis juſt as I ſuppos'd. The girl's acknowledg'd;
His raptures ſpeak it ſo.---[*going up.*] I'm overjoy'd,
That things have happen'd to your wiſh.
Clin. O Syrus!

Have You then heard it too ?

Syrus. Undoubtedly.

I, who was preſent at the very time !

Clin. Was ever any thing ſo lucky ?

Syrus. Nothing.

Clin. Now, heav'n ſo help me, I rejoice at this
On her account much rather than my own,
Her, whom I know worthy the higheſt honours.

Syrus. No doubt on't---But now, Clinia, hold awhile!
Give me a moment's hearing in my turn.
For your friend's buſineſs muſt be thought of now,
And well ſecur'd ; leſt our old gentleman
Suſpect about the wench.

Clin. O Jupiter ! [*in raptures.*

Syrus. Peace! [*impatiently.*

Clin. My Antiphila ſhall be my wife.

Syrus. And will you interrupt me ?

Clin. Oh, my Syrus,
What can I do? I'm overjoy'd. Bear with me.

Syrus. Troth, ſo I do.

Clin. We're happy, as the Gods.

Syrus. I loſe my labour on you.

Clin. Speak ; I hear.

Syrus. Ay, but you don't attend.

Clin. I'm all attention.

Syrus. I ſay then, Clinia, that your friend's affairs
Muſt be attended to, and well ſecur'd :
For if you now depart abruptly from us,

And

And leave the wench upon our hands, my maſter
Will inſtantly diſcover, ſhe belongs
To Clitipho. But if you take her off,
It will remain, as ſtill it is, a ſecret.

Clin. But, Syrus, this is flatly oppoſite
To what I moſt devoutly wiſh, my marriage.
For with what face ſhall I accoſt my father?
D'ye underſtand me?

Syrus. Ay.

Clin. What can I ſay?
What reaſon can I give him?

Syrus. Tell no lie.
Speak the plain truth.

Clin. How?

Syrus. Every ſyllable.
Tell him your paſſion for Antiphila;
Tell him you wiſh to marry her, and tell him,
Bacchis belongs to Clitipho.

Clin. 'Tis well,
In reaſon, and may eaſily be done:
And then beſides, you'd have me win my father,
To keep it hid from your old gentleman?

Syrus. No; rather to prevail on him, to go
And tell him the whole truth immediately.

Clin. How? are you mad or drunk? You'll be the ruin
Of Clitipho: for how can he be ſafe?

Eh,

Eh, Sirrah!

Syrus. That's my maſterpiece: This plot
Is my chief glory, and I'm proud to think
I have ſuch force, ſuch pow'r of cunning in me,
As to be able to deceive them both,
By ſpeaking the plain truth: that when your father
Tells Chremes, Bacchis is his own ſon's miſtreſs,
He ſhan't believe it.

Clin. But that way again
You blaſt my hopes of marriage: for while Chremes
Suppoſes her my miſtreſs, he'll not grant
His daughter to me. You, perhaps, don't care,
So you provide for him, what comes of me.

Syrus. Why, plague! d'ye think I'd have you counterfeit
For ever? but a day, to give me time
To bubble Chremes of the money.---Peace!
Not an hour more.

Clin. Is that ſufficient for you?
But then, ſuppoſe, his father find it out!

Syrus. *Suppoſe, as ſome folks ſay, the ſky ſhould fall!

** Suppoſe,—the ſky ſhou'd fall.*] There is a remarkable paſſage in Arrian's account of Alexander, lib. 4. where he tells us that ſome embaſſadors from the Celtæ, being aſked by Alexander, what in the world they dreaded moſt, anſwered Δεδιεναι, μηποτε ὁ ὑρανος αυτοις εμπεσοι, "that they feared, leſt the "ſky ſhould fall." Alexander, who expected to hear himſelf named, was ſurpriſed at an anſwer, which ſignified that they thought themſelves beyond the reach of all human power, plainly

Clin. Still I'm afraid.

Syrus. Afraid indeed! as if
It were not in your pow'r, whene'er you pleas'd,
To clear yourſelf, and tell the whole affair.

Clin. Well, well, let Bacchis be brought over then!

Syrus. Well ſaid! and here ſhe comes.

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS, PHRYGIA, *&c. at another Part of the Stage.*

Bacch. Upon my life,
This Syrus with his golden promiſes
Has fool'd me hither charmingly! Ten Minæ
He gave me full aſſurance of: but if
He now deceives me, come whene'er he will,
Canting and fawning to allure me hither,
It ſhall be all in vain; I will not ſtir.
Or when I have agreed, and fix'd a time,
Of which he ſhall have giv'n his maſter notice,
And Clitipho is all agog with hope,
I'll fairly jilt them both, and not come near them;
And maſter Syrus' back ſhall ſmart for it.

Clin. She promiſes you very fair.

plainly implying that nothing could hurt them, unleſs he would ſuppoſe impoſſibilities, or a total deſtruction of nature. PATRICK.

Syrus.

Syrus. D'ye think
She jests? She'll do it, if I don't take heed.

Bacch. They sleep: i'faith, I'll rouse them.* Hark ye, Phrygia,
Did you observe the villa of Charinus, †
Which yonder fellow shew'd us? [*aloud.*

Phry. I did, Madam.

Bacch. The next upon the right: [*aloud.*

Phry. I recollect.

Bacch. Run thither quickly: for the Captain spends
The Dionysia there. [*aloud.*

Syrus, *behind.*] What means she now?

Bacch. Tell him I'm here; and sore against my will,
Detain'd by force: but I'll devise some means
To slip away and come to him. [*aloud.*

Syrus. Confusion!--- [*comes forward.*
Stay, Bacchis, Bacchis! where d'ye send that girl?
Bid her stop!

Bacch. Go! [*to* Phrygia.

Syrus. The money's ready for you.

* *They sleep: i'faith I'll rouse them.*] *Dormiunt; ego pol istos commovebo:* Hedelin interprets these words literally; but surely nothing can be more plain, from the whole tenor of the scene, than that they are merely metaphorical, as Menage justly argues.

† *The villa of Charinus.*] *Villam Charini.* This passage alone is a sufficient proof that the feast of Bacchus, mentioned in this play, was the *Dionysia in the fields*; and consequently that the scene is not laid in Athens, but in the country. DACIER.

Bacch. Oh! then I ſtay. [Phrygia *returns.*

Syrus. You ſhall be paid directly.

Bacch. When you pleaſe: Do I preſs you?

Syrus. But d'ye know
What you're to do?

Bacch. Why, what?

Syrus. You muſt go over,
You and your equipage, to Menedemus.

Bacch. What are you at now, ſauce-box?

Syrus. Coining money,
For your uſe, Bacchis.

Bacch. Do you think to play
Your jeſts on me?

Syrus. No; this is downright earneſt.

Bacch. Are You the perſon I'm to deal with?*

Syrus. No.
But 'twill ſecure your money.

Bacch. Let us go then!

Syrus. Follow her there.---Ho, Dromo!

* *Are you, &c.*] There is ſome difficulty in this and the next ſpeech in the original, and the Commentators have been puzzled to make ſenſe of them. It ſeems to me that the Poet's intention is no more than this. Bacchis expreſſes ſome reluctance to act under the direction of Syrus, but is at length prevailed on, finding that he can by thoſe means contrive to pay her the money, which he had promiſed her.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Who calls?

Syrus. Syrus.

Dromo. Your pleaſure! What's the matter now?

Syrus. Conduct
All Bacchis' maids to your houſe inſtantly.

Dromo. Why ſo?

Syrus. No queſtions; let them carry over
All they brought hither. Our old gentleman
Will think himſelf reliev'd from much expence
By their departure. Troth, he little knows,
With how much loſs this ſmall gain threatens him.
If you're wiſe, Dromo, know not what you know.

Dromo. I'm dumb.

[*Exit* Dromo, *with* Bacchis' *ſervants and baggage into the houſe of* Menedemus. *After which;*

SCENE V.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes, to himſelf.] 'Fore heav'n, I pity Menedemus.
His caſe is lamentable: to maintain

That jade, and all her harlot-family !
Altho' I know for ſome few days indeed
He will not feel it ; ſo exceedingly
He long'd to have his ſon : but when he ſees
Such monſtrous houſhold riot and expence
Continue daily, without end or meaſure,
He'll wiſh his ſon away from him again.
But yonder's Syrus in good time. [*ſeeing* Syrus.

Syrus. I'll to him. [*aſide.*

Chremes. Syrus.

Syrus. Who's there ? [*turning about.*

Chremes. What now ?

Syrus. The very man !

I have been wiſhing for you this long time.

Chremes. You ſeem to've been at work with Menedemus.

Syrus. What! atour plot? No ſooner ſaid, than done.

Chremes. Indeed !

Syrus. Indeed.

Chremes. I can't forbear to ſtroke
Your head for it. Good lad! come nearer, Syrus!
I'll do thee ſome good turn for this. I will,
I promiſe you. [*patting his head.*

Syrus. Ah, if you did but know
How luckily it came into my head!

Chremes. Pſhaw, are you vain of your good luck?

Syrus. Not I.
I ſpeak the plain truth.

Chremes.

Chremes. Let me know it then.

Syrus. Clinia has told his father, that the wench
Is miſtreſs to your Clitipho; and that
He brought her over with him to their houſe,
To hinder your detecting it.

Chremes. Good! good!

Syrus. D'ye think ſo?

Chremes. Charming!

Syrus. Ay, if you knew all.
But only hear the reſt of our device.
He'll tell his father, he has ſeen your daughter,
Whoſe beauty has ſo charm'd him at firſt ſight,
He longs to marry her.

Chremes. Antiphila?

Syrus. The ſame: and he'll requeſt him to demand her
Of you in marriage.

Chremes. To what purpoſe, Syrus?
I don't conceive the drift on't.

Syrus. No! you're ſlow.

Chremes. Perhaps ſo.

Syrus. Menedemus inſtantly
Will furniſh him with money for the wedding,
To buy——d'ye take me?

Chremes. Cloaths and jewels.

Syrus. Ay.

Chremes. But I will neither marry, nor betroth
My daughter to him.

Syrus. No? Why?

Chremes. Why!---is that
A queſtion? to a wretch!———
Syrus. Well, as you pleaſe.
I never meant that he ſhould marry her,
But only to pretend——
Chremes. I hate pretence.
Plot as you pleaſe, but do not render me
An engine in your rogueries. Shall I
Contract my daughter, where I never can
Conſent to marry her?
Syrus. I fancied ſo.
Chremes. Not I.
Syrus. It might be done moſt dextrouſly:
And, in obedience to your ſtrict commands,
I undertook this buſineſs.
Chremes. I believe it.
Syrus. However, Sir, I meant it well.
Chremes. Nay, nay,
Do't by all means, and ſpare no trouble in't;
But bring your ſcheme to bear ſome other way.
Syrus. It ſhall be done: I'll think upon ſome other.
—But then the money which I mention'd to you,
Owing to Bacchis by Antiphila,
Muſt be repaid her: and you will not now
Attempt to ſhift the matter off; or ſay,
" —What is't to *me?* Was *I* the borrower?
" Did *I* command it? Could ſhe pledge my daughter

" Againſt

" Againſt *my* will ?"---Theſe pleas you cannot urge;
For 'tis a common ſaying, and a true,
* That ſtricteſt law is oft the higheſt wrong.

Chremes. I mean not to evade it.

Syrus. No, I'll warrant.
Nay You, tho' others did, could never think on't;
For all the world imagines you've acquir'd
A fair and handſome fortune.

Chremes. I will carry
The money to her inſtantly myſelf.

Syrus. No; rather ſend it by your ſon.

Chremes. Why ſo?

Syrus. Becauſe he acts the part of her gallant.

Chremes. What then?

Syrus. Why then 'twill ſeem more probable,
If he preſents it: I too ſhall effect
My ſcheme more eaſily.---And here he is.---
—In, Sir, and fetch the money out.

Chremes. I will. [*Exit* Chremes.

* *Strickeſt law is oft the higheſt wrong.*] *Summum jus, ſæpe ſumma eſt malitia.* This, as Syrus himſelf ſays, was a proverb. Menander probably made uſe of it in this very play, as the ſame ſentiment is to be found among his fragments.

— — — — — Καλον
Οι νομοι σφοδρ' εισιν· ὁ δ' ὁρων τυς νομυς
Λιαν ακριβως, συκοφαντης μοι φαινεται.

The law, 'tis true, is good and excellent;
But he who takes the letter of the law
Too ſtrictly, is a pettyfogging knave.

SCENE VI.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. to himſelf.] Nothing ſo eaſy in itſelf, but when
Perform'd againſt one's will, grows difficult.
This little walk, how eaſy! yet how faint
And weary it has made me!---and I fear
Leſt I be ſtill excluded, and forbid
To come near Bacchis. [*ſeeing Syrus.*]----Now all pow'rs above
Confound you, Syrus, for the trick you play'd me!
That brain of your's is evermore contriving
Some villainy to torture me withall.

Syrus. Away, you malapert! Your frowardneſs
Had well nigh been my ruin.

Clit. Would it had!
For you deſerv'd it richly.

Syrus. How! deſerv'd it?
—I'faith I'm glad I heard you ſay ſo much
Before you touch'd the caſh, that I was juſt
About to give you.

Clit. Why, what can I ſay?
You went away; came back, beyond my hopes,
And brought my miſtreſs with you; then again
Forbad my touching her.

Cyrus.

Syrus. Well, well, I can't
Be peeviſh with you now.---But do you know
Where Bacchis is?
Clit. At our houſe.
Syrus. No.
Clit. Where then?
Syrus. At Clinia's.
Clit. Then I'm ruin'd.
Syrus. Courage, man!
You ſhall go to her inſtantly, and carry
The money that you promis'd her.
Clit. Fine talk!
Where ſhould I get it?
Syrus. From your father.
Clit. Pſhaw!
You play upon me.
Syrus. The event ſhall ſhew.
Clit. Then I am bleſt indeed. Thanks, thanks, dear Syrus!
Syrus. Hiſt! here's your father.----Have a care! don't ſeem
Surpriz'd at any thing: give way in all:
Do as he bids, and ſay but little. Mum!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes. Where's Clitipho?
Syrus, to Clit.] Here, ſay.
Clit. Here, Sir!
Chremes. Have You
Inform'd him of the buſineſs? [*to* Syrus.
Syrus. In good part.
Chremes. Here, take the money then, and carry it.
[*to* Clitipho.
Syrus. Plague, how you ſtand, log!---take it.
Clit. Give it me. [*aukwardly.*
Syrus. Now in with me immediately!----You, Sir,
[*to* Chremes.
Be pleas'd meanwhile to wait our coming here;
There's nothing to detain us very long.
[*Exeunt* Clit. *and* Syrus.

SCENE VIII.

CHREMES, *alone.*

My daughter now has had Ten Minæ of me,
Which I account laid out upon her board:

Ten more her cloaths will come to: and moreover
Two Talents for her portion.——How unjuſt,
And abſolute is cuſtom!* I muſt now
Leave every thing, and find a ſtranger out,
On whom I may beſtow the ſum of wealth,
Which I have ſo much labour'd to acquire.

SCENE IX.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mene. to himſelf.] Oh ſon, how happy haſt thou made thy father,
Convinc'd of thy repentance!
Chremes, overhearing.] How miſtaken!
Mene. Chremes! I wiſh'd for you.----'Tis in your power,
And I beſeech you do it, to preſerve
My ſon, myſelf, and family.
Chremes. I'll do't.
Wherein can I oblige you?

* *How unjuſt, and abſolute is cuſtom!*] I am charmed with this ſentiment, and ſtill more with the good man's application of it. For in fact nothing can be more ridiculous, than that when a father beſtows his daughter upon a man, he muſt alſo beſtow part of his fortune with her. And as a proof, that cuſtom only authorizes ſuch a practice, in antient times the very contrary was the caſe, money and preſents being given to the fathers by thoſe who demanded their daughters in marriage. MADAM DACIER.

Mene.

Mene. You to-day
Have found a daughter.

Chremes. True. What then?

Mene. My Clinia
Begs your conſent to marry her.

Chremes. Good heaven!
What kind of man are you?

Mene. What mean you, Chremes?

Chremes. Has it then ſlipt your memory ſo ſoon,
The converſation that we had together,
Touching the rogueries they ſhould deviſe,
To trick you of your money?

Mene. I remember.

Chremes. This is the trick.

Mene. How, Chremes? I'm deceiv'd.
'Tis as you ſay. From what a pleaſing hope
Have I then fall'n!

Chremes. And ſhe, I warrant you,*
Now at your houſe, is my ſon's miſtreſs? Eh!

Mene. So they ſay.

Chremes. What! and you believ'd it?

Mene. All.

Chremes. —And they ſay too he wants to marry her?
That ſoon as I've conſented, you may give him

* *And ſhe, I warrant you, &c.*] Theſe two or three ſpeeches are differently divided in different editions. I have followed that order, which ſeemed to me to create the moſt lively and natural dialogue.

Money to furniſh him with jewels, cloaths,
And other neceſſaries.

Mene. Ay, 'tis ſo:
The money's for his miſtreſs.

Chremes. To be ſure.

Mene. Alas, my tranſports are all groundleſs then.
—Yet I would rather bear with any thing,
Than loſe my ſon again.---What anſwer, Chremes,
Shall I return with, that he mayn't perceive
I've found him out, and take offence?

Chremes. Offence!
You're too indulgent to him, Menedemus!

Mene. Allow me. I've begun, and muſt go through.
Do but continue to aſſiſt me, Chremes.

Chremes. Say we have met, and treated of the match.

Mene. Well; and what elſe?

Chremes. That I give full conſent;
That I approve my ſon-in-law;—In ſhort,
You may aſſure him alſo, if you pleaſe,
That I've betroth'd my daughter to him.

Mene. Good!
The very thing I wanted.

Chremes. So your ſon
The ſooner ſhall demand the money of you;
And ſo ſhall you, according to your wiſh,
The ſooner give.

Mene.

Mene. It is my wiſh indeed.

Chremes. 'Fore heaven, friend, as far as I can judge,
You'll ſoon be weary of your ſon again.
But be it as it may, give cautiouſly,
A little at a time, if you are wiſe.

Mene. I will.

Chremes. Go in, and ſee what he demands.
If you ſhou'd want me, I'm at home.

Mene. 'Tis well.
For I ſhall let you know, do what I will.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

MENEDEMUS *alone.*

THAT I'm not overwiſe, no conjurer,
I know full well: but my aſſiſtant here,
And counſellor, and grand comptroller Chremes,
Outgoes me far: dolt, blockhead, ninny, aſs;
Or theſe, or any other common terms
By which men ſpeak of fools, befit Me well:
But Him they ſuit not: His ſtupidity
Is ſo tranſcendent, it exceeds them all.

SCENE II.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes, to Soſtrata within.] Nay prithee, good wife,
ceaſe to ſtun the Gods
With thanking them that you have found your daughter;
Unleſs you fancy they are like yourſelf,
And think, they cannot underſtand a thing
Unleſs ſaid o'er and o'er a hundred times.
—But meanwhile [*coming forward*] wherefore do my
ſon and Syrus

Loiter

Loiter ſo long?

Mene. Who are thoſe loiterers, Chremes?

Chremes. Ha, Menedemus, are You there?----Inform me,

Have you told Clinia what I ſaid?

Mene. The whole.

Chremes. And what ſaid He?

Mene. Grew quite tranſported at it,

Like thoſe who wiſh for marriage.

Chremes. Ha! ha! ha!

Mene. What do you laugh at?

Chremes. I was thinking of

The cunning rogueries of that ſlave, Syrus. [*laughing.*

Mene. Oh, was That it?

Chremes. Why, he can form and mould

The very viſages of men, a rogue! [*laughing.*

Mene. Meaning my ſon's well-acted tranſport?

Chremes. Ay. [*laughing.*

Mene. The very thing that I was thinking of.

Chremes. A ſubtle villain! [*laughing.*

Mene. Nay, if you knew more,

You'd be ſtill more convinc'd on't.

Chremes. Say you ſo?

Mene. Ay; do but hear.

Chremes, laughing.] Hold! hold! inform me firſt

How much you're out of pocket. For as ſoon

As you inform'd your ſon of my conſent,

Dromo,

Dromo, I warrant, gave you a broad hint,
That the bride wanted jewels, cloaths, attendants;
That you might pay the money.

Mene. No.

Chremes. How? No?

Mene. No, I ſay.

Chremes. What! nor Clinia?

Mene. Not a word;
But only preſt the marriage for to-day.

Chremes. Amazing!---But our Syrus? Did not He
Throw in a word or two?

Mene. Not he.

Chremes. How ſo?

Mene. Faith I can't tell: but I'm amaz'd that you,
Who ſee ſo clearly into all the reſt,
Shou'd ſtick at this.---But that arch villain Syrus
Has form'd and moulded your ſon too ſo rarely,
That nobody can have the leaſt ſuſpicion,
That this is Clinia's miſtreſs.

Chremes. How?

Mene. I paſs
Their kiſſes and embraces. All that's nothing.

Chremes. What is there more that he can counterfeit?

Mene. Ah! [*ſmiling.*

Chremes. What d'ye mean?

Mene. Nay, do but hear. I have
A private ſnug apartment, a back-room,

*Whither a bed was brought and made.

Chremes. What then?

Mene. No ſooner done, than in went Clitipho.

Chremes. Alone?

Mene. Alone.

Chremes. I tremble.

Mene. Bacchis follow'd.

Chremes. Alone?

Mene. Alone.

Chremes. Undone!

Mene. No ſooner in,
But they made faſt the door.

Chremes. Ha! And was Clinia
Witneſs to this?

Mene. He was.---Both He and I.

Chremes. Bacchis is my ſon's miſtreſs, Menedemus!
I'm ruin'd.

Mene. Why d'ye think ſo?

Chremes. Mine is ſcarce
A Ten-days family.

Mene. What! are you diſmay'd

**Whither a bed was* BROUGHT *&c.*] Peter Nannius obſerves that the beds among the antients were portable, and produces a paſſage from the Odyſſey, wherein Penelope orders the marriage-bed to be produced, to try whether Ulyſſes was really her huſband, or an impoſtor, by his manner of acknowledging it; becauſe this bed was formed out of the trunk of an olive, wrought into the apartment itſelf, and therefore, contrary to the nature of other beds, could not be removed. WESTERHOVIUS.

Becauſe

Becauſe he ſticks ſo cloſely to his friend?

Chremes. Friend! His *She*-friend.

Mene. If ſo——

Chremes. Is that a doubt?

Is any man ſo courteous, and ſo patient,
As tamely to ſtand by, and ſee his miſtreſs —

Mene. Ha, ha, ha! Why not?---That I, you know,
Might be more eaſily impos'd upon. [*ironically.*

Chremes. D'ye laugh at me? I'm angry with myſelf!
And well I may. How many circumſtances
Conſpir'd to make it groſs and palpable,
Had I not been a ſtone!---What things I ſaw!
Fool, fool!---But by my life I'll be reveng'd;
For now———

Mene. And can't you then contain yourſelf?
Have you no ſelf-reſpect? And am not I
A full example for you?

Chremes. Menedemus,
My anger throws me quite beſide myſelf.

Mene. That You ſhould talk thus! Is it not a ſhame
To be ſo liberal of advice to others,
So wiſe abroad, and poor in ſenſe at home?

Chremes. What ſhall I do?

Mene. That which but even now*

* *That which but even now you counſell'd me.*] One of the great beauties of this ſcene conſiſts in Chremes' retorting on Menedemus the very advice given by himſelf at the beginning of the piece. DACIER.

You counſell'd me to do: Give him to know
That you're indeed a father: let him dare
Truſt his whole ſoul to you, ſeek, aſk of you;
Leſt he to others have recourſe, and leave you.
Chremes. And let him go; go where he will; much rather
Than here by his extravagance reduce
His father to diſtreſs and beggary.
For if I ſhould continue to ſupply
The courſe of his expences, Menedemus,
Your deſp'rate rakes wou'd be my lot indeed.
Mene. Ah, to what evils you'll expoſe yourſelf,
Unleſs you're cautious! You will ſeem ſevere,
And yet forgive him afterwards, and then
With an ill grace too.
Chremes. Ah, you do not know
How much this grieves me.
Mene. Well, well, take your way.
But tell me, do you grant me my requeſt,
That this your new-found daughter wed my ſon?
Or is there aught more welcome to you?
Chremes. Nothing.
The ſon-in-law, and the alliance pleaſe me.
Mene. What portion ſhall I tell my ſon you've ſettled?
Why are you ſilent?
Chremes. Portion!
Mene. Ay, what portion?
Chremes. Ah!

Mene.

Mene. Fear not, Chremes, tho' it be but ſmall:
The portion nothing moves us.

Chremes. I propos'd,
According to my fortune, that Two Talents
Were full ſufficient: But you *now* muſt ſay,
If you'd ſave me, my fortune, and my ſon,
That I have ſettled all I have upon her.

Mene. What mean you?

Chremes. Counterfeit amazement too,
And queſtion Clitipho my reaſon for it.

Mene. Nay, but I really do not know your reaſon.

Chremes. My reaſon for it?---That his wanton mind,
Now fluſh'd with lux'ry and laſciviouſneſs,
I may o'erwhelm; and bring him down ſo low,
He may not know which way to turn himſelf.

Mene. What are you at?

Chremes. Allow me! let me have
My own way in this buſineſs.

Mene. I allow you.
It is your pleaſure?

Chremes. It is.

Mene. Be it ſo.

Chremes. Come then, let Clinia haſte to call the bride.
And for this ſon of mine, he ſhall be ſchool'd,
As children ought.---But Syrus!——

Mene. What of him?

Chremes. What! I'll ſo handle him, ſo curry him,

That while he lives he ſhall remember me.

[**Exit* Menedemus.

What! make a jeſt of me? a laughing ſtock?
Now, afore heav'n, he would not dare to treat
A poor lone widow, as he treated me.

SCENE III.

Re-enter MENEDEMUS *with* CLITIPHO *and* SYRUS.

Clit. And can it, Menedemus, can it be,
My father has ſo ſuddenly caſt off
All natural affection? for what act?
What crime, alas, ſo heinous have I done?
It is a common failing.

Mene. This, I know,
Should be more heavy and ſevere to you

* *Exit Menedemus:*] The departure of Menedemus here is very abrupt, ſeeming to be in the midſt of a converſation; and his re-entrance with Clitipho, already ſuppoſed to be apprized of what had paſt between the two old gentlemen, is equally precipitate. Menage imagines that ſome verſes are loſt here. Madam Dacier ſtrains hard to defend the poet, and fills up the void of time by her old expedient of making the audience wait to ſee Chremes walk impatiently to and fro, till a ſufficient time is elapſed for Menedemus to have given Clitipho a ſummary account of the cauſe of his father's anger. The truth is, that a too ſtrict obſervance of Unity of Place will neceſſarily produce ſuch abſurdities; and there are ſeveral other inſtances of the like nature in Terence.

On

On whom it falls: and yet am I no leſs
Affected by it, tho' I know not why,
And have no other reaſon for my grief,
But that I wiſh you well.

Clit. Did not you ſay
My father waited here?

Mene. Ay; there he is. [*Exit* Menedemus.

Chremes. Why d'ye accuſe your father, Clitipho?
Whate'er I've done, was providently done
Tow'rd you and your imprudence. When I ſaw
Your negligence of ſoul, and that you held
The pleaſures of to-day your only care,
Regardleſs of the morrow; I found means
That you ſhou'd neither want, nor waſte my ſubſtance.
When You, whom fair ſucceſſion firſt made heir,
Stood ſelf-degraded by unworthineſs,
I went to thoſe the next in blood to you,
Committing and conſigning all to Them.
There ſhall your weakneſs, Clitipho, be ſure
Ever to find a refuge, food, and raiment,
And roof to fly to.

Clit. Ah me!

Chremes. Better thus,
Than, you being heir, for Bacchis to have all.

Syrus. Diſtraction! what diſturbances have I,
Wretch that I am, all unawares created!

Clit. Wou'd I were dead!

Chremes. Learn firſt, what 'tis to live.
When you know That, if life diſpleaſes you,
Then talk of dying.

Syrus. Maſter, may I ſpeak?

Chremes. Speak.

Syrus. But with ſafety?

Chremes. Speak.

Syrus. How wrong is this,
Or rather what extravagance and madneſs,
To puniſh him for my offence!

Chremes. Away!
Do not you meddle. No one blames you, Syrus
Nor need you to provide a ſanctuary,
Or interceſſor.

Syrus. What is it you do?

Chremes. I am not angry, nor with you, nor him:
Nor ſhould you take offence at what I do.

[*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE IV.

Manent CLITIPHO, SYRUS.

Syrus. He's gone. Ah, wou'd I'd aſk'd him——

Clit. Aſk'd what, Syrus?

Syrus. Where I ſhou'd eat, ſince he has caſt us off.
You, I perceive, are quarter'd on your ſiſter.

Clit. Is't come to this, that I ſhou'd be in fear
Of ſtarving, Syrus?

Syrus. So we do but live,
There's hope——
Clit. Of what?
Syrus. That we ſhall have rare ſtomachs.
Clit. D'ye jeſt at ſuch a time as this;
And lend me no aſſiſtance by your counſel?
Syrus. Nay, I was ſtudying for you even now,
And was ſo all the while your father ſpoke.
And far as I can underſtand this—
Clit. What?
Syrus. Stay, you ſhall have it preſently. [*thinking.*
Clit. Well, what?
Syrus. Thus then: I don't believe that you're their ſon.
Clit. How, Syrus! are you mad?
Syrus. I'll ſpeak my thoughts.
Be you the judge. While they had You alone,
While yet there was no other, nearer joy,
You they indulg'd, and gave with open hand:
But now a daughter's found, their real child,
A cauſe is found to drive you forth.
Clit. 'Tis like.
Syrus. Think you this fault ſo angers him?
Clit. I think not.
Syrus. Conſider too; 'tis ever found, that mothers
Plead for their ſons, and in the father's wrath
Defend them. 'Tis not ſo at preſent.
Clit. True.

What

What ſhall I do then, Syrus?

Syrus. Aſk of them
The truth of this ſuſpicion. Speak your thoughts.
If 'tis not ſo, you'll ſpeedily incline them
Both to compaſſion; or, if ſo, be told
Whoſe ſon you are.

Clit. Your counſel's good. I'll do't.

SCENE V.

SYRUS *alone.*

*A lucky thought of mine! for Clitipho,
The leſs he hopes, ſo much more eaſily
Will he reduce his father to good terms.
Beſides, who knows but he may take a wife;
No thanks to Syrus neither.—But who's here?
Chremes!—I'm off: for ſeeing what has paſt,
I wonder that he did not order me
To be truſs'd up immediately. I'll hence
To Menedemus, and prevail on him
To intercede for me: as matters ſtand,
I dare not truſt to our old gentleman. [*Exit* Syrus.

* The art and addreſs of this ſtratagem of Syrus is excellent, and cannot be ſufficiently admired. DACIER.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES, SOSTRATA.

Soſtra. Nay indeed, huſband, if you don't take care,
You'll bring ſome kind of miſchief on your ſon:
I can't imagine how a thought ſo idle
Could come into your head.
Chremes. Still, woman, ſtill
D'ye contradict me? Did I ever wiſh
For any thing in all my life, but you
In that ſame thing oppos'd me, Soſtrata?
Yet now if I ſhould aſk, wherein I'm wrong,
Or wherefore I act thus, you do not know.
Why then d'ye contradict me, Simpleton?
Soſtra. Not know?
Chremes. Well, well, you know: I grant it, rather
Than hear your idle ſtory o'er again.
Soſtra. Ah, 'tis unjuſt in you to aſk my ſilence
In ſuch a thing as this.
Chremes. I do not aſk it.
Speak if you will: I'll do it ne'ertheleſs.
Soſtra. Will you?
Chremes. I will.
Soſtra. You don't perceive what harm

May

May come of this. He thinks himſelf a foundling.*

Chremes. A foundling, ſay you?

Soſtra. Yes indeed, he does.

Chremes. Confeſs it to be true.

Soſtra. Ah, heav'n forbid!

Let our moſt bitter enemies do that!

Shall I diſown my ſon, my own dear child?

Chremes. What! do you fear you cannot, at your pleaſure,

Produce convincing proofs that he's your own?

Soſtra. Is it, becauſe my daughter's found,† you ſay this?

* *He thinks himſelf a foundling.*] *Subditum ſe* SUSPICATUR. It is odd enough that Madam Dacier changes the text here, according to an alteration of her father, and reads SUSPICETUR, *He* MAY *think himſelf a foundling*—and aſſigns as a reaſon for it, that Terence could not be guilty of the very impropriety which ſhe undertook to vindicate in the preceding ſcene. I have followed the common reading; becauſe Chremes, ordering her to confirm her ſon's ſuſpicions, ſhews that he underſtood her words in a poſitive, not a potential, ſenſe. Clitipho, on his entrance in the next ſcene, ſeems to renew a requeſt already made; and it would be a poor artifice in the poet, and, as Patrick obſerves, below the genius of Terence, to make Soſtrata apprehend that theſe would be her ſon's ſuſpicions, before ſhe had any reaſon to ſuppoſe ſo.

† *Becauſe my daughter's found.*] Madam Dacier, as well as all the reſt of the commentators, has ſtuck at theſe words. Moſt of them imagine ſhe means to ſay, that the diſcovery of Antiphila is a plain proof that ſhe is not barren. Madam Dacier ſuppoſes that ſhe intimates ſuch a proof to be eaſy, becauſe Clitipho and Antiphila were extremely alike; which ſenſe ſhe thinks immediately confirmed by the anſwer of Chremes. I cannot agree with any of them, and

Chremes. No: but becauſe, a ſtronger reaſon far,
His manners are ſo very like your own,
They are convincing proofs that he's your ſon.
He is quite like you: not a vice, whereof
He is inheritor, but dwells in You:
And ſuch a ſon no mother but yourſelf
Could have engender'd.---But he comes.---How grave!
Look in his face, and you may gueſs his plight.

SCENE VII.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. O Mother, if there ever was a time
When you took pleaſure in me, or delight
To call me ſon, beſeech you, think of that;
Pity my preſent miſery, and tell me
Who are my real parents!

Soſtra. My dear ſon,

and think that the whole difficulty of the paſſage here, as in many other places, is entirely of their own making. Soſtrata could not refer to the reply of Chremes, becauſe ſhe could not poſſibly tell what it would be: but her own ſpeech is intended as an anſwer to his preceding one, which ſhe takes as a ſneer on her late wonderful diſcovery of a daughter; imagining that he means to inſinuate, that ſhe could at any time with equal eaſe make out the proofs of the birth of her ſon.—The elliptical mode of expreſſion, ſo uſual in Terence, together with the refinements of commentators, ſeem to have created all the obſcurity.

Take

Take not, I beg, that notion to your mind,
That you're an alien to our blood.

Clit. I am.

Soſtra. Ah me! and can you then demand me that?
So may you proſper after both, as you're
Of both the child! and if you love your mother,
Take heed henceforward that I never hear
Such words from you.

Chremes. And if you fear your father,
See that I never find ſuch vices in you.

Clit. What vices?

Chremes. What? I'll tell you. Trifler, idler,
Cheat, drunkard, whoremaſter, and prodigal.
—Think this, and think that you are our's.

Soſtra. Theſe words
Suit not a father.

Chremes. No, no, Clitipho,
*Tho' from my brain you had been born, as Pallas
Sprang, it is ſaid, from Jupiter, I wou'd not

* *Tho' from my Brain, &c.*] I cannot help conſidering this as a touch of *comick* anger. However, all the commentators are of a different opinion; and it is generally imagined that this is the paſſage alluded to by Horace, when he ſays in his Art of Poetry,

Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit;
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.

Yet Comedy ſometimes her voice may raiſe,
And angry Chremes rail in ſwelling phraſe.
FRANCIS.

Bear

Bear the diſgrace of your enormities.

Soſtra. The Gods forbid——

Chremes. I know not for the Gods:*
I will do all that lies in Me. You ſeek
For parents, which you have: but what is wanting,
Obedience to your father, and the means
To keep what he by labour hath acquir'd,
For That you ſeek not.---Did you not by tricks
Ev'n to my preſence introduce——I bluſh
†To ſpeak immodeſtly before your mother—
But you by no means bluſh'd to do't.

Clit. Alas!
How hateful am I to myſelf! how much
Am I aſham'd! ſo loſt, I cannot tell
How to attempt to pacify my father.

* *I know not for the Gods.*] *Neſcio Deos.* Lambinus, in his admirable letter to Charles the 9th, accuſes Terence of impiety: but the charge is groundleſs. Nay, had Terence been ever ſo wicked, he would ſcarce have been ſo imprudent as to introduce impious expreſſions in a play which was to be licenſed by the magiſtrates. *Neſcio Deos*, does not imply, *I care not for the Gods*, but *I know not what the Gods will do.* This is farther confirmed by a paſſage in the fourth ſcene of the ſecond Act. Antiphila, in anſwer to what Bacchis tells her of other women, ſays, *Neſcio alias, &c. For my own part* (ſays ſhe) *I know not what other women may do, &c.* and not, *I don't care for other women.* DACIER.

† *To ſpeak immodeſtly before your mother.*] The Greeks and Romans were remarkably polite in this particular. They would, upon no account whatever, expreſs themſelves indecently before their wives. Religion, policy, and good manners forbad it. DACIER.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mene. Now in good faith our Chremes plagues his ſon
Too long and too ſeverely. I come forth
To reconcile him, and make peace between them.
And there they are!

Chremes. Ha, Menedemus! wherefore
Is not my daughter ſummon'd? and the portion,
I ſettled on her, ratified by You?

Soſtra. Dear huſband, I beſeech you not to do it!

Clit. My father, I intreat you pardon me!

Mene. Forgive him, Chremes! let his pray'rs prevail!

Chremes. What! ſhall I then with open eyes beſtow
My whole eſtate on Bacchis? I'll not do't.

Mene. We will prevent that. It ſhall not be ſo.

Clit. If you regard my life, forgive me, father!

Soſtra. Do, my dear Chremes!

Mene. Do, I prithee now!
Be not obdurate, Chremes!

Chremes. Why is this?
I ſee I can't proceed as I've begun.

Mene. 'Tis as it ſhou'd be now.

Chremes. On this condition,
That he agrees to do what I think fit.

Clit.

Clit. I will do ev'ry thing. Command me, father!

Chremes. Take a wife.

Clit. Father!

Chremes. Nay, Sir, no denial!

Mene. I take that charge upon me. He ſhall do't.

Chremes. But I don't hear a word of it from him.

Clit. Confuſion!

Soſtra. Do you doubt then, Clitipho?

Chremes. Nay, which he pleaſes.

Mene. He'll obey in all;
Whate'er you'd have him.

Soſtra. This, at firſt, is grievous,
While you don't know it; when you know it, eaſy.

Clit. I'm all obedience, father!

Soſtra. Oh my ſon,
I'll give you a ſweet wife, that you'll adore,
Phanocrata's, our neighbour's daughter,

Clit. Her!
That red-hair'd, blear-ey'd, wide-mouth'd, hook-nos'd wench?
I cannot, father.

Chremes. Oh, how nice he is!
Would any one imagine it?

Soſtra. I'll get you
Another then.

Clit. Well, well; ſince I muſt marry,
I know one pretty near my mind.

Soſtra. Good boy!

Clit. The daughter of Archonides, our neighbour.

Soſtra. Well choſen!

Clit. One thing, father, ſtill remains.

Chremes. What?

Clit. That you'd grant poor Syrus a full pardon
For all that he hath done on my account.

Chremes. *Be it ſo.—[*to the Audience.*] Farewell,
Sirs, and clap your hands!

* *Be it ſo—&c.*] Terence's comedy of the Self-Tormentor is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not obſerve in the whole one paſſage that could raiſe a laugh.

STEELE'S SPECTATOR, N°502.

The idea of this drama [Comedy] is much enlarged beyond what it was in Ariſtotle's time; who defines it to be, *an imitation of light and trivial actions*, provoking ridicule. His notion was taken from the ſtate and practice of the Athenian ſtage; that is, from the *old* or *middle* comedy, which anſwers to this deſcription. The great revolution, which the introduction of the *new comedy* made in the drama, did not happen till afterwards. This propoſed for its *object*, in general, the actions and characters of ordinary life; which are not, of neceſſity, ridiculous, but, as appears to every obſerver, of a mixt kind, *ſerious* as well as *ludicrous*, and, within their proper ſphere of influence, not unfrequently even *important*. This kind of *imitation*, therefore, now admits the *ſerious*; and its ſcenes, *even without the leaſt mixture of pleaſantry*, are entirely COMICK. Though the common run of *laughers* in our theatre are ſo little aware of the extenſion of this *province*, that I ſhould ſcarcely have hazarded the obſervation, but for the authority of Terence, who hath confeſſedly very little of the *pleaſant* in his drama. Nay, one of the moſt admired of his comedies hath the gravity, and, in ſome places, almoſt the ſolemnity of *tragedy itſelf*.

HURD'S *Diſſertation on the ſeveral Provinces of the Drama.*

---Terence,---whether impelled by his native humour, or determined by his truer taſte, mixed ſo little of the *ridiculous* in his comedy, as plainly ſhews, it might, in his opinion, *ſubſiſt entirely without it.* DITTO.

In the paſſages, ſelected from the ingenious and learned critick laſt cited, are theſe four poſitions. Firſt, that Ariſtotle (who founded his notion of Comedy on the Margites of Homer, as he did that of Tragedy on the Iliad) had not ſo enlarged an idea of that kind of drama, as we have at this time, or as was entertained by the authors of the *new comedy:* Secondly, that this kind of imitation, even without *the* LEAST MIXTURE *of pleaſantry, is entirely* COMICK: Thirdly, that Comedy might, in the opinion of Terence, *ſubſiſt entirely without the* RIDICULOUS: And fourthly, that the Self-Tormentor hath the gravity of *tragedy itſelf.*

The two firſt poſitions concerning Ariſtotle's idea of this kind of imitation, and the genius of Comedy itſelf, it is not neceſſary to examine at preſent; and indeed they are queſtions of too extenſive a nature to be agitated in a fugitive note: But in regard to the two laſt poſitions, with all due deference to the learned critick, I will venture to aſſert that the authority of Terence cannot be fairly pleaded in confirmation of the doctrine that Comedy may ſubſiſt *without the leaſt mixture* of the *pleaſant* or *ridiculous. Térence,* ſays the French criticks, *fait rire au dedans, & Plaute au dehors.* The humour of Terence is indeed of a more chaſte and delicate compleCtion than that of Plautus, Jonſon, or Moliere. There are alſo, it is true, many grave and affecting paſſages in his plays, which Horace in his rule of *Interdum tamen, &c.* and even "the common run of "*laughers* in our theatre," allow and applaud in our gayeſt comedies. I cannot however think that he ever treſpaſſes on the ſeverity or ſolemnity of Tragedy: nor can I think that there are not touches of humour in every one of the plays, which he has left behind him; ſome humour of dialogue, more of character, and ſtill more of comick ſituation, neceſſarily reſulting from the artful contexture of his pieces. The Andrian, The Eunuch, The Brothers, and Phormio, eſpecially the ſecond and fourth, are confeſſedly *pleaſant* comedies, and the Eunuch in particular the moſt favourite entertainment of the Roman theatre. Inſtances of humour have been produced, by the ingenious critick himſelf, even from the

Step-

Step-Mother; and the enſuing notes will probably point out more. As to the preſent comedy, the Self-Tormentor, I ſhould imagine that a man, with much leſs mercury in his compoſition than Sir Richard Steele, might have met with more than one or two paſſages in it that would raiſe a laugh. Terence indeed does not, like the player-clowns mentioned by Shakeſpeare's Hamlet, "ſet on the "ſpectators to laugh, though "in the mean time ſome neceſ-"ſary queſtion of the play be to "be conſidered." He never ſtarts from the ſubject, merely to indulge himſelf in pleaſantries, like Plautus and even Moliere, for whole ſcenes together. His humour always ariſes from the occaſion, and flows from him in the natural courſe of the fable; in which he not only does not admit idle ſcenes, but ſcarce a ſpeech that is not immediately conducive to the buſineſs of the drama. His humour, therefore, muſt neceſſarily lie *cloſe* and *compact*, and requires the conſtant attention of the reader to the incidents that produce it; on which dramatick humour often in great meaſure depends, and would therefore of courſe unfold itſelf in the repreſentation, when thoſe incidents were thrown into action. In the preſent comedy, the character of Syrus, bating the deſcription in the ſecond act, muſt be allowed to be wholly comick; and that of Chremes ſtill more ſo. The conduct of the third and fourth acts is happily contrived for the production of mirth, and the ſituation of the two old men in the firſt ſcene of the fifth act is very pleaſantly imagined. The deep diſtreſs of Menedemus, with which the play opens, makes but a very inconſiderable part of Terence's comedy; and I am apt to think, as I have before hinted in another place, that the Self-Tormentor of Menander was a more capital and intereſting character. As our poet has contrived, the ſelf-puniſhment of Menedemus ends as ſoon as the play begins. The ſon returns in the very ſecond ſcene; and the chief cauſe of the grief of Menedemus being removed, other incidents, and thoſe of the moſt comick caſt too, are worked into the play; which, in relation to the ſubject of it, might perhaps, with more propriety, have been entitled, The Fathers, than The Self-Tormentor. I cannot therefore, notwithſtanding the *pathos* and ſimplicity of the firſt ſcene, agree, "that this comedy "hath the gravity of tragedy "itſelf."

END OF VOL. I.